

Dead To Me, Don't Wanna

Is there anything right worth saving
In old bits of feeble and gray?
The oil-covered fish are buildings with bombs and decay
I've got hand full of screws and remains
The other one is cut and stained
From holding on while it all slips away

I don't wanna go
If I stay we'll fall to pieces
Let's do it again, do it all again
I'm banking on the fact that you won't give a fuck and you'll fall back asleep
As the days go by...

I don't want a new face so I can smile and become part of the problem now
We got rhyme and reason to riot
But we're all too fat to buy it
So it's all endured in the hope that something occurs

So now what?
Child keep your head down
Just give up
Don't make a sound