

Sisyphus

(Or How I Learned To Stop Worrying and Love
Borderline Personality Disorder)

Written By
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There's an itch
I can't scratch
A taste in my mouth
I just can't seem to get out
So I claw at my face
And scratch at my skin
When it all heals up I begin again
I get nowhere
Fast

Been doing it since I was a teen
Putting out fires with gasoline
A fool no one would keep
I felt like such a freak
I lost control

Now I fixate on the flaws
When the anxiety calls
I'll obsess all I like
Does that strike you as odd at all?

What would Sigmund think
Of the condition my condition has been in?
Would Nietzsche say,
"Embrace Dionysus and you'll feel like a God"?
What didn't kill me made me stronger
but it also made me a little stranger
And feeling just like Sisyphus

There's a girl
Makes me sweat
So sensational
I pined for her the moment we met
But I made a mistake
I broke protocol
Overwhelmed her with advances
'Til I watched the sky begin to fall

I'd been building her up in my head
Lip synching all the words that I probably should not have said
The scene plays in repeat I always play the creep
I never skip a beat

The last thing I saw
An image etched in my brain
Her eyes looking into mine
While the rival dragged her away

Did I reek of desperation
Did the scent cut through your Nat Sherman cigarettes?
Did your friend think I was sorry
When I apologized profusely like a dog?
And when your date gave me daggers
Did he know I'd never heard a word about him?
I guess I should've asked you first...

I'm in love
With myself
My suspicions abound
I share nothing with anyone else
'Cause we live for ourselves
In these obsessive time
You can see it in the eyes of all the poor souls
Caged in their cars

I've been dying just to feel alive
Been doing it now since 1995
When I was just 19 I watched my best friend die

Now I feel the neglect
Still coming on strong
Still starving for affection
Still life goes on and on
and on and on and on

Did I squander my relations with self gratification as
alternative?
Did rejection take it's toll?
Should I sell my soul back to the Devil?
If I could do it all again would I dare do anything differently
Or will my scars just scare you off again?
'Cause you could be the nail in my coffin