

Who Wants to Die for Art?

Scarling.

What will you know when you're awake?
Can you spray paint over mistakes
Or will you paint your thoughts a shade of grey?

We have sad eyes
We have dark hearts
We bleed in rainbows, talk in dots
We stumble into greatness
Or become great escapists
Another question sent from me to you

Who wants to die for art?
Who wants to die for art?
It's a perfect day for us to disappear

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We all are waiting for a sign
We spill the ink outside the line
Internalize rejection
This painting's called depression
We talk to ghosts inside our heads
We fight the empty from our beds
And then wake to live another day
Knowing all we love will go away
Far away

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(It's your decision)

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From here