

A calm rushes over me
As I picture my corpse ill-fated with the faults I can't escape
(A sigh of relief)
A sigh of relief used to signify the blight
That infects the last few fragments of my skull

Sometimes I swear I think that I'll be fine
I've made up my mind
Death is my birthright
I am a noose waiting to be tied

Still I try to elude the truth and embrace my disguise
Because this way of life takes its toll on mine
And I don't want to be alive

Bury me breathing so I can watch myself decay
Bury me breathing so I can watch myself decay
So I can watch myself decay

We are stillborns by definition
But our pulse-infected wrists will disagree
We burden ourselves with intent and ambition
When we've accepted that all hope is lost
So dance past my lips and disperse
Leaving no trace of human condition
Our bodies blind the world with a sense of selflessness
That only a trained eye can see
You blame me for your blindness
Open your eyes
You blame me for your blindness
Open your eyes