

# The Obituaries

## The Menzingers

We stumble and stare at the carnival lights that lit up New York City,  
From the rooftop in Brooklyn that was covered in bad graffiti.  
And then I let a thousand splinters pierce right through my spoiled liver,  
Whatever that was left of it.'Cuz I cursed my lonely memory with picture-perfect imagery.  
Maybe I'm not dying I'm just living in decaying cities,  
But I'm still healthy, I'm still fine,  
I'll be spending all my time readin' the obituaries. But I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.'Cuz I am the shadow of the wax wing slave.  
I felt the buzz issued from window panes.  
I am just freaking out, yeah I'll be fine. But I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.  
I will fuck this up,  
I fucking know it.

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