

Irish Curtains

Grayscale

If I should die before I wake
I pray that you'll keep our memories safe
I heard you started doing drugs again
I'll hold you up because you're nothing but skin
I want to fix what your father did
Put down the knife and wash your hands
Suicide won't fix any of this
Put down the knife and wash your hands

Tearing down Irish curtains
You swore that you'd never do this again
Killing off all your loved ones
For something you lack control of

You slit the throat
Of all the good and watched it die

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Wash your hands