Broken Men

The Flatliners

Grab me by the throat. Your hands are freezing cold
And fingernails tear nice and slow. You know
I'm not afraid of all the things you think about
When you're alone swallowing your day

Hold on tight. Just hold on tight

Cataclysmic prose. Eye sockets will erode
When days to weeks to months seem half full
Yet I can't impose with another wilted rose
You'll feel this when you see how I've grown

We are broken men
Who shouldn't be saved just yet
Keep breathing. Stay broken
Our blood's boiled thin
You can taste it with every breath taken in

It's 2:30 AM. Years become layers of skin
I've shed them all but I'm not done yet
Heavy hearts my friends, come sing in unison
And drag me out of this hole I'm in

We are broken men
Who shouldn't be saved just yet
Keep breathing. Stay broken
Our blood's boiled thin
You can taste it with every breath taken in

Are you breathing?
Stay broken
I've earned my bitterness
My legs are planted firm in transit-stance
For this dead romance

Grab me by the throat. Your hands are freezing cold
And fingernails tear nice and slow. You know
I'm not afraid of all the things you think about
When you're alone swallowing your whole...

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Who shouldn't be saved just yet
Keep breathing. Stay broken
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Who shouldn't be saved just yet

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