

Home Is Where You Hang Yourself

Every Time I Die

1, 2, 3, 4

Sign my farewell with the chimes of clock radio
7 a. m. sun reveals a failed cherubim dangling from the rafters
Like a sentimental ghost floating midway
Between the curse of the sky and you
This noose carries what atrophied wings can't
Don't you want me disenchanted a deader shade of sorry
Buried from the neck up in a slipknot
Dragging my feet through the dead air
Suspended a fallen chair length from the ground
And when you found me when will they finally find me
This halo fit my throat, halo fit my throat, halo fit my throat
Halo fit my throat, halo fit my throat, halo fit my throat
Halo fit my throat, this halo fit my throat
I am your contorted angel, writhing at a loss for wings
Swelled tongues tell of brighter eyes
A severed spine of better days
Like the deafened clicks of a blue lipped off the beat pendulum
I just wanted to be something more than enough of
Oh my god, I don't think I'm breathing
Jesus Christ, I cant hear myself breathing
Oh my god, I don't think I'm breathing
Jesus Christ, I cant hear myself breathing
This is all
I know of flying my eyes set on you like stains
In memory of romance
Of romance
Of romance
Of romance
...

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