Dull

Pinhead Gunpowder

Like a dull pain in my head
Buried by my fantasies and
Crowded by old memories
I can't isolate the disease
So it spreads
Like a dull ache in my heart
Just one thought starts to spark
A raging fire of doubt
No juice to put it out
'cause my creative wells are dry
From mental drought
Looks like a dull night by myself again
And I got no money and no girlfriend
And I'm thinking too much
And I'm making pretend
Inventing problems and despair to wallow in
It's pretty dumb
Like a dull knife in my back
I'm my own worst enemy
This war inside of me
Keeps on taking the same casualty
But now I'm ready to launch a counter-attack
Yeah!
(Yeah! Right)

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/