

# Irony Of Dying On Your Birthday

## Senses Fail

Just know we are a speck in time  
So follow your bliss and destroy the beauty I'll lock myself alone in a room  
Drink until the clock strikes noon  
With just a pen, a pill and some paper  
And maybe I will write a sad song  
Or another cliched poem  
Of the the person that I long to be I wanna die like Jim Morrison  
A fuckin' rock star  
I wanna die like God, on the cover of time  
Just a blink and its gone  
So baby pour some fame in my glass  
So kill the forest and destroy the beauty I'll lock myself alone in a room  
Drink until the clock strikes noon  
With just a pen, a pill and some paper  
And maybe I will write a sad song  
Or another cliched poem  
Of the the person that I long to be Colors blind  
The eyes  
Sounds deafen  
The ear  
Flavors numb  
The taste  
Thoughts weaken  
The mind I'll attack someone with a switchblade knife  
So that I can see their pain  
I choose to be a serial killer  
'Cause the victims don't get any fame I'll lock myself alone in a room  
Drink until the clock strikes noon  
With just a pen, a pill and some paper  
And maybe I will write a sad song  
Or another cliched poem  
Of the the person that I long to be Just know we are a speck in time

Lyrics provided by

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