

# Irony of Dying On Your Birthday

Senses Fail

Just know  
We are  
A spec  
In time.

So follow your bliss  
And destroy the beauty

I'll lock myself alone in a room  
Drink until the clock strikes noon  
With just a pen, a pill, and some paper  
And maybe I will write a sad song  
Or another cliché poem  
Of the person that I long to be

I wanna die like Jim Morrison  
A fucking rock star  
I wanna die like God on the cover of time.  
Just a blink and it's gone  
So baby pour some fame in my glass.

So kill the forest  
And destroy the beauty.

I'll lock myself alone in a room  
Drink until the clock strikes noon  
With just a pen, a pill, and some paper  
And maybe I will write a sad song  
Or another cliché poem  
Of the person that I long to be

(Colors blind)  
the eyes  
(Sounds deafen)  
the ear  
(Flavors numb)  
the taste  
(Thoughts weaken)  
the mind

I'll attack someone with a switchblade knife  
So that I can see their pain  
I choose to be a serial killer  
'Cause the victims don't get any fame.

I'll lock myself alone in a room  
Drink until the clock strikes noon  
With just a pen, a pill, and some paper  
And maybe I will write a sad song  
Or another cliché poem  
Of the person that I long to be

Just know we are a spec in time