# Insecurities

## The Suicide Machines

Held back by walls of security, that
I just could never see, held people at arms length
devoid of human contact
Cannot express emotion
I try with all my strength
What is the matter with me?
It seems that no one even cares
I'm blinded by my innocence
will no one be there for me?
When I dont understand.
Covered in blankets of Imagination
Where I can talk to people without a
second thought
What if they're laughing at me
I know I'm not good enough
so I won't even try.....
God only knows what'll keep us from dying
because eveytime I look around I see Life as a big lie
Yeah everybody's saying "yeah I'm the one" yeah
"everybody came running to me"
But thats not how it works and it never did
you know I'm sorry it had to be this way
things got fucked up but thats okay....
...I'm sorry....
...I'm sorry....
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