

# stab city

[Chris Herbert](#)

My heavy head is full of debris.  
Sometimes I wish this city would  
sink in the sea,  
'cause even when I find the love it's fake  
and everything I want to touch  
would break. In some strange way  
it's like you're never there.  
You just float by,  
crawling in the air.  
I've been so tired  
I can barely breathe.  
Open your eyes  
once and try to see. So don't say you'll see me. This skeleton town  
with snakes in the grass,  
where every single breath you take  
might be your last.  
And even when you find the love  
it's fake  
and everything you try to touch will break. Our crooked feet  
burn up this street,  
and every time we're passing by  
you feel the heat  
of 50,000 burning souls asleep.  
There's 50,000 crying out to me. Burn up the city.

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