

# Help

## Pink Guy

I wake up in the mornings  
Sinking halfway to the bottom  
There's a loud distorted screaming in my soul  
Everything is dark and empty  
And I don't know how to fix it  
So I curl up in a ball  
And cry in the comfort of my home I don't know why  
I feel like shit  
I say I'm fine but I'm not fine  
I'm dying inside  
And all I see are demons  
I try to hide  
All my deepest feelings  
I'm dying inside  
And all I see are demons  
I try to hide all my deepest feelings I think there's something wrong with me  
'Cause all I see is death  
Everytime I go outside  
I look like I've been doing meth  
And I sleep for nineteen hours on a Thursday afternoon  
And every now and then I cough up blood  
And I don't know what to do I don't know why  
I feel like shit  
I will not see a therapist  
Ladies and gentlemen, if you wanna fucking kill yourself put your fucking hands up (yeah!),  
raise your blades in the air everybody (yeah!) Ay, oh, ay, oh, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, help, help, help,  
help, help, help, HELP!  
I'm dying inside  
And all I see are demons  
I try to hide all my deepest feelings  
I'm dying inside  
And all I see are demons  
I try to hide all my deepest feelings

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