

Caskets Full

The Flatliners

Turn all your pockets inside out
Confess your love to the concrete now
All the bitter hearts set to explode
Our ringing ears never hear a sound

I'll draw a map completely composed
Of basement bars and bottles of booze
Oh, life will surely sing me into remission

Tired eyes, bought and sold
Cut them down in cold calculation
All the rotten cries and caskets full
Of dead friendships you know

Let your head rattle right off the coast
Scattered at sea till the day you drown
Let it all spill out onto the floor
Swept away when the waves crash down

Someday I'll make it back to the shore
Laugh at the awkward looks and what's more
We've got these stories inked in our skin forevermore

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