

# Bastard's Waltz

Cancer Bats

Split lips and caught restless  
Broken hands, broken nose  
Sweat soaked and salt stained  
The threads of our clothes

Relationships tested  
Broken hands, broken hearts  
The one driving factor  
The sum of all parts

Just trying to live, trying to breath  
Coughing up blood  
Just trying to live, trying to breath  
Coughing up blood

Lack of sleep as a weakness  
Broken hands, broken back  
Still speaking our minds, dear  
Still lacking all tact

One, two, three

Just trying to live, trying to breath  
Coughing up blood  
Just trying to live, trying to breath  
Coughing up blood

Coughing up blood  
Coughing up blood  
Coughing up blood  
Coughing up...

When it's all said and done  
When we're burnt up like stars  
When it stops making sense to me  
When we're covered in scars

Just trying to live, trying to breath  
Coughing up blood  
Just trying to live, trying to breath  
Coughing up blood  
Just trying to live, trying to breath  
Coughing up blood  
Just trying to live, trying to breath  
Coughing up blood

Coughing up blood  
Coughing up blood  
Coughing up blood  
Coughing up blood

Coughing up blood  
Coughing up blood  
Coughing up blood  
Coughing up blood