

Sick

Arabesque

What's the point of dying, if I'm already dead?
And what's the point of trying, when I'm fucked in the head? Breathing was easier when I didn't try,
and moving was faster when I couldn't cry. I'd say you'll regret this, but you probably won't.
I hope that you miss me but you probably don't.
You think that I'm hurting, and you know you're right.
My yes feels like no and my day feels like night. I am so sorry for the person I am.
I'm so sorry you can't understand.
I'm just a child, and this is my tantrum.
I'm just in pain, and I feel insane. I feel betrayed, and I feel unwanted.
I feel sub-par, and I feel forgotten.
Doesn't anybody wanna talk to me?
Doesn't anybody wanna help me see? I feel sick. Why is it so damned easy to forget me? Yeah we're all
destroyed and we want to die,
but that shouldn't stop us or make us not try.
There's a voice in my head always putting me down,
But stay strong, don't listen, just deafen the sound. Everyday it hurts a little more,
Everyday I wish I wasn't born.
I'm just a little messed up,
a little not here.
A little burnt out,
and a little sincere. It's not our job to be okay, it's just our job to listen.
It's not their place to say we're wrong, so please just cut me open.
So keep your fucking romance, and keep your fucking love.
Yeah keep your fucking will to live, I think I've had enough.
Keep your fucking heart, and keep your fucking eyes.
Keep yourself, keep your scene, keep your fucking everything. I am so sorry for the person I am.
I'm so sorry you can't understand.
I'm just a child, and this is my tantrum.
I'm just in pain, and I feel insane. I feel betrayed, and I feel unwanted.
I feel sub-par, and I feel forgotten. Doesn't anybody wanna talk to me?
Doesn't anybody wanna help me see? Yeah I feel sick.
I feel sick.
I gave you my heart.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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