Cursive, Ceilings Crack

Passed out in your yard
My clothes were soaking in the morning rain
My head's just a bruise, like walking in a coma
Like a battered drone
All my limbs are numb

I've been driving past your house
Been pounding at your door
I know I'm just a peon to you
But I deserve more
Than arrogance
Condolences
My hearts are on the sleeves of my shirts scattered over your lawn
And the morning dew... kissed them

Drunk on Bastille Day
Throwing pennies at the broken birds
Scribbling plans on napkins
A sketch of broken angel wings under your bed
My bandages

Stumbled over to your house
I'll sneak in the back door
I know I've been an asshole to you, but that was before
The argument, the accident
Well, I've heard it's just a matter of time before the hour is spent
And my hour is spent
I can't afford it this time
I can't afford this time
I can't afford this time
I can't afford it...

The hour has come for retribution
I'm storming the walls down
I'm storming the walls down
The hour has come for retribution
I'm storming the walls down
I'm storming the walls down
Before this night's done, the wounds will be gone
I'm storming the walls down
I'm storming the walls down