

Dead Messages

Hail the Sun

I don't know why, but sometimes I wonder deeply
What I would do if you passed away
I think of words, words that I wish I'd told you by the end
Dead messages I can still say to you
Why should I sit with fear? We all know that tragedies are never fair
Wait, do I have an issue?
Dreaming you're gone just to see if I'd miss you
No, no it hurts to imagine
Letting go and wearing black the day we know you're never coming home
Who decides it's our turn to go?
Who decides?
Live, because you're dying (quickly)
I'm still trying (we don't really know)
No, life is a show, and tragedies are never fair
We're all given a script that's been written
(Blindly, blindly) unaware of who will be
Who will be cast? Who will be cast to come home?
Time can be unforgiving
Status quo on the living
(Unknown) What will I (second home) most remember
(Buried) from our time (unexposed) spent together?
When am I to go? Who'll be there to notice?
Will I go alone? Who'll be there?
Who'll write my obituary once I find the cemetery?
Live, because you're dying (quickly)
I'm still trying (we don't really know)
No, life is a show, and tragedies are never fair
We're all given a script that's been written
(Blindly, blindly) unaware of who will be
Who will be cast? Who will be cast out?
I don't know why, but sometimes I wonder deeply
What you would do if I passed away