

It's beautifully haunting, I hear it again
I love being taunted by birds and their friends
And I, I can't ignore it, but God knows I tried
I'll turn on the TV and close all the blinds

And it hits me like an awful trip
I can't afford the consequence
I lie awake inside the grave I dug

But you did it to yourself
The villain of your own damn story
Bottom of the shelf
Praying for the end of the morning
And if you wanna leave
You know how to burn that canvas
But you don't wanna see, yeah, you don't wanna see
What it's gonna look like after

Over and over, the same old routine
I'll try trading a headache for Tylenol, three



But it's out of my hands now, I made myself sick, yeah

I wish I could give it up

But it hits me like an awful trip

I can't afford the consequence

I lie awake inside the grave I dug

But you did it to yourself

The villain of your own damn story

Bottom of the shelf

Praying for the end of the morning

If you wanna leave

You know how to burn that canvas

But you don't wanna see, yeah, you don't wanna see

What it's gonna look like after

But you did it to yourself

The villain of your own damn story

Bottom of the shelf

Praying for the end of the morning



And if you wanna leave
You know how to burn that canvas
But you don't wanna see, yeah, you don't wanna see
What it's gonna look like after

