

The The "The Taste Of Ink"

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Is it worth it? Can you even hear me? Standing with your spotlight on me. Not enough to feed the hungry. I'm tired and I've felt it for a while now. In this sea of lonely, the taste of ink is getting old; it's four o'clock in the fucking morning. Each day gets more and more like the last day. Still I can see it coming, while I'm standing in the river drowning. This could be my chance to break out; this could be my chance to say good-bye. At last it's finally over, couldn't take this town much longer. Being half dead wasn't what I planned to be. Now I'm ready, to be free; So here I am, it's in my head, and I'll savor every moment of this. So here I am, alive at last, and I'll savor every moment of this.

Don't you think I'm pretty, when I'm standing on top the bridesmaid city? And I'll take your hand and pick you up, and keep you there so you can see. So long as you're alive again, I promise I will take you there. Take you dance the night away, take you dance the night away.

So here I am, it's in my hands, and I'll savor every moment of this. So here I am, alive at last, and I'll savor every moment of this, savor every moment of this.

Here I am. As long as you're alive, here I am, I promise I will take you there. As long, as you're alive, here I am, I promise I will take you there.

Don't you think I'm pretty, when I'm standing on top the bridesmaid city? And I'll take your hand and pick you up, and keep you there so you can see. So long as you're alive again, I promise I will take you there. So long as you're alive again, I promise I will take you there.

