

What Doesn't Kill Me

Kill Your Idols

Some nights I'd cry myself to sleep, when teenage life was fast and cheap and suicidal thoughts ran deep, alone and in the dark... but it's nowhere I ain't been before, I've tasted high school hallway floors my face met many locker doors, I really left my mark... Feeling bitter, uninspired, I lacked necessities required, fall short of every goal aspired, be still my pounding fists... Beating at concrete frustration, your endless pressing expectations, transform into my motivation, you push and I'll resist! And what doesn't kill me- Fuels my burning soul! I'll consume your hate, and establish my control! Like the gull, I'll take what's left behind, and your contempt; I'll make it mine, parasitic by my own design. Just gimme all you got.. Against a wall of circumstance, I'll sit out this pathetic dance, I won't accept your olive branch, I'd rather let it rot.... I'm grateful for each stinging fist, each razor waiting for my wrist, you give the blade a special twist, so nice of you to care... Though I'm turning what you left, to right I still cry alone at night, but I think it's gonna be alright, 'cause I'm still breathing air.

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