

## Desperate

## Defeater

Every day and night  
We're laid out and desperate  
Every day and night  
We're bloodied and broken  
Every day and night  
Every day and night

He sits and waits at the bar  
He scans the room for a mark and puts the bodies to work  
(We're laid out)  
Raises the glass to his lips  
Drinks and tries to forget the bodies washing ashore  
(We're desperate)  
Long for the taste and the sting  
The joy and pain that it brings to help quiet the nerves  
Came back home with a curse  
(We're laid out)  
The bend, guilt and the weight  
The bane of blood in his veins  
A rotting gut full of hurt  
"I'll take the blame I deserve  
And let the cold world do its worst"

"We try to hide from death  
But it keeps calling us in"  
Trialed, empty, erased  
He wears the years on his face  
Thumbs a coin in his palm  
"One more for luck, then I'm gone"  
Try to hide from death  
It keeps calling us in  
I'll take the blame I deserve  
And let the cold world

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