

The Failure Of All Things

HORSE the band

Sorry for the scales and scabs on my skin
My fists break
And I just can't take it

Sorry for the sores and holes in my heart
There's no love or life for either of us

You are alone and living in the desert
Finding time to accept
I'm sorry
I'm a f**king monster

I'm sorry

I wasn't there but I think that something was
I was in love
I still believe I am

These stony fingers steal from you
When these damned arms draw you in

Won't look at me
Won't speak to me
I am sorry you rotted like the waste of the vine
Even flesh and blood
Even heart and bone
Now open your eyes
And now say it

I'm the broken lamp man with the telephone injuries
My apologetic arms want to sing you to sleep
You dry heave when I ring and I ring
You knew I was broken and you got what you wanted
You got what you wanted

I'm certain that the cats are still hungry

I wasn't there but I know that something was
I was in love
I'm sorry that you're dead