

3 1/2 (Album Version)

AFI

Why am I this way?
Why am I this way?
Tell me why?
Why am I this way?
Why? Open wounds in the palms of my hands
Festering through infectious time
I feel so faint as my life spills over you Back step over glass as I repent
I fear I cannot prevent
Myself from spilling your life all over me I'm so sick, so sick of myself
(Mother, say you'll pray for me)
I'm so sick, so sick of myself
(I'm premature in my decay) I'm so sick, so sick of myself
(Mother, say you'll pray for me)
I'm so sick, so sick of myself Shards of glass swimming in my eyes
A small voice in the back of my mind
That's whispering words I never want to hear I pray that you won't hesitate
As you watch me degenerate
To reach in my wounds and extract all of my fear I'm so sick, so sick of myself
(Mother, say you'll pray for me)
I'm so sick, so sick of myself
(I'm premature in my decay) I'm so sick, so sick of myself
(Mother, say you'll pray for me)
I'm so sick, so sick of myself My suffocation, asphyxiation
I've been choking on my own blood
My suffocation, asphyxiation
I've been choking on my own blood I'm so sick, so sick of myself
Mother, say you'll pray for me

Songwriters

David Paden Marchand; Clyde Blackwelder; Adam A Carson Published by
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