

Tolerance

Fog Lake

I built up a tolerance
To being this way
I've been chasing dragons for the race
Hunting for something I'll never attain

I built up a tolerance
To coming back home
Hearing voices coming from the walls
Bags packed, just nowhere to get off

I built up a tolerance
To holding my breath
I got a pain I think I wanna forget
Fifteen dollars gets you where it gets

I built up a tolerance
To things that I miss
See you lying face down on the bed
Oil paint like blood on your hands

Oh, God, is that really all we'll know?
I don't want us both to die alone
Oh, God, is that really all we'll know?
Poltergeists knocking at our door