

# Living Each Day Like You're Already Dead

Atreyu

Raise up the ghosts of the dead  
I won't die like them  
Push past the point of raw emotion  
I will breathe

Exist with a broken spirit  
I will die complete  
Ignore what the angels say  
Enjoy that special place where the demons speak to me

I won't pick out the lining of my coffin yet  
Unless I am sure that color satin is me  
Better yet go with crushed velvet  
That way I'll be damn sure to enjoy eternity

My daily life writes the eulogy  
Engraved on tombstone diaries  
Laid to rest by the passing of time  
Seems to me that even love can die

And the rituals, that fade away  
And the roses that cease to be laid  
And to me it clearly appears  
That we're already one foot in a very shallow grave

I will love with passion  
You live like you're dead  
I will love with passion  
You live like you're dead  
I will love with passion

As each day dies  
Are we living on to the next or passing on in the twilight?  
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As each day dies  
Are we living on to the next or passing on in the twilight?