

## **Death Comesto Matteson "Doctors"**

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Your army's running scared  
you haven't got a chance  
the preacher starts to preach  
but the man with the gun  
is still trying to make you dance

the doctors tell you the air is too proud  
to fill up the one good lung  
you've got left now  
don't you know  
love's a funny thing  
i signed a suicide pact  
when you put on that ring

you realize that your god is dead  
it's the fifth one you've tried this month

you try to wrap your head around it  
and as he goes  
he leaves his mark  
whether needle holes or knife scars  
it turns a mother's love to scorn

can you tell me  
what is your drug of choice  
is it the mirror, your fingers, or your voice

you with the sign  
that says the time is now  
it's the end of the world  
will you show it how

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