

Flatliners, The

"Mother Teresa Chokeslams The World"

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This one's coming way out of the dark
Life a flash of light to your ambitious thoughts
You break your neck for nothing
Reconstructive surgery's far off
(When will the day come?)
The day of flattery

When will the time come when we've grown out of this?
Just stop bullshitting me
This blood-stained flag of regret sits at half mast
And you have been boxed in
You're about to witness something: the choice of life or
death or sin
(Remember those days?)
The days when your dreams were the only thing
you had to keep you awake?
(When will these times change?)
When we're not living in this close-to-comatose state?

We're tired of waiting, tired of waiting
For these bones to completely break
We're tired of waiting, tired of waiting
And though these holes have grown
We'll wait while you keep making noise
And as it sounds we're drowning you out

You've locked every single door
You can't afford to make mistakes
What used to make you feel like more than the rest
of the world is gnawing at your gates
You're no stranger to these accidents
And the difference between us is we will persist, persist
We will persist, persist

We're tired of waiting, tired of waiting
For these bones to completely break
We're tired of waiting, tired of wasting away
And though these holes have grown
We'll wait while you keep making noise
And as it sounds we're drowning you out
Drowning you out

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