

## Rotten Church / Mall / Parking Lot

Heavy Heavy Low Low

Apparently there are fireworks over the bridge that I can see from my hospital window,  
and I'm curious..

I am curious how they'll look now that everything is so dark.  
Cancer rolls around here gently as a tumbleweed,  
we roll our bloodshot eyes at them and they keep on rolling.  
We really forget what life's about,

I can't remember the differences.

Were getting stuck inside the boxes we create,  
who gives a fuck when all the toxins are the same.

I guess were picking our casket out,

I guess were all just getting stuck inside the boxes we create

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so drink up,

drink up cause all we ever get is a taste.