

# Letters To A Dead Friend

## The Plot in You

Some nights I lay awake and think of ones who'd passed away  
What they'd be like and how they'd act if they were here today  
I get choked up thinkin' of things we used to say and do  
We probably fucked each other's lives but now we're makin' do

It's so sad, it's so sad, the way they look at me  
Like I've got, like I've got, answers to anything  
You know me, you know me, I've got a lot to say  
But it's in vain, it's insane and you won't feel the same

(Are you listening to me? I hope you can feel  
You're in my dreams, they're feeling so real)  
Are you listening to me? I hope you found peace  
'Cause I'd give anything to trade in your place  
You suffered alone, it's like the distance had grown  
I was so wrapped up in me, felt like you just let me go  
I had no conscience with you, I'd take a life just to prove  
Your trust is safe in my hands, and we got nothing to lose  
I got some closure before, but now I'm scratching the scars  
If you can hear this, I hate the way you ripped us apart

But I failed you, I know  
You were frail too, so low  
I could fight it enough  
At least I had ones to love

Get right with it man, get right  
Get right with it man, get right  
Get right with it man, get right  
Get right with it man, get right

(I see the room is spinning now  
I choke on my own hypocrisy)  
I was never clean  
I wear a face that belongs on another mans body  
Every day I'm alive  
I feel replaced, rearranged, and the visions always haunt me

I don't wanna be alive  
I don't wanna face the things that I've done wrong  
I don't wanna be alive  
I don't wanna face the things that I've done wrong

Did wrong, or did right  
It should be me in the ground a thousand fucking times  
And my voice, how I'm heard  
When you were triple the man and now you fill the dirt

Take me, take me now  
Take me from this place