

Senses Fail

"The Irony Of Dying On Your Birthday"

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(Just know)
(We are)
(A spec)
(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 cliché poem
Of the person that I long to be

I wanna die like Jim Morrison
A fucking rock star
I wanna die like god on the cover of time.
Just a blink and it's 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 cliché poem
Of 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 cliché poem
Of the person that I long to be

Just know, we are, a spec, in time
[Chorus in the background]

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