

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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