

# I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good

## From First to Last

Yeah, there are days when I would like to get away  
From the shackles that are my own life,  
Replay all the negativity inside of me,  
Until the fibers of my body rot and die. Cut the skin,  
What lies underneath is evil,  
Can't escape,  
Picking at the scabs of my mind. There are days when I would like to fucking get away,  
From the misery in my own life,  
Inside of me, darkness is alive  
And it won't be gone until the demons show,  
Falling to the depths below, bury me, bury me. Cut the skin,  
What lies underneath is evil,  
Can't escape,  
Picking at the scabs of my mind. Don't think too much,  
Let it fade away,  
Don't care at all. There's always something in the way,  
Don't ever tread against the current that is me,  
Can you feel it? Do you follow me?  
I'm a vulture and I pummel through the eyes,  
Devour what's in front of me, Can you feel it?  
Do you follow me? Cut the skin,  
What lies underneath is evil,  
Can't escape,  
Picking at the scabs of my mind. Cut the skin,  
What lies underneath is evil,  
Can't escape,  
Picking at the scabs of my mind.  
Falling to the depths below. Can you feel it?  
Do you follow me?

Songwriters

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