

The Fine Art Of Making It Out Alive

Boys Night Out

Kiss me on the forehead, angel, before I go to sleep.
I can't remember if it's Thursday or December.
I've been keeping track of days by counting hangovers and bottles on my floor.
My mangled memory is making me mistake misfortune for forgiveness.

I don't think I'll make it out alive.
So promise me that you'll survive to bury me.
Just empty all the alcohol and chronicle the chemicals, but don't forget the cigarettes.
Remember every ember.

Alright, I admit that past few months were broken and abused.
Now I'm used to the bleeding and unspoken words that kept me so confused.
Maybe we can get past these addictions,
But the bodies piling up are a whole other story unless your stomach's strong enough.

Hell, maybe we can just pretend that this recovery,
Won't depend on moderation and in the end the same routine won't leave me dead.
Just empty all the alcohol...or baby, we're dead.

Tomorrow we'll wake up in time to stop this double suicide through kisses laced with cyanide
And one last look through blood shot eyes.
I guess this is what they call killing yourself in small doses.