

Floater, Seventeen

See, I have no place to go
Broken head has made me whole
Yellow stone below me, yellow sun above

Dying in the middle when pushing comes to shove
Biting on the backbone with an angel on the tongue
Waiting on a vision
Waiting on a vision

Seventeen seconds until I go down to my grave
You can't ask a question, you have no voice
Want to go on living, but you have no choice
Broken and cut with a second to think
"It's all a lie. It's all a lie."
The moment you cut was a lie

See, you and I don't see eye to eye
But I will skip the pleasantries and bring you down upon your knees
And keep you there below me
With an eye on the sun above

And I'm filling up the middle pushing comes to shove
Biting on a backbone with an angel on the tongue
Waiting on a vision
Waiting on a vision

Seventeen seconds until I do down to my grave
They prop you up drunken, those clean little boys
The one they defend is the one they destroy
Break you and cut you and leave you to think
"It's all a lie. It's all a lie."
The thing that you need is a lie

too far away
I am the one
I am the one

You can't ask a question, you have no voice
Want to go on living, but you have no choice
Broken and cut with a second to think
"It's all a lie. It's all a lie."
The moment you cut was a lie

I will not wish this away
I will not wish for another day
I will not wish this away
I will not wish for another day

Waiting and questioning
Waiting and questioning
Waiting and questioning
Waiting and questioning
Waiting and questioning
Waiting and questioning
Waiting and questioning

(*...and then I realized I was shot...*)