

The Incoherent

This or the Apocalypse

I shove my foot in my mouth and I kick myself to death
They all drink the wine that I send
But look at me like we've never met
This grin on my face is just the gold I found in the mineshaft
working
There's not a single worm on this Earth crawling that would ever
turn me down

You just dreamed you're dead and you forget to wake up
You would throw your life in the hands of just anyone
Dreamed you're dead and you forget to wake up
There's no way to make a grave without digging one

Bring me the liars (ah)
Bring me the proud (ah)
Bring me the vain (ah)
But first, bring me myself

I shove the flask in my mouth and I drink myself to death
My bones always crack like coal(?) when I walk
And I hear voices through my stress
I look through the bars of everything I own and every dollar spent
Know that you're only planting contempt out here if you bury me
in the earth

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There's no way to make a grave without digging one

(Incoherent and careless and fumbling
And worthless and apathetic and incoherent)

But these are the teeth of steel that'll lay you low (2x)

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