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Lyrics by Jhana Matthews

Written on November 4, 2025

Genre of Music: Hard Rock, Girl group, Rock

Song Via Suno

Eight Years



[Verse 1]
It’s been eight years
Since I felt angry
It’s been eight years
With so many tears
I had to fight

[Pre-Chorus]
It’s been eight years
Since family dying

It’s been eight years
Since I was crying
I was tired of fighting [tired of fighting]

[Chorus]
I grabbed the knife
I didn’t know how sharp it was
In the kitchen
I was pacing back and forth
I was homicidal
He dialed 911
Then I turned suicidal
When he saw me bleeding
He hung up his phone
Next thing I knew a sharp blade to my wrist

[Verse 2]
I wasn’t thinking
My body was shaking
Next thing I knew
A sharp knife was on my wrist

[Guitar Solo]

[Pre-Chorus]
It’s been eight years
Since family dying

It’s been eight years
Since I was crying
I was tired of fighting [tired of fight]

[Chorus]
I grabbed the knife
I didn’t know how sharp it was
In the kitchen
I was pacing back and forth
I was homicidal
He dialed 911
Then I turned suicidal
When he saw me bleeding
He hung up his phone
Next thing I knew a sharp blade to my wrist

[Bridge]
Blood streaming
While I was still crying
He didn’t care
He was going to call 911
Until he saw me bleeding
He left me there
I was slowly bleeding out on the bathroom floor
The blood poured out like a waterfall

[Pre-Chorus]
It’s been eight years
Since family dying
It’s been eight years
Since I was crying
I was tired of fighting [Tired of fighting

[Chorus]
I grabbed the knife
I didn’t know how sharp it was
In the kitchen
I was pacing back and forth
I was homicidal
He dialed 911
Then I turned suicidal
When he saw me bleeding
He hung up his phone
Next thing I knew a sharp blade to my wrist

[Verse 3]
I felt relieved that I saw the pain
I felt weak
I felt numb
Until a friend came
She put peroxide
On my slit wrist
It felt like salt

[Pre-Chorus]
It’s been eight years
Since family dying
It’s been eight years
Since I was crying
I was tired of fighting [tired of fighting]

[Chorus]
I grabbed the knife
I didn’t know how sharp it was
In the kitchen
I was pacing back and forth
I was homicidal
He dialed 911
Then I turned suicidal
When he saw me bleeding
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[Bridge]
Blood streaming
While I was still crying
He didn’t care
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I was slowly bleeding out on the bathroom floor
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[Electric Guitar]

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