

# Doomsday

## Neurological

Go

A rush of blood to my head  
Leaves me winded and wanted  
To feel the weakness in my body  
Beaten and crushed like my soul  
I walked the streets flirting death  
    But I never kissed back  
I'm so lucky, so cursed, so fucked up  
    But that's the way that it goes  
    It's in the ebb and the flow  
I wish that I could give you my time  
    Give you my time  
Seems that doomsday has come early this year  
    The last angel has gone  
I can't remember the last time I cried  
    The last angel has gone home  
    The memories stacking up  
    And they pull at my guts  
What do I have to do to end it?

The better days hacked away  
    Leaving me only pain  
This regret is never ending  
    But in the blink of an eye  
    This life passes you by  
I wish that I could give you my time  
    Give you my time  
Seems that doomsday has come early this year  
    The last angel has gone  
I can't remember the last time I cried  
    The last angel has gone home  
    I can't remember, I can't remember  
    I can't remember the last time I cried  
Seems that doomsday has come early this year  
    The last angel has gone  
I can't remember the last time I cried  
    The last angel has gone home  
    The last angel has gone home

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