

# Pierce The Veil, King For A Day

Dare me to jump off of this Jersey bridge?  
I bet you never had a Friday night like this.  
Keep it up, keep it up, let's raise our hands.  
I take a look up in the sky and I see  
Red for the cancer, red for the wealthy.  
Red for the drink that's mixed with suicide.  
Everything red.

Please, won't you push me for the last time?  
Let's scream until there's nothing left.  
So sick of playing, I don't want this anymore.  
The thought of you is no fucking fun.  
You want a martyr? I'll be one,  
Because enough's enough, we're done.

You told me think about it, well I did.  
Now I don't want to feel a thing anymore.  
I'm tired of begging for the things that I want.  
I'm over sleeping like a dog on the floor.

Yeah.

The thing I think I love will surely bring me pain.  
Intoxication, paranoia and a lot of fame.  
Three cheers for throwing up. Pubescent drama queen.  
You make me sick. I make it worse by drinking late.

(Scream)  
Scream until there's nothing left.  
So sick of playing, I don't want to anymore.  
The thought of you is no fucking fun.  
You want a martyr? I'll be one,  
Because enough's enough, we're done.

You told me think about it, well I did.  
Now I don't want to feel a thing anymore.  
I'm tired of begging for the things that I want.  
I'm over sleeping like a dog on the floor.

Imagine living like a king someday.  
A single night without a ghost in the walls.  
And if the bass shakes the earth underground.  
We'll start a new revolution now.

Alright, here we go.

Hail Mary, forgive me.  
Blood for blood, hearts beating.  
Come at me. Now this is war.  
(Fuck with this new beat)  
Oh!

Now, terror begins inside a bloodless vein.  
I was just a product of the street youth rage.  
Born in this world without a voice or say.  
Caught in the spokes with an abandoned brain.  
I know you well, but this ain't a game.  
Blow the smoke in diamond shape.  
Dying is a gift, so close your eyes and rest in peace.

You told me think about it, well I did.  
Now I don't want to feel a thing anymore.  
I'm tired of begging for the things that I want.  
I'm over sleeping like a dog on the floor.

Imagine living like a king someday.  
A single night without a ghost in the walls.  
We are the shadows screaming "Take us now!"  
We'd rather die than live to rust on the ground.  
Shit.