

Four Story Tantrum

The Velvet Teen

she lives in a four story tantrum
for a long face
the house that her parents hand-crafted for her
a trashcan, a toilet is all that she sees inside
outside a world that doesn't know her riddle
she doesn't need much besides the clothes on her floor
and solace in someone with softer remarks
the courage to be by herself and be okay this time
she just doesn't want to remember at all
so don't tell me i'm wrong or right
consider yourself for once
leave me alone to wrap myself up in my fantasies
snap me in half, burn me alive
i'll suffer it all for the consequences are nothing at all / just tell it starts all over now
life's too hard sometimes
you give it your all
and all that you get is tired
the more that you spend
the more all your friends begin
to see you erased
chastised and chaste from them
don't you fear, don't give up
it's too late for now, but don't give up
it's too late, but don't you fear, don't give up
she lives in a four story tantrum
for a long face
and outside there's no one and nothing

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