

# Days Are Blood

## Descendents

The days are blood No beginning, no end Bleeding like a fountain pen The days are blood Alarm clock rips open my eyes I'm so tired Staring at the black spots before my eyes Am I alive Mirror showing bloodshot eyes It never lies Another day on the 9 to 5 No whens or whys These days of blood, eyes of fire I gave at the office I gave at the bank I gave to my friends I gave to my enemies You tell me it's better to give than to receive So tell me why is it you that's bleeding me 7 O'clock - got to wake up Wake up Look in the mirror, see my face See the traces of yesterday Oh, for yesterday Oh, for tomorrow The days are blood Bleeding into each other The days are blood And I'm drowning And as I watch the evening news I realize Telling me of the day's slaughter I realize Spilling innards on my dreams I realize As I bleed cold sleep sweat I realize The nights are blood too.

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