

# Toothache

## Arctic Death

oh my interest  
oh my loveless curiosityoh my toothache  
oh my basement  
what they mean to meall signs said that i'd been busted  
my circle was tired and rusted  
i was hoping for at least an argument  
my sentimental hand has  
fought with my chains  
and got right to the heart of it  
maybe this was meant for me  
i ate the silver lining off  
i didn't always need youboth times i was overwhelmed  
both hands made room for me  
the new spirit of place not body  
was my anniversaryso i'll blink slowly so i don't noticei fought with your handprints  
and got right to the heart of it  
maybe this was meant for me  
i cut the silver lining off  
i didn't always love youi drink tears and i get right to the heart of it  
maybe this was meant for me  
i ripped the silver lining off  
i didn't always...i split quick and that was only two days  
a small drink to make sense of the thruway  
my tomorrow is rarely a new day  
i run it off

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