Sum 41, Angels With Dirtz 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) there'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 (hold of me) I don't think I can make it through this now it's got a hold of me (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 (hold of me) I don't think I can make it through this now it's got a hold of me (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 (hold of me) I don't think I can make it through this now it's got a hold of me (hold of me) the less I do the more it makes no sense now it's got a hold of me (hold of me) I don't think I can make it through this now it's got a hold of me (hold of me) the less I do the more it makes no sense