

The Draft "Bordering"

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It's gonna be a long night
And nobody is wasting time,
The wheel of misfortune's come
To refill, it's an atom bomb.

And there's enough here to know
That we might not know where to go.
Though it may just want us gone,
Though we have been all along.

I remember that just like a dream
Opening somewhere in-between.
Closing time, I tried to be your friend,
I'm bordering from lack of oxygen.

It's gonna be a long night,
These drinks (laced with/taste like) cyanide.
The people we know have gone,
Passed out in the parking lot.

I remember that just like a dream
Opening somewhere in-between.
Closing time, I tried to be your friend,
I'm bordering from lack of oxygen

I remember that just like a dream
Opening somewhere in-between.
Closing time, I tried to be your friend,
I'm bordering from lack of oxygen

It's gonna be a long night.
It's gonna be a long night

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