

The Cover Up, Beating A Dead Horse

We fight the delegates
In the back of our heads
Mind telling me if I'm dead?
Well you can't stay focused
Can't stay hopeless
Someone I need drink
Drown myself in my things
No one cares about me
While I fight for this
I won't be missed (at all)
So over and out I'm coming down
There's no way to talk this out
I missed it and
Now I'm lost for good
Now I never could
We fight the delegates
Some for spite some for shits
We're the win you know this
Strike the blood from my head
I'm like matches
Sex and Drugs and Rock n' roll
Everything else is so so
Everything else is so so
Now I just don't care I'll fall
So over and out I'm coming down
There's no way to talk this out
I missed it and
Now I'm lost for good
Now I never could
I'm gonna run away
Away
You're fucked beyond belief
You don't have the slightest insight to me
I'm holding my breath til I disappear
I'm holding my breath til I disappear