

# 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/>