

# Irony of Dying on Your Birthday

## Senses Fail

"Irony Of Dying On Your Birthday"

Just know

We are

A spec

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 cliché poem

Of the person that I long to be

I wanna die like Jim Morrison

A fucking rock star

I wanna die like god on the cover of time.

Just a blink and it's 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 cliché poem

Of 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 cliché poem  
Of the person that I long to be  
Just know we are a spec in time  
[Chorus in the background]

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