AWOL

Every Time I Die

The shape of your data got me astral projecting
But I think you and I, we need to talk
Because the soul of the code your equipment had sent me
It might as well have been outlined in chalk

Now I cannot decipher what all the static is
But I got a pretty good read on your black thoughts
The passion that makes me feel alive again
It's gonna be the death, the death of us
The passion that makes me feel alive again
Oh it's gonna be the death, the death of us
The death of us
The space between us is like a crime scene

(No) No blood and no fingerprints
(No) No blood and no fingerprints
(No) No blood and no fingerprints
(No) No blood and no fingerprints

You got the wrong man, I never crossed that line
You got the wrong man, I never crossed that line
A-W-O-L

I owe myself an apology
I owe myself an apology
I owe myself an apology
I owe myself an apology

I hope that I mean it

Doubt it, right? Yea, so do I
Take my word, I don't want it
Doubt it, right? Yea, so do I
Take my word, I don't want it
It ain't no good

Don't just stand there and look at me, come and give me your trash
I want to feel your hot flash
I want to see your teeth gnash
I want to come in dead last

Go down together, get drunk at the bottom
And tell you some bullshit like "Baby, our scars are the same"

We are out of this world
'Cause all good drugs go to heaven
We are out of this world
'Cause all good drugs go to heaven

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