

Fix your disease
Leave in a cardboard box
Syringe induced dreams
Help forget all of us

Pray under him
Crucifix with no meaning
Do not resuscitate

Appetites have run cold
Back and forth, the room starts to swing
For when you fall asleep
Lips turn to stone
Empty handed and alone

And alone

Appetites have run cold
Back and forth, the room starts to swing
For when you fall asleep
Lips turn to stone
Empty handed and alone

Before I have to leave
Tears gravitate and your cold surface speaks
Dying on a payphone
Sleeping rough in the car

For what I've lost here
Won't stop falling
As I've been overthinking everything
Falling

Falling