

Lungs Like Gallows

Senses Fail

I give blood to prove to myself
That I can matter to somebody else
Is what makes a man the dirt on his hands?
Don't put your faith in the desert sand
The wind is always blowing
There are gallows deep inside my lungs
That's where I hung ambition
Is it luck 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
Give me seven more
I give blood not for the cause
But to slowly give up the person I was
Holding my breath won't help
Everything went to hell
So now I steal back pennies from the well
Because my wishes failed
I am screaming at my own shadow
To stop living like a ghost
Is it luck 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
Give me seven more
I don't need her, I'm not that desperate
Come visit me in twenty years and maybe then
'Cause I'm not done screaming yet
You can call off the intervention
'Cause I don't need your attention
Is it luck 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
Give me seven more
I don't need her, I'm not that desperate
I don't need her, I'm not that desperate

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