

The Lawrence Arms "The Corpses Of Our Motivations"

Visit "[The Corpses Of Our Motivations](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Catching up in the basement that i call home.
dismantling discussions on a piss soaked telephone.
i'm all grown up. i've thrown up these feelings lots
before. you're sitting in the park while i'm staring at the
door enough self mutilation. i've waterlogged and
choked one hundred beers, another week ensconced
in yellowsmoke i'm no devil, i just have these demons
keeping me awake, pushing on my go-leg, laughing at
cut brakes. the corpse of my motivation hangs in the
closet to the comfort of the grave. this coffin's full of
nails, rails and pipe and glass, rotting under yellow
growing grass. five in the chamber and i'm flying
through the air. i've tied my blindfold tightly, i'm
cutting my hair. i'm a bullet and a target, and i'm
drenched in splattered blood. i've learned my lesson
one time but once isn't enough. so dry your hands,
wash 'em clean of me. wave your victor's flag on your
pile of debris because when you die like a hero, you
live like a slave. i'd rather die to see it change than live
and watch it stay the same where the corpses of my
motivations hang on the gallows over-ripe with shit like
colostomy bags (pie anyone?) there's a party in the
woods and a dance in city streets and a rumble down
the avenue of fifty thousand stomping feet. and the
fire is getting high, igniting sweaty powdered brows.
and if he hasn't saved you yet, he isn't gonna save you
now, ...and you're more beautiful than you were on the
day that we first met. my angel of the not yet buried
dead.

Visit [The Lawrence Arms](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.