

# Lungs Like Gallows

## Senses Fail

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I give blood to prove to myself  
That I can matter to somebody else  
Is what makes a man the dirt on his hands?  
Don't put your faith in the desert sandThe wind is always blowing  
There are gallows deep inside my lungs  
That's where I hung ambitionIs it luck that's knocking right on my back door?  
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984  
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores  
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors  
Give me seven moreI give blood not for the cause  
But to slowly give up the person I was  
Holding my breath won't help  
Everything went to hellSo now I steal back pennies from the well  
Because my wishes failed  
I am screaming at my own shadow  
To stop living like a ghostIs it luck that's knocking right on my back door?  
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984  
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores  
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors  
Give me seven moreI don't need her, I'm not that desperate  
Come visit me in twenty years and maybe then  
'Cause I'm not done screaming yet  
You can call off the intervention  
'Cause I don't need your attentionIs it luck that's knocking right on my back door?  
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984  
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores  
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors  
Give me seven moreI don't need her, I'm not that desperate  
I don't need her, I'm not that desperate

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