It's difficult to describe the machinations of my life Without acknowledging the ubiquitous discomfort I know that I've been happy It's just hard to surface from beneath the gossamer of guilt That covers everything I've known

But when it's my turn to leave I pray I'm known for more than my misery Is that how you will remember me?

And if I'm being honest I'm unsure

If that question is mine to find an answer for

It doesn't feel like my place to dictate how you feel when I'm gone

All I know is that I harbor an inconsolable grief For the life that I've allowed to be placed out of reach By the ghost of inadequacy

I need you to know that I'm happier now Than I've ever been, than I've ever been I need you to know that I'm happier now Than I've ever been

I hope you know that I'm happier now Cause I'm happier now

But when it's my turn to leave I pray I'm known for more than my misery Is that how you will remember me?

But when it's my turn to leave I pray I'm known for more than my misery Is that how you will remember me?