

Senses Fail, The Irony Of Dying On Your Birthday

Just know
We Are
A Speck
In time

So follow your bliss,
And destroy the beauty

I'll lock myself alone in a room,
Drinking until the clock strikes noon
With just a pen, a pill and some paper
And maybe I will write a sad song
Or another cliché poem
Of the person that I long to be

I wanna die like Jim Morrison
a fucking rock star
i want to die like God on the cover of Time
Just a blink and its gone
So baby pour some fame in my glass

So kill the forest
and destroy the beauty

I'll lock myself alone in a room,
Drinking until the clock strikes two
With just a pen, a pill and some paper
And maybe I don't understand
So pour another please
This should foul up the person that I long to be

(colors blind)
The eyes
(self deafen)
The ear
(flavors numb)
The taste
(thoughts weaken)
The mind

I'll attack someone with a switchblade knife
So that I can see their pain
I choose to be a serial killer
Cause the victim's don't get any fame

I'll lock myself alone and I will
Drink until the clock strikes two
With just a pen, a pill and some paper
And maybe I don't understand
Just pour another please
This should foul up the person that I long to be