

Your Demise, Push Me Under

I've seen the fucking devil, but he was staring right back at me.

Perfect bodies and perfect people, God, I wish I was equal.

Just a porcelain dream, washing away my regrets day after day, if only you knew...

You see a happy boy care free with no troubles, but really just hollow and washed out.

I don't crave attention or perfection, just a personal mention and some happiness inside.

But I still wear this brave face with a smile - fuck it I'm 23 with key to the fucking world,

So why am I still going back to that mirror with the devil staring back at me?

Drag me down, push me under.