A Wish for Wings That Work

Poison the Well

Could I end my life with a knife sharpened of problems
Sweet satisfaction of a night sky with hornsA paper cut bleeds like a cut vein
Could this sky open up and accept this tortured soul
But my wings have yet to work, work, work, work, have yet to workChange means nothing when nothing wants to change
Save your strength for the first disappointment
Change means nothing when nothing wants to change
Save your strength for the first, for the firstForever is such an unpleasant word
It begins to eat you from the inside out
Beg for sleep as this noose is tied around, around your neckA paper cut bleeds like a cut vein
Could this sky open up and accept this tortured soul
But my wings have yet to work, work, work, work, have yet to workForever is such an unpleasant word
It begins to eat you from the inside out
Beg for sleep as this noose is tied around your neck
Yes it's tied around your neck[Incomprehensible]

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