

Irony of Dying On Your Birthday

Senses Fail

Just know
We are
A spec
In time.

So follow your bliss
And destroy the beauty

I'll lock myself alone in a room
Drink until the clock strikes noon
With just a pen, a pill, and some paper
And maybe I will write a sad song
Or another cliché poem
Of the person that I long to be

I wanna die like Jim Morrison
A fucking rock star
I wanna die like God on the cover of time.
Just a blink and it's gone
So baby pour some fame in my glass.

So kill the forest
And destroy the beauty.

I'll lock myself alone in a room
Drink until the clock strikes noon
With just a pen, a pill, and some paper
And maybe I will write a sad song
Or another cliché poem
Of the person that I long to be

(Colors blind)
the eyes
(Sounds deafen)
the ear
(Flavors numb)
the taste
(Thoughts weaken)
the mind

I'll attack someone with a switchblade knife
So that I can see their pain
I choose to be a serial killer
'Cause the victims don't get any fame.

I'll lock myself alone in a room
Drink until the clock strikes noon
With just a pen, a pill, and some paper
And maybe I will write a sad song
Or another cliché poem
Of the person that I long to be

Just know we are a spec in time