

Exit Theme

Sadistik

I used to hammer sheet metal till my palms bled
Cash my pay check at the bar then drink the whole thing
Catch a pheasant with my bare hands, take her home with me
Wake up at 5am and make it back to work to start again
You're sweating whiskey in your first shift
By lunch break you're feeling worthless
And soon you're cracking jokes with workers
By the time the final whistle blows, your body's feeling perfect
So let's celebrate the good times
Another round for the old guys
And to that pretty thing with glazed eyes
I ain't asking for a dance, I'm just hoping for a great night

Cause when the stopwatch dies we all drop like flies, so what's
the point in being free to die (Right?)
(You see it's not my time, I thought I lost my mind but instead
it found a place to hide)
Keep your fucking keys, I don't need to drive (nah), I'll just
run for the rest of the night
(Empty handle with my tongue on the edge of a knife, make me young,
make me numb, till my exit arrives)

My heart it pounds, so I can't make out a sound
I've come this far, and I couldn't live without you now
If my heart beats now, then I'll go turn around
If you know me, nobody does

Damaged goods tend to hide in pretty packages
Saddened looks get disguised in witty adages
It's our dramatic twist, come watch the magic tricks
Abracadabra, necromancer sawed in half again
So I mutter some witty quips
If love is to give a glimpse, what's under my skinny ribs
A couple of whiskey sips or something to get me fixed
Before I'm antisocial like it's Buffalo 66 in here
So is it beautiful or frail?
I feel like Ouroboros when I'm chewing on my tail
The crows can form a chorus when the funeral prevails
It shows a glowing orange when the moon is full and pale
Wide awake and rueful, looking for a light to break the stupor
Of the types of grey that dilate my pupils
I can taste the sucrose on the tip of my tongue-y tongue
From tidal waves I'm running from but isn't it funny once it's
done?