

Heart Attack Pact

American Diary

Sleep in, call out, we go to class but not to pass, wake up to make up lines that etch their words to every seam,
you see the thing your missing is, I'm so strung out, I'm so god damn addicted, that I panic to get these words
outSwing the mic around, you'll feel me in the crowd. Oh my god lets make a point to tear this place down. You
cant help, we cant help, we cant help, but get caught up in this madhouse.
Ive stayed up half a year to compose every breathe and every line, I'm just killing time to tell a story of sleeping
rare nights, moonlit street fights, locked in my bedroom with prescriptions to musicians that no doctor
recommends. Ill die before I try to live a life thats the slightest bit different

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