

Senses Fail, Lungs Like Gallows

I give blood to prove to myself that I can matter to somebody else.
Is what makes a man the dirt on his hands?
If so, Don't put your faith in the desert sand, because the wind is always blowing.
There are gallows deep inside my lung, that's where I hung ambition.

Is it luck that's knocking right on my back door?
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984.
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores and I open my umbrella even when I am indoors.
So give me seven more.

I give blood not for the cause but to slowly give up the person I was.
Holding my breath won't help, everything went to hell
So now I steal back pennies from the well because my wishes failed
I am screaming at my own shadow to stop living like a ghost.

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I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores and I open my umbrella even when I am indoors.
So give me seven more.

I don't need her I'm not that desperate,
Come visit me in twenty years and maybe then.
Cause I'm not done screaming yet
You can call off the intervention, cause I don't need your attention!

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I don't need her I'm not that desperate!
I don't need her I'm not that desperate!