Lifers

The Flatliners

So save up your dusty pennies
And pack all of the things you know you'll lose
Remember things might get heavy
Try harder to think of an excuse
Of why your own bed is really
A knot away from tying a noose
Save it. I'm done already.
On and on and on and on.

So long my lungs are black and full
Of useless excuses I've come to know.

We've come to carve out our hole,
We're here to ensure that you've expired
From this wretched dust pool,
And piss on the everlasting fire
Commonplace casualties
We breathe heavier every passing day
The stories we tell so fondly
Keep us awake.

So long my lungs are black and full
Of useless excuses I've come to know
So long I've cut the cord and pulled
The blanket down over the world you know

Try harder to think of something
A reason to remain standing still
A reason to throw it all away.

Try harder to think of an excuse.
Try harder to think of what you do.
Try harder to think of why you wouldn't just see it through
Try harder.

So long my lungs are black and full
Of useless excuses I've come to know
So long I've cut the cord and pulled
The blanket down over the world you know

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