

Battescars

Friday Mile

I've got a picture of my heart taped to my chest, to give the impression I'm keeping it.

I'm choosing my battles and picking my scars, to make battescars out of beautymarks.

I think you're trying to give me cancer by stealing my air, that I store in containers under my chair.

With a cross-eyed expression you explain to me, that cancer's the victim, and I'm the disease

 Why do you fool yourself into thinking you're breaking the rules

 Why can't I choose one life on the open waters blue

I've got an aching for wisdom in the very worst way, while you're stealing my vision for private display

 The echos from children long grown up long gone. A trace from a memory I kept too long

 Why do you fool yourself into thinking you're breaking the rules

 Why can't I choose one life on the open waters blue

With the right mix of love and gasoline, we could torch this whole city

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