

Do you understand, that the skateboarder fell?
Do you understand, that he tried to stand up?
Do you see the bus in your dreams, still?
I am sorry, man. I am sorry, dude

Do you live, do you die
Do you say, that it's scary?
Do you hang with your friends
Do they still play with handguns?
Do you live, do you die
Do you say, that it's scary?
Do you hang with your friends
Do they still play with handguns?

I will rip you, I will tear you
I can't save you, but I've loved you
His eyes were grey, his lips were grey
I will rip you, I will tear you

We have dreams, pretty things
We have thoughts, ugly ones
We have dreams, pretty things
We have thoughts

I will rip you, I will tear you
I can't save you, but I loved you
(Stop and stare and make believe everything's fine)
His eyes were grey, his lips were grey
(Stop and cry, the murder scene, he's always alive for you)
I will rip you, I will tear you
(Stop and stare and look away, everything's fine)
(Stop and cry, the murder scene, he's always alive for you)