

There is a darkness
that sits in the back of your mind.
We spent our youth creating futures
where we both would have our time.
We were 15, so naive
and blinded by possibilities.
We used to feel so alive,
what dulled your shine?

But there has got to be a better way
then drowning in this hateful place.
The look inside your mother's eyes
when she found you blacked out on the couch,
waiting to die.

And at the bottom of every bottle
there is a silence,
where you question
your existence.
Denying the fact that maybe there is
more to life than this.

But there has got to be a better way
then drowning in this hateful place.
The look inside your mother's eyes
when she found you blacked out on the couch,
waiting to die.

And now the world
will never know
the brother that I've
grown to love.
And I blame myself
cause I didn't realize,
The sadness that consumed
was always hidden by your smile.

February 11th, the darkest day.
I hope your soul will rest easy,
and you're no longer in pain.

But there has got to be a better way
then drowning in this hateful place.
The look inside your mothers eyes
when she found you blacked out on the couch,
waiting to die.