

In Desperate Times "Morphine"

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Just like morphine
the more I laugh
the more I bleed
my bloody hands can still hold what I believe
these bullets on the sky, make my eyes shine.
we're still so fucking wounded, I'm paying to stay
alive...
every stain on this warpath makes my lure to get saved
from myself.
all these corpses are just endorsed by the pain I felt

I wish I had something more than just wait for my death
nothing like day after day to fill these cloudy nights
my lungs are empty again, we all grew up without a
thing to say
another day has gone and another joke in my face.
I saw you come as I'll watch you go
I'd better if my eyes were closed

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