

# Bring Me The Horizon, Teardrops

We hurt ourselves for fun  
Force feed our fear until our hearts go numb  
Addicted to a lonely kind of love

What i wanna know  
Is how we got this stressed out  
Paranoid  
Everything is going dark  
Nothing makes me sadder than my head

I'm running out of teardrops  
Let it hurt till it stops  
I can't keep my grip  
I am slipping away from me  
Oh god, everything is so fucked  
But i can't feel a thing  
The emptiness is heavier than you think

I am tripping on the Edge  
High as a kite  
I am never coming down  
And if you hear me  
Guess you know how it feels  
To be alone  
So how'd we get this stressed out?  
Paranoid  
Everything is going dark  
Nothing makes me sadder than my head

Suicidal  
Violent tragic state of mind  
Lost my halo  
Now i am my own anti-christ