

## Born Dead

## The Thermals

I can feel the ache and  
I can feel it breaking  
One hand on the head  
One hand on the bed

Breathing in the blankness  
Breathing in the blank shots  
One hand on the head  
One hand on the bed

I can't focus on the haze  
I'm still choking on the craving  
Waiting for the only sound  
I haven't heard

Hoping this is as low  
As we can get  
Wading in the images  
We're soon to forget

And I may be out of it  
But I'm still into you  
I'm born dead, I'm born again  
I can feel the ache and  
I can feel it breaking

Come towards the call  
With no poison crawling  
Absorb absorb absorb  
Shut down  
No short lines and  
Only short lies  
Count them backwards  
In four words  
Or less or more

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I'm still choking on the craving  
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I haven't heard

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