

# Sweating Bullets

## The Disco Biscuits

Hello me, meet the real me  
And my misfits way of life  
A dark black past is my  
Most valued possessionHindsight is always 20-20  
But looking back it's still a bit fuzzy  
Speak of mutually assured destruction?  
Nice story, tell it to reader's digestFeeling paranoid  
True enemy or false friend?  
Anxiety's attacking me and  
My air is getting thinI'm in trouble for the things  
I haven't got to yet  
I'm chomping at the bit and my  
Palms are getting wet, sweating bulletsHello me, it's me again  
You can subdue, but never tame me  
It gives me a migraine headache  
Thinking down to your levelYeah, just keep on thinking it's my fault  
And stay an inch or two outta kicking distance  
Mankind has got to know  
His limitationsFeeling claustrophobic  
Like the walls are closing in  
Blood stains on my hands  
And I don't know where I've beenI'm in trouble for the things  
I haven't got to yet  
I'm sharpening the ax and my  
Palms are getting wet, sweating bulletsWell, me, it's nice talking to myself  
A credit to dementia  
Some day you too will know my pain  
And smile it's black tooth grinIf the war inside my head  
Won't take a day off I'll be dead  
My icy fingers claw your back  
Here I come againFeeling paranoid  
True enemy or false friend?  
Anxiety's attacking me  
And my air is getting thinFeeling claustrophobic  
Like the walls are closing in  
Blood stains on my hands and  
I don't know where I've beenOnce you committed me  
Now you've acquitted me  
Claiming validity

For your stupidity I'm chomping at the bit  
I'm sharpening the ax  
Oh, were I come again, whoa  
Sweating bullets

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