

Senses Fail

"Irony Of Dying On Your Birthday"

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Just know we are a speck in time
So follow your bliss and destroy the beauty

I'll lock myself alone in a room
Drink until the clock strikes noon
With just a pen, a pill and some paper
And maybe I will write a sad song
Or another cliched poem
Of the the person that I long to be

I wanna die like Jim Morrison
A fuckin' rock star
I wanna die like God, on the cover of time
Just a blink and its gone
So baby pour some fame in my glass
So kill the forest and destroy the beauty

I'll lock myself alone in a room
Drink until the clock strikes noon
With just a pen, a pill and some paper
And maybe I will write a sad song
Or another cliched poem
Of the the person that I long to be

Colors blind
The eyes
Sounds deafen
The ear
Flavors numb
The taste
Thoughts weaken
The mind

I'll attack someone with a switchblade knife
So that I can see their pain
I choose to be a serial killer
'Cause the victims don't get any fame

I'll lock myself alone in a room
Drink until the clock strikes noon
With just a pen, a pill and some paper
And maybe I will write a sad song

Or another cliched poem
Of the the person that I long to be

Just know we are a speck in time

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