

Senses Fail, Stretch Your Legs To Coffin Length

Today my past
Has come alive to eat
All of the guts that I use to just keep my feet
Moving left and right
As my legs shake like trees
Oh how I curse the heavens for not taken' me

GOD DAMN!
This whole mess that's me
I DON'T TRUST MYSELF!
I'm in way too deep
And every night I erase the day
With the strongest drinks they'll give to me

And I awake
Much to my dismay
To find that I'm still staring at the same ceiling
I just wish once
I could get this right
And have the angels from the South take me at night

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And all I have
Is meaningless
And all I found
Is nothingness
In this self loathing sickness

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