

## Tiny Suicides

Bright Eyes

Maybe this streak's alive  
Color in the things you like, about me  
Was it the violence  
That split the stars in threes?

Looking in the back where the planets end  
The dedication page, it begins  
Nah I don't drink much, just the cold stuff  
Nah I wouldn't lie down drown in the wet ground  
I can't deny  
The Futurist's abyss is on the rise

Tried to tip my way into heaven's gate  
Must of lost a fortune along the way  
I never saved, up for a rainy day  
I put it all upon the brass collection plate

Am I gonna die?  
Or beat back all these tiny suicides?

Maybe if the sky aligns  
Maybe I could have you, one last time  
Was it the silence  
That amplified the reverb in my mind?

Someday we all die  
Why give into these tiny suicides?