

I got a semi hollow body on my chest. My back hurts.
My throat is feeling stressed.
I swear by the end of the night, I'll be coughing up the morning drive.
The strings are cutting through my skin.
The rash opens up again, I'm worn out.
For rock's sake, I'm worn out.
My sweat burns the eyes to shit, like my eyebrows got up and quit.
Now I sit with my head down low with my shoes sticking to the floor.
I know that we feel the same. Beaten up by the things we savor.
We're worn out. We try to hit the high notes.
It might now always go the way that we want it to.
We gotta just go, 'cause we might not be here again.
We gotta go, we gotta go as far as can go.
We're missing notes, but who's looking.
We're fucking up, but we're cooking.
It ain't easy double working. That's exactly what we're doing.
For right now, the world is caution.
It's a struggle, it's a blur, but we're moving.
I've been swinging from my last nerve over the thinnest ice you'd never seen on earth.
If it wasn't for supporting hands, I'd be falling through the cracks again.
But one thing sure hasn't changed.
Once satire takes the stage, we'll be worn out.