

## Ceilings Crack

Cursive

Passed out in your yard  
My clothes were soaking in the morning rain  
My head's just a bruise, like walking in a coma  
Like a battered drone  
All my limbs are numb

I've been driving past your house  
Been pounding at your door  
I know I'm just a peon to you  
But I deserve more  
Than arrogance  
Condolences  
My hearts are on the sleeves of my shirts scattered over your lawn  
And the morning dew... kissed them

Drunk on Bastille Day  
Throwing pennies at the broken birds  
Scribbling plans on napkins  
A sketch of broken angel wings under your bed  
My bandages

Stumbled over to your house  
I'll sneak in the back door  
I know I've been an asshole to you, but that was before  
The argument, the accident  
Well, I've heard it's just a matter of time before the hour is spent  
And my hour is spent  
I can't afford it this time  
I can't afford this time  
I can't afford this time  
I can't afford it...

The hour has come for retribution  
I'm storming the walls down  
I'm storming the walls down  
The hour has come for retribution  
I'm storming the walls down  
I'm storming the walls down  
Before this night's done, the wounds will be gone  
I'm storming the walls down  
I'm storming the walls down