# This Bottle

## Drew Torres

Disregard every word I say, don't you mind the decay because I'll be gone either way. Another day another razor blade piercing a vein, it's insane how all your closest friends will just look away. everything you say is just a shallow as this bottle I wallow in. Death is hollering for me to follow him, to be his ottoman, and I'm synonymous, to this hollowness. might as well say f*** it because life never keeps its promises. well I guess I'll follow him down, might as well just play the game, because I haven't been the same since my 21st birthday. And I feel so hexed, life has blessed me with a burden of a vexing stress. Well you know how it goes, slit wrist with a shard of the window.

a crack of the wrist, I fracture my skull, straight from the hip, I gotta be honest you're breaking my balls. and I'm suffering, emaciated, contemplating fuckin suicide but nobody will realize the pain I'm in and you're all blindfolded by happiness except me with this hysterical blindness. Kindness could not save me now your timing could not be any worse somehow... somehow.

Well I think this is starting to get old cuz this is not the future that was once foretold.

Hoping for equilibrium. This life's become too torturous to live through, but you know there's nothing I can do.

Lyrics Submitted by Drew Torres

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