

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 with  
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