

# Suicide

Isaac Dunbar

Suicide, baby, it's the worst  
Think about the people that you'll hurt  
They won't even care about the things I'll choose to do  
Because all I am is all that I've been through

My skin is very young  
But my heart is very old  
My mind thinks lips and tongue  
But my bones decide my home  
My fears ran through my lungs  
And my eyes only saw gold  
My room's where my throat hung  
And my fingers turned purple

It's not worth it, baby, I would know  
My mom walked in her sunny day went to snow  
What's the point of being here, baby, I won't see them cry  
I'll be somewhere in the clouds, I hope, tonight

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Then I saw that death was not my treasure  
That my life was headed for gold  
When my gold-chained-noose applied some pressure  
I fought till I bled cold

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