

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't Do 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 I 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 I Such a pretty sound
Ear to the ground, no, no
Such a pretty sound
Ear to the ground, no, no

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