

Plus/Minus, Making The Horse Drink

pack your bags
and meet me on a plane that leaves today
waiting for a heart attack
is no reason for you to stay
a still life on your bedroom floor
stripped down to the bone

I'm not dead

So shoot me, I'm no longer scared
Take me out, I'm no longer scared

Timer's on and going down
You need to leave a trace
A seagull in a parking lot
Too easy to displace
Arms around the state you're in
It's the last night of the world

I'm not dead

So shoot me, I'm no longer scared
Take me out, I'm no longer scared

Waiting on you
You say it kills you too
Hollow yourself
Please save what you have left
This face on you
Listless as you're wont to
Choking on fumes
The sun in an empty room.