Strangled

Ultraviolence

I feel strangled, I feel torn in two
Insufficient amounts of two
Is this a sign of what I'm made of
Or how I allow myself?Grab the wrists, pull away
I don't want to die today and so I won't
Can't believe this is me
Well, you're drowning me
With my own hate so I won'tDo you feel they're laughin' at you
Through the TV? I know I do
And do you wonder how they get away
With that shit they say?
Is this a sign of what I'm made of
Or how I allow myself to be treated?Grab the wrists, pull away
I don't want to die today and so I won't
I can't believe this is me
Well you're drowning me with my own hate, so II was the glue that held us together
I'll be that fucking stitch forever
When you feel like there's nothing left inside of you
Just remember I wanted something I could hold on to
Are the metal restraints a good replacement for me?Is this a sign of what I'm made of
Or how I allow myself to be treated?
Grab the wrists, pull away
I don't wanna die today, so I won't
Can't believe this is me
Well you're drowning me with my own hate, so ISuch a pretty sound
Ear to the ground, no, no
Such a pretty sound
Ear to the ground, no, no

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