

Therapy

Smile Empty Soul

Too many weeds in the flowers
Too many pills in the pharmacy now
Too many bugs in the shower
There's too much shit in the air we breathe now
There's too much anger inside me
There's too much scarring when I bleed
There's too much therapy I need
There is no god that I have seen
There's too much doubt in my mom's words
There's too much fear in the way she sees life
I wonder if I'm just like her
I wonder if I can make myself right
You try to help
You listen well
You cannot change the way I see

Songwriters

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