

Fake Angels

Lovedrug

I'm locked inside my room
How I'd love to go anywhere but here
I've traveled 'round the world
I've never met a star, I've never found a soul to know
And all these fake angels scratching walls
In the bedroom down the hall
And all these dead spiders in the basement
With their legs all coming off, I need
Put me a box, fold me like a shirt
This is who you are, it hurts
But you got inside my head
This is not a dream, these are not my meds, I scream
And all these fake angels scratching walls
Oh my God, they're in the hall
And it's hard to see the exit
With your back against the door
No, you're a curse on my body
And oh, what a cruel joke she learned
And oh my God, I must stop my body
And this is what you said, I was just in the room
And oh, this is the end
Oh, this is the end
Oh, this is the end
Oh, this is
And all these fake angels scratching walls
In the bedroom down the hall
And all these young sparkle leaves arise
On a plane to paradise, yeah

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