

Irony Of Dying On Your Birthday

Senses Fail

Just know we are a speck in time
So follow your bliss and destroy the beauty I'll lock myself alone in a room
Drink until the clock strikes noon
With just a pen, a pill and some paper
And maybe I will write a sad song
Or another cliched poem
Of the the person that I long to be I wanna die like Jim Morrison
A fuckin' rock star
I wanna die like God, on the cover of time
Just a blink and its gone
So baby pour some fame in my glass
So kill the forest and destroy the beauty I'll lock myself alone in a room
Drink until the clock strikes noon
With just a pen, a pill and some paper
And maybe I will write a sad song
Or another cliched poem
Of the the person that I long to be Colors blind
The eyes
Sounds deafen
The ear
Flavors numb
The taste
Thoughts weaken
The mind I'll attack someone with a switchblade knife
So that I can see their pain
I choose to be a serial killer
'Cause the victims don't get any fame I'll lock myself alone in a room
Drink until the clock strikes noon
With just a pen, a pill and some paper
And maybe I will write a sad song
Or another cliched poem
Of the the person that I long to be Just know we are a speck in time

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