

# 3 1/2

## Afi

Why am I this way?  
Why am I this way?  
Tell me why?  
Why am I this way?  
Why? Open wounds in the palms of my hands  
Festering through infectious time  
I feel so faint as my life spills over you Back step over glass as I repent  
I fear I cannot prevent  
Myself from spilling your life all over me I'm so sick, so sick of myself  
(Mother, say you'll pray for me)  
I'm so sick, so sick of myself  
(I'm premature in my decay) I'm so sick, so sick of myself  
(Mother, say you'll pray for me)  
I'm so sick, so sick of myself Shards of glass swimming in my eyes  
A small voice in the back of my mind  
That's whispering words I never want to hear I pray that you won't hesitate  
As you watch me degenerate  
To reach in my wounds and extract all of my fear I'm so sick, so sick of myself  
(Mother, say you'll pray for me)  
I'm so sick, so sick of myself  
(I'm premature in my decay) I'm so sick, so sick of myself  
(Mother, say you'll pray for me)  
I'm so sick, so sick of myself My suffocation, asphyxiation  
I've been choking on my own blood  
My suffocation, asphyxiation  
I've been choking on my own blood I'm so sick, so sick of myself  
Mother, say you'll pray for me

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