

Dead Now

Frightened Rabbit

I'm not myself; I am
A broken boxer, stuffed with glass and sand.
This is not how health should feel.
Songs sung from the lungs of the elderly. I am dead now.
Check my chest, and you'll see
The life has been mined from me,
Burned for the heat, oh. I'm dead now.
Can you hear the relief
As life's belligerent symphonies
Finally cease, oh. I put my heart where my mouth is.
Now, I can't thumb it down again.
I've gone, devilled my kidneys.
Now, he's living inside of me.
If we can't bring an exorcist,
I'll settle for one of your stiffest drinks.
We'll scream hell towards heaven's door.
Now, I'll piss on your front porch. I am dead now.
Check my chest, and you'll see
The life has been mined from me,
Burned for the heat, oh. I'm dead now.
Can you hear the relief
As life's belligerent symphonies
Finally cease, oh. We're all dead now.
Join hands and we'll sing
To the glory of hell
And the virtue of sin. Something wrong with me
There's something wrong with me. Something wrong with me
And there's nothing like poetry. So whether you love me
In spite of these
Tics and inconsistencies,
There's something wrong with me, oh.
There's something wrong with me, oh.
And there's nothing like poetry, oh. You love me in spite of these
Tics and inconsistencies.
There's something wrong with me.

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