Eight of Nine

The Ataris

These hospital walls are the palest of white
Here in this desert they're reciting my last rights
The smell of these halls
Brings temporary comfort
As the oxygen flows through my blood
El Corazon was poisoned tonight...
She's on her eight of nine.
When half of all your prayers are insincere,
The other half are lies.
Here is this watermark under this bridge.
The point where it all crested,
Rolled back and drifted into the sea.

I climb from this wreckage
As the smoke begins to clear from my lungs.
The closest of close calls has happened tonight.
It's time that I made things right
For the first time,
Since the last time.
Let this moment of clarity
Lift this curse that has been cast upon me.
So appreciate the good times,
But don't take the worst for granted.
'Cause you only get so many second chances

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/