

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

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