

# My Inheritance

Trophy Eyes

It's been on my mind  
Heard it all the time  
Wasted flesh on glorious design  
Bathed in LED  
Your back turned to me  
A silhouette is all that I can see

Never wanted you to inherit my youth  
There's something wrong with me, now there's something wrong with you  
And what are we if not the things we do?

Just another weekend on the edge of my bed  
Corner of the room remains my point of view  
Another night, I barely made it through  
Just another weekend on the edge of my bed  
Wake up to the streetlight, split my room in two  
And in the dark, I still belong to you

Did the best you could  
With what you had  
Does that make you bad, bad?  
And I know I should  
But I can't call you back  
I hope you understand that

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I wish I could love you  
And I wish you were dead  
I wish I could love you  
I wish you were dead  
I wish I could love you  
And I wish you were dead

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