

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