

Stab Stab Stab

A Wilhelm Scream

If I can then I will twist
this knife until it snaps
at the hilt to make you feel
this damage done is real.

When will I recover from
a wound that never heals?
The answer's always never.
Forget November and suffer with a smile.

Blood soaked t-shirt worn only once and left
wet to remind me never to turn my back on you again.
Counting all the days and nights since I've slept
and you're not alone?
How could anything this tragic
turn into a laughing matter.
Am I not alone?

Just because you're rotting
doesn't mean you're dead.
It doesn't make you loved.
You just got lost in it.
We both love the money,
we all love our friends.
It doesn't make us pricks.
We just keep falling in.

I can't rest, my neck's too stiff.
Is this remorse or hindsight making me delirious?
With a goodnight kiss these bloody lips
whisper something about rats and sinking ships.

Blood soaked t-shirt worn only once and left
wet to remind me never to turn my back on you again.
Counting all the days and nights since I've slept
and you're not alone?
How could anything this tragic
turn into a laughing matter.
Am I not alone?

Leave me lifeless.
(A bloody whisper from your lips.)
Leave me lifeless.
(Forget November, suffer this.)

A lie, if you don't believe.
A lie. That's how we live our lives.
if you don't believe.
A lie. That's how we live our lives.