

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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