

A Song for Your Futile Heart

Save Face

Fixing a home with prescription parts
An internalized fear that was taken to heart
Thinking, "How did I get here?"
As we're forging through fields full of futile hearts
Not quite broken if they never worked from the start

Tell me, how did I get here?
Tell me, why am I here?
Well, living's not so easy when you're dying to forget
Well, I'll tell you right now, nice and loud

When you're buried in hell and there's nowhere else for you to
go now
Bitter 'til the end, you can wake me when I'm dead
When you know you're good as gone, I'll be your dying breath
What you lost in a father you found much worse
In a cancer that reeks of American failure

How did I get here?
Now your savior is here, but they can't do much
When a family's the only thing you ever wanted
How did I get here?
Tell me, why the hell am I here?
Turns out that dying's not so easy when you're living with regret
I'll abandon this shell
It's a cell, can't you tell?
When you're buried in hell and there's nowhere else for you to
go now
Bitter 'til the end, you can wake me when I'm dead
When you know you're good as gone
I'll be your dying breath