

The gate should open at my breath

I think I take too many
This one's the last for a while
Walked across the oval with the sergeant bride
As the cracks in the parking lot stretched to divide
The snow came on
It was the first in a while
Couldn't tell for sure if it was really real
Like a doctor you're numb to even when he's upon you

I wash my hands
Wash my hair, too
You gotta be clean and pretend like you wanna be clean
To pull through in a dark world
In a dark world

It's cruel to be blatant to a life that you've thrown away
But there's no use for patience with a barrel of snakes

I think I take too many
These are the last for a while
Walking 'cross the threshold and he takes my hand
Said he'll promise to like me if I stand in the light
Who's got my bag?
Who's got a bag for me?
Who stands in the corner and pays
With her marrow for her treats?
In a dark world
In a dark world

The gate should open at my breath
The gate should open when I say go

I think I take too many
Walking through the doorway, but I'm halfway deep
A heartache that numbs you even when it coats you