

## Better Off Dead

### Parks, Squares and Alleys

I gave my flesh to the sateless vultures  
To break the spirit of a blustery outcast  
I haven't found it as a tag of fortune  
So I'm imprisoned, there is no one left I can trust

I'm stuck in textures of a baneful comfort  
Forming my dreams into a moderate gallery  
I've crossed a red line, but I'm still unhurt  
I haven't made through devious scenery

I'd be better off dead  
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There was a moment of sad reflection  
And twenty years of purifying misery  
Would you consider a bland objection  
As a betrayal of your own family?

Before I streamlined my fear and worry  
It wasn't easy to be with you one on one  
It's been a great time but I must hurry  
Unless you ask me to stay with you on the run

In your eyes I see the endless meadow  
There's the only place I wanna belong  
I'm OK with things I've just left unsaid  
I won't go back, I'd be better off dead

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