

# The Matches, Sunburn Versus The Rhinovirus

Trade your demise for mine  
I'll kiss you for a cigarette  
I'll miss you when you're gone  
I mourn you still, I'll kill you yet

My eyes are dry  
My eyes are dry  
But on the inside I'm all wet

I think I'm decomposing  
I think I'm decomposing  
Below my clothes I'm starting to decompose  
I blow my brains out  
I blow my brains out through my nose

Grandma sleeps on a bed of ice  
Why does grandma sleep with open eyes?  
No one knows we've been crying  
(Reeling?) in the ocean's brine

Our world's all wet  
Our world's all wet  
But on the inside something's dry

I think I'm decomposing  
I think I'm decomposing  
Below my clothes I'm starting to decompose  
I blow my brains out  
I blow my brains out through my nose

I picked a bad day for the beach  
The crowds are scarcely clad  
Scents of meat

It's not a sunburn  
I had a headcold  
I blew my brains out through my nose

I think I'm decomposing  
I think I'm decomposing  
Below my clothes I'm starting to decompose  
I blow my brains out  
I blow my brains out through my nose