"Lungs Like Gallows"

Senses Fail

I give blood
That I broke from myself that I get better to someone else
Is what makes a man the dirt on his hands
To put your faith in the desert sand
The winners alwaysThere are gallows deep inside my minds
The clear I hung ambition
Is it love that's knocking right on my back door?
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984
I walk under ladders, I spill salt on sores
And I open my umbrella even when I am indoors
Getting seven moreI give blood without any cause but wish I could give up the person I was
Holding my breath would help everything went to hell so now I still from theI am screaming at my own shadow to stop living like a ghost
Is it love that's knocking right on my backdoor?
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984
I walk under ladders I spill salt on sores
And I open my umbrella even when I'm indoors
Getting seven moreI don't need a, 20 years of naming that cause I'm not done screaming it you can call up the intervention
Cause I don't need your attentionIs it love that's knocking right on my backdoor?
Because I've been breaking mirrors since 1984
I walk under ladders
I spill salt on sores
And I open my umbrella even when I'm indoors

Songwriters
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