

Home Is Where You Hang Yourself

Every Time I Die

1, 2, 3, 4

Sign my farewell with the chimes of clock radio

7 a. m. sun reveals a failed cherubim dangling from the rafters

Like a sentimental ghost floating midway

Between the curse of the sky and you This noose carries what atrophied wings can't

Don't you want me disenchanted a deader shade of sorry

Buried from the neck up in a slipknot Dragging my feet through the dead air

Suspended a fallen chair length from the ground

And when you found me when will they finally find me This halo fit my throat, halo fit my throat, halo fit my throat

Halo fit my throat, halo fit my throat, halo fit my throat

Halo fit my throat, this halo fit my throat I am your contorted angel, writhing at a loss for wings

Swelled tongues tell of brighter eyes

A severed spine of better days

Like the deafened clicks of a blue lipped off the beat pendulum I just wanted to be something more than enough of

Oh my god, I don't think I'm breathing

Jesus Christ, I can't hear myself breathing

Oh my god, I don't think I'm breathing

Jesus Christ, I can't hear myself breathing This is all

I know of flying my eyes set on you like stains

In memory of romance Of romance

Of romance

Of romance

...

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