Butch Walker, Untitled

Everything is dark
Everybodys here
All I gotta do is get the words right
When the microphone is near
Shoot off all my thoughts
Maybe make it rhyme
Try to be as honest with myself to them
Without committing the crime
I know that I cant put it the way
That a better-read person could do
So I sacrifice my talent for the truth

So let it burn, let it fall
Let it drain the blood from my legs as I crawl
And let it circulate right through a vein
Thats never gonna rupture when I fall

Everybody screams
Then everybody stops
I just wanna have a little moment when the silence gets me off
Let me say my peace
Get out of your hair
All I wanted was to be the backrest
On your broken, hopeless chair
And I know that the living are lifeless
And if the doctors could euthanize half of the things
That make me become the person that I hate

So let it burn, let it fall
Let it drain the blood from my legs as I crawl
And let it circulate right through a vein
Thats never gonna rupture when I fall

Everything is dark
Everybodys here
All I gotta do is get the words right
When the microphone is near