

Crying in this crowded hallway
Silence, drowned out by an ekg
You cruel machine
I can't help but blame this on you

Under the guise of faith, I beg
Oh, mother, I hope you've gone someplace nice
'Cause right now, this life
Feels quite a lot like static

And one floor up from your life leaving
My father continues breathing

I find myself worried I didn't know you at all
I find myself worried you didn't know me at all