

Dead Now

Antioch Arrow

I'm not myself; I am
A broken boxer, stuffed with glass and sand.
This is not how health should feel.
Songs sung from the lungs of the elderly.

I am dead now.

Check my chest, and you'll see
The life has been mined from me,
Burned for the heat, oh.

I'm dead now.

Can you hear the relief
As life's belligerent symphonies
Finally cease, oh.

I put my heart where my mouth is.
Now, I can't thumb it down again.

I've gone, devilled my kidneys.

Now, he's living inside of me.

If we can't bring an exorcist,
I'll settle for one of your stiffest drinks.
We'll scream hell towards heaven's door.
Now, I'll piss on your front porch.

I am dead now.

Check my chest, and you'll see
The life has been mined from me,

Burned for the heat, oh.

I'm dead now.

Can you hear the relief
As life's belligerent symphonies
Finally cease, oh.

We're all dead now.

Join hands and we'll sing

To the glory of hell

And the virtue of sin.

Something wrong with me
There's something wrong with me

Something wrong with me

And there's nothing like poetry

So whether you love me

In spite of these

Tics and inconsistencies,
There's something wrong with me, oh.
There's something wrong with me, oh.
And there's nothing like poetry, oh.
You love me in spite of these
Tics and inconsistencies.
There's something wrong with me.

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