

Black Lungs & Dollar Signs

Her Bright Skies

The sky hangs from it's last thread
and we're all scared, but I feel brave
I bleed from my mouth
for a lost cause, but it's my willing sacrifice

The kids draw death on the asphalt
as the office man walks by
with his eyes stitched tight
and his heart clogged up
The rain i catch in my hands
burns through the skin
down to the bones

Cheer on
Another year, we survived
Cheer on
Another ghost across the sky

And I figure you in the back of an ambulance
or gasping for air in a waiting room somewhere

And I can't help but to think
you're dead ten years from now
but so am I
At least my words march on
and all you'll be is a name
scribbled on eroded tombstone
And all you'll be is nothing but a name

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