

Bad Luck

nothing,nowhere.

We're here in the trailer park at 3 AM. There has been numerous mysterious reports of some serious dark magic here.

If it's done, then it's done
You can face all the facts or run
You can call it bad luck, find someone to blame
But there's none
You would think by now you would change or at least had enough
Everything was fine, now you staring down the barrel of a gun

So you made some mistakes
Every breath that you take
Now it stings when you think
'Bout the things that you bring
From the past to the present, since adolescence
Can't let it go, trying to find a new home
I need closure
See the light go dark and the flame you spark is gone
And you start to die, do you feel okay in the end?

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For the folks at home watching tonight, make sure to board your windows and turn all of your lights off. According to the cult of the reaper, the dark entities will spot you, so just stay safe out there and good night.