Sad Excuse for a Grip

Lollipop Lust Kill

Its hard to say if, I am aliveDisorder runs rampant in my mind
Loose thoughts slipping through my sad excuse for a grip
Random ideas bouncing around like a rubber ball in a rubber room
UncatchableMy mind is going numb
My mind is going numbI find myself tripping in your eyesDelusions creeping up from behind
Sticking, probing, trying everything to falter me
These floating thoughts will trip me up
Make you knowing me, psychopathically, impossibleI have become
So mentally undone
I have become
My mind is going numbYou have tempted me foreverSuddenly, my thoughts come into mind
It seems, I've found the problem that has been plaguing me
I think of pain, I think of death
And then I find my mind specifically incredibleI have become, I have become, I have become
So mentally undone
I have become, I have become, I have become
My mind is going numbDead girls bloom
I my garden of thought
Spreading and decaying
To become one with the silt of my mindI have become
So mentally undone
I have become
My mind is going numbI have become
So mentally undone
I have become
My mind is going numb

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