

My Blood Is Too Thick For Nevada

A Loss for Words

There's such little time.

I can't sleep these walls are closing in on me,
through this struggle to survive.
The shuffle of the E.K.G. muzzles these slowing heartbeats.
Can they be revived?

We are spread on this gurny left for dead,
praying this weight won't drag us under.
Should we inject or bleed the skin around our necks?
Praying that this weight won't drag us under.

You used to feel the pulse, now your just down and out.
Does your faith keep you warm at night?
You used to feel the pulse, not just the end results.
Does your faith keep you warm at night?

All good soldiers crawl on their belly's.
Still we're not getting anywhere...there's such little time.
Weren't you once a friend of mine?
How could you say we didn't care?

We are spread on the gurney left for dead,
praying this weight won't drag us under.
Should we inject or bleed the skin around our neck?
Praying that this weight won't drag us under.

We stand on this stage so, we will wake out hearts again!
For everything thing thats at stake here,
let the doctor amputate, let the doctor amputate.

Does your faith keep you warm at night?
Does your faith keep you warm at night?