

Dead Weight

White Lung

A pound of flesh lays between my legs and eyes
Secure the sutures, he'll grow beneath the ties

This dead weight
This dead weight

I am a wash now without a life to please
And I know the hole inside of me
Is not the way I ever want to be
I'm gone

I'll give my heart out, I'll bleed until I'm cold
So spare your good seed, I'm getting bored and old

This dead weight
This dead weight

I am a wash now without a life to please
And I know the hole inside of me
Is not the way I ever want to be
I'm gone