

Days Are Blood

Descendents

The days are blood
No beginning, no end
Bleeding like a fountain pen
The days are blood

Alarm clock rips open my eyes
I'm so tired
Staring at the black spots before my eyes
Am I alive
Mirror showing bloodshot eyes
It never lies
Another day on the 9 to 5
No whens or whys

These days of blood, eyes of fire

I gave at the office
I gave at the bank
I gave to my friends
I gave to my enemies
You tell me it's better to give than to receive
So tell me why is it you that's bleeding me

7'o'clock - got to wake up
Wake up
Look in the mirror, see my face
See the traces of yesterday
Oh, for yesterday
Oh, for tomorrow

The days are blood
Bleeding into each other
The days are blood
And I'm drowning

And as I watch the evening news
I realize
Telling me of the day's slaughter
I realize
Spilling innards on my dreams
I realize
As I bleed cold sleep sweat
I realize
The nights are blood too