

King for a Day (feat. Kellin Quinn)

Pierce the Veil

Dare me to jump off of this Jersey bridge?
I bet you never had a Friday night like this
Keep it up, keep it up, let's raise our hands I take a look up in the sky and I see red
Red for the cancer, red for the wealthy,
Red for the drink that's mixed with suicide
Everything red Please, won't you push me for the last time?
Let's scream until there's nothing left
So sick of playing, I don't want this anymore
The thought of you's no fucking fun
You want a martyr?
I'll be one, because enough's enough, we're done
You told me think about it, well I did
Now I don't want to feel a thing anymore
I'm tired of begging for the things that I want,
I'm over sleeping like a dog on the floor Yeah The thing I think I love will surely bring me pain
Intoxication, paranoia, and a lot of fame
Three cheers for throwing up, pubescent drama queen
You make me sick, I make it worse by drinking late (Scream, scream) Scream until there's
nothing left
So sick of playing, I don't want to anymore
The thought of you's no fucking fun
You want a martyr?
I'll be one, because enough's enough, we're done
You told me think about it, well I did
Now I don't want to feel a thing anymore
I'm tired of begging for the things that I want,
I'm over sleeping like a dog on the floor Imagine living like a king someday,
A single night without a ghost in the walls
And if the bass shakes the earth underground,
We'll start a new revolution now, now Alright, here we go Hail Mary, forgive me
Blood for blood, hearts beating
Come at me,
Now this is war
(Fuck with this new beat) Oh! Terror now begins inside a bloodless vein
I was just a product of the street youth rage
Born in this world without a voice or say
Caught in the spokes with an abandoned brain
I know you well, but this ain't a game
Blow the smoke in diamond shape
Dying is a gift, so close your eyes and rest in peace You told me think about it, well I did
Now I don't want to feel a thing anymore
I'm tired of begging for the things that I want,

I'm over sleeping like a dog on the floor
Imagine living like a king someday,
A single night without a ghost in the walls
We are the shadows screaming, take us now
We'd rather die than live to rest on the ground
Holy, shit

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>