

Thieves And Murderers

Kensington

This is not the first time I'm upright in my bed all through the night
The pale moon is shining bright
Revealing all the cracks between the tiles

The cold white kitchen floor
Summons me to lie down
This fever leaving my pores
Is leading me astray now

Take all of your vitamins and Wash your hands or just begin by
Leaving some of the little things you hate to love
I'm noticing the irony is oh so sickening
Cause when a healthy dose of life is kicking in
I am stranded on the floor in the glistening light

This is not the first time
The dawn is making me curse morning light
My cold white fingers form
To weak a grip to reach and close the blinds

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Leaving some of the little things you hate to love
I'm noticing the irony is oh so sickening
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Will I help myself by obeying my cells? When it's just thieves and murderers
It's all just thieves and murderers

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It's all just thieves and murderers
I won't be waiting for help
I won't be waiting for help
I won't be waiting for help
I won't be waiting for help
No