

# King For A Day (feat Kellin Quinn)

## Pierce The Veil

Dare me to jump off of this Jersey bridge  
I bet you never had a Friday night like this  
Keep it up, keep it up, let's raise our hands  
I take a look up at the sky and I see  
Red for the cancer, red for the wealthy  
Red for the drink that's mixed with suicide  
Everything redPlease, won't you push me for the last time  
Let's scream until there's nothing left  
So sick of playing, I don't want this anymore  
The thought of you's no f\*\*\*ing fun  
You want a martyr, I'll be one  
Because enough's enough, we're doneYou told me think about it, well I did  
Now I don't wanna feel a thing anymore  
I'm tired of begging for the things that I want  
I'm over sleeping like a dog on the floorThe thing I think I love  
Will surely bring me pain  
Intoxication, paranoia, and a lot of fame  
Three cheers for throwing up  
Pubescent drama queen  
You make me sick, I make it worse by drinking lateScream until there's nothing left  
So sick of playing, I don't want to anymore  
The thought of you's no f\*\*\*ing fun  
You want a martyr I'll be one  
Because enough's enough, we're doneYou told me think about it, well I did  
Now I don't wanna feel a thing anymore  
I'm tired of begging for the things that I want  
I'm over sleeping like a dog on the floorImagine living like a king someday  
A single night without a ghost in the walls  
And if the bass shakes the earth underground  
We'll start a new revolution now  
(Now! Alright here we go)Hail Mary, forgive me  
Blood for blood, hearts beating  
Come at me, now this is war!F\*\*\* with this new beat  
Oh!Now terror begins inside a bloodless vein  
I was just a product of the street youth rage  
Born in this world without a voice or say  
Caught in the spokes with an abandoned brain  
I know you well but this ain't a game  
Blow the smoke in diamond shape

Dying is a gift so close your eyes and rest in peace  
You told me think about it, well I did  
Now I don't wanna feel a thing anymore  
I'm tired of begging for the things that I want  
I'm over sleeping like a dog on the floor  
Imagine living like a king someday  
A single night without a ghost in the walls  
We are the shadows screaming take us now  
We'd rather die than live to rust on the ground

S\*\*\*

Songwriters

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