

Stretch Your Legs to Coffin Length

Senses Fail

Today my past
Has come alive to eat
All of the guts that I use to just keep my feet
Moving left and right
As my legs shake like trees
Oh how I curse the heavens for not taken me

GOD DAMN
This whole mess that's me
I DON'T TRUST MYSELF
I'm in way too deep
And every night I erase the day
With the strongest drinks they'll give to me

And I awake
Much to my dismay
To find that I'm still staring at the same ceiling
I just wish once
that I could get this right
And have the angels from the south take me at night

GOD DAMN
This whole mess that's me
I DON'T TRUST MYSELF
I'm in way too deep
And every night I erase the day
With the strongest drinks they'll give to me

And all I have is meaningless
And all I found is nothingness
In this self loathing sickness
And all I have is meaningless
And all I found is nothingness
In this self loathing sickness

GOD DAMN
This whole mess that's me
I DON'T TRUST MYSELF
I'm in way too deep
And every night I erase the day
With the strongest drinks they'll give to me

And all I have is meaningless
And all I found is nothingness