

## Dropping Like Flies

Firewater

In the cold hard light of day  
Do you like the face you see?  
Ain't it hard sometimes to say  
That your eyes have atrophied?  
Because the heart is a slippery one  
And it's tricky to dislodge  
Carry on as your day dissolves  
In a black & white montage

Bodies falling to the floor  
They're dropping like flies

In the chest there's an emptiness  
Heartbeats ring in hollow halls  
And the patient says  
He's feeling fine  
But that's just the drugs he's on

And you cry, trying to find a voice  
That reminds you of your own  
But every word  
That passes from your lips  
Is counterfeit, you make shit of it