Disarm

Bad Astronaut

I'm comin' home, I'm not bound anymore
On the brink of nothin', I'm just startin' somethin'I am dog boy, overwhelmed, unemployed
An arsenal of outbursts but I'm just sayin' it firstI don't want to lose everything that we grew
I'm not cuttin' you down, I'm just carryin' the axeKnowin' it's half bad, knowin' it's a little sad
And there's blood on our hands
I hate this
No one at the wheel, everyone is here to feelI'm comin' home, we aren't sound anymore
I can't build a purpose in this falling structureI'm not tearin' it down, I just can't find the sound
I'm disarming the bomb before it goes offKnowin' it's half bad, knowin' it's all smilin' sad
And the gun in my hand is empty
I am Mr. Guilt
Everyone is here to feelI thank you all so much for my next trick
Next trip, drive home[Incomprehensible]

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