

Broken Teeth

This Is Hell

We named this vessel hope in spite of fate
But it's taking on water at an alarming rate
Hours and days and weeks spent
Biting my tongue until my teeth met.
Hours spent days spent,
Weeks spent biting my tongue until my teeth met.
The sun is out and I'm feeling like the walking dead,
Completely unaffected by the blood I shed.
Hours spent, days spent, weeks spent.
I bite my tongue, we are the walking dead.
We do this now because we've done it before.
We cling to hope because she floats like a corpse.
The sun is out and I'm feeling like the walking dead,
Completely unaffected by the blood I shed.
Hours spent, days spent, weeks spent.
I bite my tongue we are the walking dead.
We don't sleep, this is a restless road.
We're getting much too used to burying our own.
Our senses dulled but we still know.
Unaffected by the blood we should be are the walking dead.