

# Dead Weight

## White Lung

A pound of flesh lays between my legs and eyes  
Secure the sutures, he'll grow beneath the ties This dead weight  
This dead weight I am a wash now without a life to please  
And I know the hole inside of me  
Is not the way I ever want to be  
I'm gone I'll give my heart out, I'll bleed until I'm cold  
So spare your good seed, I'm getting bored and old This dead weight  
This dead weight  
I am a wash now without a life to please  
And I know the hole inside of me  
Is not the way I ever want to be  
I'm gone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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