

The Woes

Fiddlehead

To the strange
Stuck in bed
Death-obsessed
Fiddleheads

In death, there is no pain
Then in death, we can escape
My friend, I see your logic, and I understand your way
But don't you see it's a circle like your cycle of pain?

I can see you and me
Suffering silently
We're visible and we're seen
When life is everything

In a world of platitudes, there's one man I can trust
It's the Lucretius truth, that death is nothing to us

The pain of the world, we're blind
When death closes our eyes
Abandon the death life
Reignite the light

I can see you and me
Suffering silently
We're visible and we're seen
When life is everything

Woe is me, woe is you, here in our rooms
So walk with me, I'll walk with you out of our doom
Woe is me, woe is you, here in our rooms
So walk with me, I'll walk with you out of our doom