

Irony Of Dying On Your Birthday

Senses Fail

Just know
We are
A spec
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 cliché poem
Of the person that I long to be I want to die like Jim Morrison
A fucking rock star
I want to die like god on the cover of time.
Just a blink and it's 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 cliché poem
Of 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 cliché poem
Of the person that I long to be Just know we are a spec in time

Songwriters

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