

Hate Me

The Distillers

I can't be this now, it's not me anymore
I really tried I've tried attempted suicide
Fucking convulsing and constantly denied
Subcountaing me somewhere insideScratching the walls of my glass coffin
Scraping, raping my nails on the glass on the bottom
Is there an end, where does this end?
If I was you, I'd fucking hate me too

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