Eat the Dirt

[Hannah Fury](#)

Curl up under the window
and crouch against the wall
I feel the nighttime about to fall
And I don't know what to do with myself
So I eat the dirt and I pray for...
And I know I am all wrong
I know it is all wrong
But I don't know what to do with myself
So I drink the blood and I pray for...
Run from these hands if you know what's good for you
I can't control the things I do
And I don't know how to cure myself
So I eat the dirt and I pray for help
I eat the dirt and I pray for help
I eat the dirt and I pray for...