

# The Failure Of All Things

HORSE the band

Sorry for the scales and scabs on my skin  
My fists break  
And I just can't take it

Sorry for the sores and holes in my heart  
There's no love or life for either of us

You are alone and living in the desert  
Finding time to accept  
I'm sorry  
I'm a f\*\*king monster

I'm sorry

I wasn't there but I think that something was  
I was in love  
I still believe I am

These stony fingers steal from you  
When these damned arms draw you in

Won't look at me  
Won't speak to me  
I am sorry you rotted like the waste of the vine  
Even flesh and blood  
Even heart and bone  
Now open your eyes  
And now say it

I'm the broken lamp man with the telephone injuries  
My apologetic arms want to sing you to sleep  
You dry heave when I ring and I ring  
You knew I was broken and you got what you wanted  
You got what you wanted

I'm certain that the cats are still hungry

I wasn't there but I know that something was  
I was in love  
I'm sorry that you're dead