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Jonathan Blake "Novocaine"

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Comfort in nothing at all Is better than the darkness when night falls She turned away and said "i'm dying slow" I told her "tell me something that i don't know"

Well shit gets hard when you feel you have to lie And even harder when you feel it's justified

I don't know what to say I'm better off this way I'm better off blindfolded today Novocaine in my veins It takes away the pain It keeps me from going insane I'm better off this way

A tear streamed down her beautiful face And i felt no pain, not even a trace It's the fifth time this week she has cried That makes it the fifth time this week that i have died

Well shit gets hard when you feel you feel you have to lie And even harder when you feel it's justified

I don't know what to say I'm better off this way I'm better off blindfolded today Novocaine in my veins It takes away the pain It keeps me from going insane I'm better off this way

The distance between fake and real Is the distance between what you can and can't feel And the cold that pumps through my veins Is here to preserve these remains, Oh

I don't know what to say I'm better off this way I'm better off blindfolded today Novocaine in my veins It takes away the pain

It keeps me from going insane

I don't know what to say I'm better off this way I'm better off blindfolded today Novocaine, Novocaine Pumping through these ice cold, bloodless veins I'm better off this way End

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