

The End.

As It Is

Nobody's listening
Nobody's listening
Straining our lungs to be heard
Nobody's listening
Nobody's listening
Losing our way in these words

I spill word after word like blood down a shirt
Tarnished and stained forever but you
You only heard the words not the hurt
An absence of pain
They don't mean a thing
They don't mean a thing

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I taste every mistake each morning I wake
A breathtaking blur of colour but I
I'm crystal clear and all you hold dear
Locked to your chest

It means that I'm desperate for the permanence
(To wash away indifference)
Is there not some equivalence
(To pacify the pain)
Crying in unwelcome ears
(Swallowed into perfect fears)
What's the use in firing flares
(If they don't mean a thing)
(They don't mean a thing)

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Am I awake, or am I asleep
Is this the end, or just another dream
How can you tell, when you can't feel
What can't be seen, but oh my god is it real

Because I don't need you to see this
And I don't want you to feel this
But I only have so much spark to offer in all this darkness
And I screamed for you until the day I gave up and lost my voice
So with crimson arms and this broken neck
You fucking tell me to make this choice!

This is the end
This is the end

This is the end
This is the end
(Nobody's listening)
(Nobody's listening)

This is the end
This is the end
(Nobody's listening)
(Nobody's listening)

This is the end!
This is the end!