

Awful Lot

Every Time I Die

Explosion from the bottom of a well.
Thin walls harsh winds.
I tried to tap a deeper, brighter vein
But I'm back in old skin again.

Pale stone. I am out of blood.
Left in the chapel by a thousand other things I could've loved
But barely touched.

We used to talk to God with acid on our tongues.
We were divine when we were drunk,
Before the world put out the fire and fed us crumbs.

Chasing bended light,
I went missing on the roads
That wind through the corners of your eyes.

Barbarians.
Guard yourself with laughter, numb the meaning with the word.
Barbarians.
We tamper with a down machine but know it cannot work.
Barbarians.

We had such promise
Until we broke our promises.
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We had such promise
Until we broke our promises.

Why can't it be the year two thousand?
I want to live in the year two thousand
When I was dumb enough to truly believe.
Why can't it be the year two thousand?
I want to live in the year two thousand
When having nothing meant having everything.

No one is taking my calls anymore. I can never get through.
Acknowledge me you motherfuckers, I am cold and I'm blue.

You savages.
Barbarians.