

# Ataris, 8 Of 9

Ataris  
So Long, Astoria  
8 Of 9

these hospital walls are the palest of white  
here in this desert they're reciting my last rites  
the smell of these halls  
brings temporary comfort  
as the oxygen flows through my blood  
el corazon was poisoned tonight...  
she's on her eight of nine.

when half of all your prayers are insincere,  
the other half are lies.  
here is this watermark under this bridge.  
the point where it all crested,  
rolled back and drifted into the sea.  
i climb from this wreckage  
as the smoke begins to clear from my lungs.  
the closest of close calls has happened tonight.

it's time that i made things right  
for the first time,  
since the last time.  
let this moment of clarity  
lift this curse that has been cast upon me.

appreciate the good times,  
but don't take the worst for granted.  
'cause you only get so many second chances