

Sunburn

Smile Empty Soul

I've got a sunburn to peel the daggers off your tongue
Young and dumb I'm rotting like a bed sore
In a cold case that's never gonna be more than scratching at the walls
While you're waiting for a bullet to come
All along I've been treading in the deep end
Throw my mirror in the cupboard for the weekend
Try and put together pieces while I'm dreaming
But nothing's adding up to a thing but a hole in the head

And if I had a dime, for every time that I lost it
I'd buy some piece of mind

This is the time and I've got to let go
Learn to forget everything that I know
Holding on but I keep slipping
This is the place and I'm burning it down
Starting a fire, I can never put out
Try and run but I keep tripping
I've got to shake these visions

I need a firearm to keep me safe in these parts
Dodging weapons that are trained to rip a soft heart
Into pieces that are never gonna be more than scratching at the walls
While you're waiting for the end of the world
Every step I take I learn some things the hard way
Time to cover up my bruises like its ok
Always bury shit the deepest in a hallway
Flashing like a flood, not a thing but a thorn in my side

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I know you like my sunburn, it suits me so well, suits me so well
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