This Basement Gives Me a Fucking Headache

Latterman

when anxiety's asking who's gonna answer. it's not gonna be a god or master. I'm trying to stand tall after ever fall because after all it's only gonna be just me. I'm starting to forget all the things I promised I'd remember. money, the devil, or god you sell your soul to - you'll never get it back. a shell of a human is easier to crack. so I'll suck the life out of these ciggerettes like this town sucked the life out of me. I promise I remember the sinking feeling that led me here. and I swear I'm gonna run into these mountains and I'm never coming back. moving on is the only option I have left

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