

Digging

Vanna

I've sunk lower than a stone in the sea.
Much lower than I've ever seen. you see,
Even rocks don't have bottoms like this.
I wonder now if I'll even be missed.
Do they know my face? Do they know I exist?
So what's the point? There's no fucking use.
My own fingers and hands become my noose.
Someone give me a reason to stay.
Fuck it, no one listens anyway.

Again, I'm alone.

Home is a coffin and your city's a grave.
Don't dig yourself, dig yourself into place.

In these goddamn dark nights I start to realize this is war.
I'm gonna have to fight tooth and nail to stay alive.
Look at me, I'm living proof.
You're not alone. we have each other and we'll pull through.
This chapter's called "you're alive."
You've been writing it the whole time.
So come back to life.

Don't write, don't write your ending.

Don't let go.
There's a reason you just don't know.
You don't know.
There's a reason, so don't let go.
Don't let go.