

Living the Wasted Life

Aesthetic Perfection

Is this what's left of me

I sense a kiss
It's coming on
I sense the rift between us
My fault
I pray for something
A quick demise
Substance to substitute a restless mind
Call the doctors
Call the gods
You can't call anyone
To save me now
Weak is the one who crawls
Lives life behind a wall
The only question here is
Why can't I ever feel

Why can't I ever feel
Why can't I ever feel
Why can't I ever feel
Why can't I ever feel

Why can't I ever feel
Why can't I ever feel

Is this what's left of me
Debilitated life
Look back and see
Nothing but my self wasted
Is this what's left of me
What's left will be destroyed
Is it ever ending my self-hatred

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Why can't I ever feel
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Your own emotions can be your greatest enemy

I am the cancer
I am the cause
I have the devil
Sitting on my left shoulder
In this regression
I'm looking for
Just some attention
So don't keep me waiting
Without direction
Spread the fault
Searching for something
Just a little less caustic
Sirens that sing their song
Seems like for just too long
I'll follow them and wonder
Why can't I ever feel

Why can't I ever feel
Why can't I ever feel
Why can't I ever feel
Why can't I ever feel

Im tired of living my life this way
Too fucked up to care anymore
We've all got someone commiserating
We just want to feel anything

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