

Dead To Me, Cause Of My Anger

Rails until the city sun
And the longest hallway on Valencia
Are screaming your name
Through a mess of sweat-soaked covers

And the bottles that you've been pissing in
Used to be filled with your medicine
But the signature on the prescription is your own

I want you to say that you understand
How it fell right through your shaking hands
It's making me sick

Hush now, don't say a word
Down that hall comes the end of my world
Screaming my name
Through a mess of sweat-soaked covers

And the shadows that you've been hiding in
They know all the names of your relatives
The signature on the will, it is your own

I want you to say that you understand
How it fell right through your shaking hands
It's making me sick

The engines idled in the tanks that day
The bombs were attached to the wings of the plane
And I heard a sound

Instead of sinking in the bay
I thought of someone I could save
My arms hit the water past the disappearing shore
I was swimming my way to the liquor store

This is the cause, the root of my anger