

# This Broken Killswitch

## Boys Night Out

So here's the sum of our parts:  
An overwhelming willingness to expire,  
And ugly hands that were built for breaking  
The ugly second chance that I'm taking.

GO!  
We'll realize that we're  
Brilliant at dying as more bullets kiss,  
And more blades cushion our awkward movements.  
So don't look at me when  
We all run out of room for caring,  
And bury hope with our useless hearts.

I'm digging graves for everyone,  
And my hand is getting tired from  
Writing out this killing spree.

So it's reaching time.  
Reach for home where  
Everyone is waiting to forget you.  
Reach forward and prop yourself up  
On the smiling skulls of liars.  
I'm reaching into my pocket,  
But the gun's gone off.

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You want to talk about pain?  
Let's talk about pain, motherfucker.  
It's something I know everything about.  
You want to talk about pain?  
Let's talk about pain, motherfucker.  
And soon you'll understand why.  
I'm reaching into my pocket,  
But the gun's gone off.  
Stop me before I kill again:

I'm reaching in my chest, but  
The killswitch on my heart is broken,  
And I've been dead for years...

And then I realized the truth.  
We're forest fires waiting to happen,

And buildings designed to collapse.  
I can't wait to watch you burn and fall.  
We're forest fires waiting to happen,  
And buildings designed to collapse.  
I can't wait to watch you burn and fall.