

Panic Drills

Sleigh Bells

Panic drills when I light the fire
Pulling faith apart this time
Falling down in the sunshine
f*cked me up when my dad died

Sleep deprived, dignified
Sixteen feet from the finish line
When I die, I'll sacrifice
More than enough for the afterlife

At the end of the war
What's mine is yours
At the end of the war
What's mine is yours

I will kill the sun to hang the moon for us
And if that's not enough
I might be hanging tough

Going, what shall I do with lies?
I'd like to find some other time
By kitchen counter tops
And bottles of rage beneath the sink

Justify who I crucify
Testify instead of getting high
Solid gold, this heart of mine
But all you see is an ???

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