

The Worst in Me

Handguns

It brings out the worst in me
Plagues me like a disease
A dark cloud that won't seem to let me be
Ruining every thing
Miserable at my very best
A walking cliché like the rest
If they could find a way to fix my head
and deal with myself again
It's just like me to give into my grief
I shouldn't be surprised that I feel so alone
Anxiety's got a hold of me
It's got me by the neck and won't let me breathe
It cuts down right to the bone
I'm living proof of a tortured soul
Fell asleep on the couch again
It's been three months since I've seen my friends
Alienate is what I tend to do best
When I'm down and I'm out again
I guess it's true, I cut my own rope
I shouldn't be surprised that I feel so alone
Anxiety's got a hold of me
It's got me by the neck and won't let me breathe
It cuts down right to the bone
I'm living proof of a tortured soul
There's no solution to my seclusion
I guess it's best I stay tied to this bed
Anxiety's got a hold of me
It's got me by the neck and won't let me breathe
If you could see in my head you'd understand
Why I can't control my shaking hands
Day in, day out, captive to my doubts
My thoughts never match the words from my mouth
When I wake up tomorrow and feel the same
There's not a thing I can do to numb the pain
It's pulling me under, poison the water
Can I make it out alive?
It brings out the worst in me
Plagues me just like a disease
A dark cloud that won't seem to let me be

Ruining everything
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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