

even when the sun is dead, will you tell them how hard i tried

Glaive

If you asked I'd oblige
I would die in your arms
And if heaven and hell
Are only miles apart
And there's fog on the road
And my high beams are on
I muttered prose as a joke
And my high beams were on

And if you asked
I'd oblige I would drown in your wake
I've heard heaven itself
Was not mine to obtain
But they lied oh they lied
Because I've seen it in your face
And the high beams were on
Bet there still on to this day

Can't help it but be scared a bit
But fuck me im scared all the time
Recently I've realized
That death is not an opposite
Suppose it's just a part of life
I envy all the little things
The dirt
The air
The fathers eyes
Cause they know you more than I ever will
No matter how hard I try
No matter how hard I try

It really gets to me some nights that I have it all except for
time
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