

This house, my home, so fucking quiet
Death manifesting my thoughts
The breeze pushes on, moments lost
I stare at the glass, I see myself and see no other
These walls, their memories
Those holes, forget those holes
But this god shaped hole, found buried like the dark sigil within
in me
A broken mirror, distorted basket case
Our shielded skin is a thing of the past
Picture hooks where our photographs hung
Hook my soul from within I am the decayed son
To bare witness to this, a life succumb to this
Top to bottom, cardboard boxes
Webs on the letterbox
The only thing stopping my dangling feet is having "Take me away" by plot on repeat
I know I'm not the only one who's lost someone they love
If I can learn from this, then I will teach you this
Take all the time to reminisce
Grab someone you love, tell them that you love them and make sure that you mean it
'Cause you never know if that's gonna be the last time you'll ever see them again
I did that, I never got to fucking say goodbye
We are the dead generation
We're barely breathing and heavily grieving
You can count on us if you feel like you're lost
You haven't heard the last of us