

The World Or Nothing

Deaf Havana

The streetlights hurt my eyes more than usual tonight, no sense of direction and my visions blurred, I think I'll lay down for a while. But I don't have a bed of my own just a space in some one else's, no I don't have a bed of my own just a space in someone else's, or at least for now...

I'm swallowed up by hungry streets and thirsty back alleys, the more I try to find my feet the more the city mocks me. The fresh air fills my lungs, the alcohol burns into my skin and I feel so tired and scared about everything.

I'd clip my wings just for an excuse, for not putting myself to better use.

We all care too much about not caring enough, 'cause we're all too scared to leave behind our youth.

We're a self-destructive generation whose obituaries will be; "Due to excessive boredom the body gave in to liver failure and heart disease it seems"

To tell you the truth I'm just scared, but at least I'm not alone, at least I'm not alone.

And we'll sing 'til we can't speak, yeah we'll sing until we believe.