

Clear As Mud

A Wilhelm Scream

Save my mind and break my heart, because when my body dies, you 'll have that trophy for your wall. How could I want you that much? I'll never know. And there you go. Make sure no one knows that I'm dying; believe me. This feels like nothing else. At last, fear, ignorance, without her, I'm leaving, I'll die now. Would you let me be your safety net, or will you keep on falling? The skies are clear as mud from here on in, and still you keep on falling.