

Boys Night Out "Disintegrating"

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Abandon all hope, ye who enter here.
This halfway house is home to a madman.
His ghosts, and his perfect song.
This year has been bruised and broken in so many
ways that days have long since been abolished.

But If all of this could bring my love back to me...
I'd do away with the drugs and the drink...and the body
count could cease.
I've sensed her here, but I know that we're destined to
stay seperated.
...and this is all my fault.
For what it's worth.
It's worsening, and my song demands an
ending...closure.
Karma can't control the beast.
I've born to swallow us whole.
Yes, my heart may beat again - but we all need
medicine.
So forgive me, love, I'm choosing a fitting end to the
abusing.
Last night, I leapt through the ceiling.
There was just something appealing about leaving my
body behind and coming through as you circled
overhead.
I said all the things that had been missing from the
funeral that I had been forbidden from taking any part
in.
You forgave me for everything while the victims of the
song sounded their applause.
"The doctor has to go." was the last thing that you said
as I found my body back in bed
...but then, i guess it's always been his job to fix this.

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