

What's Left of "Shitlife"

Love Lost But Not Forgotten

I can't seem to stop breaking out my teeth, but I hear it can be therapeutic.
Clinging to threads in motion. Stepping out from under what I mean. Living in
dreams too lucid for comfort, my blood is slipping. My brother dying. I'm not
sure you can die from it, but I'm going fucking crazy sleeping on the floor.
Once it was a shotgun, then it was a knife. My dreams, my blood combing my brain.

Lyrics provided by

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