

# The World Or Nothing

## Deaf Havana

The street lights hurt my eyes,  
More than usual tonight.  
No sense of direction, my vision's blurred,  
I think I'll lay down for a while.  
But I don't have a bed of my own,  
Just a space on someone else's.  
No I don't have a bed of my own,  
Just a space on someone else's, or at least for now.  
I swallow up the hungry streets, the thirsty back alleys,  
The more I try to find my faith the more the city mocks me.  
And the fags that filled my lungs, the alcohol burns into my skin,  
And I feel so tired and scared about everything.  
And I clip my wings just for an excuse,  
For not putting myself to better use.  
We all care too much over not caring enough,  
Because we're all too scared to leave behind our youth.  
We're a self-destructive generation

Those obituaries will be,  
Due to excessive boredom, the body gave in,  
To liver failure and heart disease it seems.  
And I clip my wings just for an excuse,  
For not putting myself to better use.  
We all care too much over not caring enough,  
Because we're all too scared to leave behind our youth.  
To tell you the truth I'm just scared,  
But at least I'm not alone.  
At least I'm not alone.  
And we'll sing 'til we can't speak,  
And we'll sing 'til we believe.  
And we'll sing 'til we can't speak,  
And we'll sing 'til we believe.  
I will sing 'til we can't speak,  
We'll all sing until we believe.

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