

The Fine Art Of Making It Out Alive

Boys Night Out

Kiss me on the forehead angel
Before I go to sleep
I can't remember if its Thursday or December
I've been keeping track of days by counting hangovers
And the bottles on my floor
My mangled memory is making me mistake misfortune for forgiveness
I don't think I'll make it out alive
So promise me that you'll survive to bury me Just empty all the alcohol
And chronicle the chemicals
But don't forget the cigarettes
Remember every ember Alright, I admit that past few months were broken and abused
Now I'm used to the bleeding and unspoken words that kept me so confused
Maybe we can get past these addictions
But the bodies piling up are a whole other story
Unless your stomach's strong enough(2x) Maybe we can get past these addictions
But the bodies piling up So promise me that you'll survive to bury me Hell, maybe we can just pretend
That this recovery wont depend on moderation
And in the end the same routine won't leave me dead(2x)
Just empty all the alcohol...or baby we're dead Tomorrow we'll wake up in time to stop this double suicide
Through kisses laced with cyanide
ANd one last look through bloodshot eyes I guess this is what they call killing yourself in small dose(2x)

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