

Manic

Coleman Hell

i can't get out of my bed
fingers magnets, and my mattress
might as well just be a casket
for all i care oh no here we go again
the bad thoughts are creeping in (x2) when i feel crazy
i hide it, i fall apart in private
when my mirrors the only one who sees my tears there's a method to my sadness
its a chemical imbalance
and my head is damaged way beyond repair i'm a manic, depressive, passive aggressive, emotionally repressed,
introverted, extroverted, melancholic, alcoholic messi wish my inner thoughts would end their conversation
i wished on every star and every constellation
mmm ya
manic (x2)
manic depressive
manic (x2)
manic depressive
manic (x2)
manic depressivesomedays i wish i was dead
think i'm broken i can't fix it
its an intangible sickness
but its there oh no here we go again
the bad thoughts are creeping in (x2) so i wrestle my demons
till i go off the deep end
where in drowning and i can't come up for air i've tried every medication
and i've gone in hibernation
hiding in my room like a bipolar bear
im obsessive, compulsive, and self destructive, and what did you expect, narcissistic, and neurotic, i'm just one
big ball of stress i wish my inner thoughts would end their conversation
i wished on every star and every constellation
i wish that i was calm and wasn't always anxious the bad thoughts are creeping in (x6) manic (x2)
manic depressive
manic (x2)
Thee bad thoughts are creeping in
manic depressive
manic (x2)
manic depressivethe bad thoughts are creeping in (x8) Manic depressive
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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