

I was once asked how I'd like to be remembered
And I simply smiled and said "I'd rather stay forever."
It was possibly, my loudest cliché
But felt better than, just walking away

I don't know what my legacy will be
A song, some words I wrote, or a kid I'll never see
All of these things scare me half to death
I'll suffer the day just hoping for the best

But that's not to say I don't think that all of this can change
But that's not to say I won't wake up some day

With a lion's pride that I'm going to be okay

If again I'm asked how I'd like to be remembered
Next time I'll be better prepared for the answer
But you'll never know much of the truth
So I'll just exist. It's all I can do

So much to consider and too much to grasp
To swallow mortality is enough of a task and
Leaving your mark is just too much to ask
I'll just bow my head and leave out the back