

Past Tense, Future Perfect

Paint It Black

It's got nothing to do with luck, & it's got nothing to do with sin.

You said, "God's got it in for you. You're fucked," but I don't believe in him.

Standing underneath stars and satellites.
The sky is not falling on my head tonight.

I can see it out of the corner of my eye, but this time I've got a running start.

"What a perfect match," I thought, "Your black eyes and my black heart."

It's in my blood. No, not that tired cliché.

For me it's literal, just check the hospital bill.

It's in my heart. Filed under "left for dead," and sewn together with a needle and thread.

It's in my head. History is fiction. God can't touch us now; we're out of his jurisdiction.

We are invincible. We may bend, but we will not be broken. (3x)