

The Fire Sermon

Senses Fail

Today is the anniversary of the day that you should have been born
Nobody ever taught me healthy habits or how to mourn
Standing by the ocean, I have waded with your ashes scattering
I'm throwing salt into the sea

The burden of your death like a boulder on my chest
A blanket keeping me
Just warm enough to stay alive, but still suffering

Emptiness is all I can feel
There's nothing in this world that feels real
I cannot stop obsessive thoughts
Fixated on what I have lost
How will I ever learn to heal?

The birds still sing in the cemetery
The flowers still bloom
How do I bury someone that I never even got to know?
And I will circle myself in the salt and burn incense
To preserve this sense of fleeting innocence (Whoa)
'Cause I just want my mental health to be my greatest wealth
I don't ever want to be this low again

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I try so hard to not be aware
That everyone I love can disappear
I hear footsteps in the night
I swear, I see your face
I clutch the clothes that we bought for you
That you'll never wear

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