

# Masochist

## Polaris

This is a place I know too well  
Been down here a while, if you can't tell  
And I have analysed and tried my best to justify  
The sorrow I have brought upon myself  
Am I addicted to the misery, is this how I'll always be?  
Grinding the salt into every wound?  
Am I in love with all my ailments, glutton for punishment?  
You can't trust me to be there for you  
I thought I had this, I thought I had this all figured out  
You'd think I'd learned from all the shit I fucking screamed about  
When there was sun I couldn't see for the clouds  
Still climbing the walls of this well just to dive back down  
Until I reached my rock bottom  
Down to the marrow, bringing up the bad blood I'd forgotten  
Is it that's making me sick?  
Been burning both ends of the wick  
Am I addicted to the misery, is this how I'll always be?  
Grinding the salt into every wound?  
Am I in love with all my ailments, glutton for punishment?  
You can't trust me to be there for you  
I've got this cold black silhouette hanging like a marionette  
Casting a shadow, a shade over me  
Just a sick, sad, sorry mess, living like a masochist  
Your worst impressions were right about me  
(Your worst impressions were right about me)  
(Your worst impressions were right)  
I could ask you to stay, if you're feeling forgiving  
I could live with the guilt, if you call this living  
I could try to memorize each grain of sand  
As it slips through my fingers, and falls from my hands  
It took me longer than I'd care to admit  
This life is only what I choose to make of it  
And the only thing standing in-between happiness and myself  
Was this depression I held so close to my chest  
Am I addicted to the misery, is this how I'll always be?  
Grinding the salt into every wound?  
Am I in love with all my ailments, glutton for punishment?  
You can't trust me to be there for you  
I've got this cold black silhouette hanging like a marionette  
Casting a shadow, a shade over me  
Just a sick, sad, sorry mess, living like a masochist  
Your worst impressions were right about me  
Wasting a waning youth  
Waiting for something to help me pull through  
I never saw the sun through the clouds  
I lost faith when the skies were falling down

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