

# Doomsday

## June of 44

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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