Suicide Soda

Childsaint

We close our eyes
But I don't know how we sleep at night
Between all the drugs and lies
And talk of suicide

It's just a dream
Nothing's ever as it seems
You can try to spread your wings
You were never taught to fly

So play your game
Go back from where you came
I'll be your sucker anyway
Tell you everything's okay

It's half your luck
I bet that she's a better fuck
And never tries to spill her guts
All over your perfect little day

It's done, it's done
This cannot be won
I've realised you're just gonna be another
Bullet in my gun

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