

Midtown, Celebration

Every notion of sensation
Has already left my body
Every bone that started breaking
Is a cause for celebration

So now I wait for...
I hope I can make it through these days
These days

Every night's a celebration
Every night's a f***ing party
There's no reason for salvation
This irony was all we wanted

So now I wait for
I hope I can make it through these days
These days, these days

Trying to understand as someone else
Trying to pull myself from underground
Trying to understand I'm someone else
Trying to stand as my legs begin to bend

Because everything breaks as it changes
Everything crumbles to the sea
Everything fails as I am fading
out of a memory
out again