

Frictional Damage

Handguns

We all get lost in our mid to late twenties
Acknowledging that nothing is ever good as what it seems
Accepting the notion that things will get better
But I beg to differ

The floor fell from beneath me, so I made a new basement
There's nothing to lay on, so I keep my eyes open
There's ghosts all around me, demons in my head
This life's a f*cking nightmare, will it ever f*cking end?

I thought I was just in a bad mood, I realize now it's just always been you

Won't sing along to your siren song
Thought your hope was a beacon, but it burnt out like a bulb
No, I won't sink, I'll drift along
And if I capsize, I'll spew saltwater from my own lungs

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I put my trust in this, was it all in vain?

We'll go up in smoke, you'll go down in flame
I put my trust in this, was it all in vain?
We'll go up in smoke

I never said that this house wasn't haunted
Cold spots cut like mornings in autumn
I never double back on a promise
You're a leech with teeth like broken bottles

I never said that this house wasn't haunted
Cold spots cut like mornings in autumn
I never double back on a promise
You're a leech with teeth like broken bottles
(I won't sing a long to the same song that led me on)

Won't sing a long to your siren songs
Your hope was just a beacon that burnt out like a light bulb
(I won't sing a long to the same song that led me on)

And I won't sink, I'll drift a long
And if I capsize, I'll kick, scream, tread water until I'm gone
(I won't sing a long to the same song that led me on)

I won't sing a long to the same song that led me on