

# Sum 41, Angels With Dirty Faces

I need this to get me through.  
Can't resist don't want to,  
Believe it I know it's true,  
Can't beat it don't want to try.

A perfect hell

It's more to me than you ever will know.  
Down here where the rest of us fell.  
Waste away nothing left to show.  
While I'm in this perfect hell.

Obsession has begun,  
Possessed by destruction.  
How did I get so low,  
Believe me no one knows.  
Sometimes I can't hold on,  
And no one can help me.

Now it's got a hold of me.  
I don't think I can make it through this.  
Now it's got a hold of me.  
The less I do the more it makes no sense.

I'm walking pollution who's drained by delusions.  
On the verge of destruction I cave in to abduction.  
Thin blood I'm bleeding my pulse won't stop racing,  
Just as my heart explodes.

No chance that I could win,  
Too hard to not give in,  
I just don't feel the same,  
Cause I'm the one to blame,  
Sometimes I can't hold on,  
And no one can help me.

Now it's got a hold of me.  
I don't think I can make it through this.  
Now it's got a hold of me.  
The less I do the more it makes no sense.

I need this to be myself.  
It feels like I need some help.  
It's too late to save myself,  
Or it's just in my head.

Now it's got a hold of me.  
I don't think I can make it through this.  
Now it's got a hold of me.  
The less I do the more it makes no sense.

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