

# Failure, Blank

no conviction in your numb mind  
a hidden cell of chemicals  
keep your soul on my projection  
never turn on the camera

because  
i kinda like the blank way  
i fill up my life  
i don't care for nothing  
that gets me too high  
i want some dampened spirits  
and black and bitter spoons  
i'm not looking for reflection  
i'm living on the moon

no conviction in your voice box  
it's buried low beneath the guilt  
it all seems real as you whisper  
she lies warm and the smell is you

but she knows  
i kinda like the blank way  
you fill up my mind  
i don't care for nothing  
that gets me too high  
i want some dampened spirits  
and black and bitter spoons  
i'm not looking for reflection  
i'm living on the moon

here i am  
right at home  
in my crater  
here i am  
feeling old  
here i am  
wishing for a miracle  
i need you to know

that i like the blank way  
i fill up the sky  
and i care for nothing  
you put in my mind

i like the blank way  
you fill up my mind  
i like the blank way  
you fill up my mind  
i like the blank way  
you fill up my mind