

Keychain

The Menzingers

I feel my teeth turning black
I feel my hands too cold to grasp this neck
My instrument at last
I'll strangle it to death
I hear the laughs outside the speaker at my attempts at serious
Won't hold a candle to the rest won't hold a candle to the best
More like a key chain flashlight busted I'm adolescent novelty
With awkward wording I'm generic generic
I feel my lungs turning black
I feel the smokestacks closing in
Dirty fingers prewritten dreams
Selling life as a machine
I feel my aching bones inside me
Shrivel away like artifacts
With an ensignia on the back
Lettered and taped in body bags
It's cutting off my circulation, they've won, I'm breaking up o
n the outside
I crumble like dust and am carried away.
Let's place our bets on all of our friends
See in the end which were dispensable anyway
Expand the margins of these papers
Writing words I never meant to say
And I'll let go this photograph says so
I'll let go I swear to God of everything you told me so
Webster's would be pissed at my disrespect for protocol
Britannica's a liar the world can't be this small
Hands in the sack, attacked, never going back
To those who are taking role
Their potentials offer me nothing at all