

Failure, Blank

no conviction in your numb mind
a hidden cell of chemicals
keep your soul on my projection
never turn on the camera

because
i kinda like the blank way
i fill up my life
i don't care for nothing
that gets me too high
i want some dampened spirits
and black and bitter spoons
i'm not looking for reflection
i'm living on the moon

no conviction in your voice box
it's buried low beneath the guilt
it all seems real as you whisper
she lies warm and the smell is you

but she knows
i kinda like the blank way
you fill up my mind
i don't care for nothing
that gets me too high
i want some dampened spirits
and black and bitter spoons
i'm not looking for reflection
i'm living on the moon

here i am
right at home
in my crater
here i am
feeling old
here i am
wishing for a miracle
i need you to know

that i like the blank way
i fill up the sky
and i care for nothing
you put in my mind

i like the blank way
you fill up my mind
i like the blank way
you fill up my mind
i like the blank way
you fill up my mind