Wait Until I'm Gone

The Honorary Title

I'm lacking any discipline, pulling strings
Typing up your skin of porcelain stopped listening
No longer need, oh the sunlight
That night we had, it will suffice
Infatuation is the perfect camouflage
A warm and temporary place to go
I'm lacking any confidence, second guessing
Separate for perspective, is there nothing left?
And how I see for weeks and weeks
Judged hastily, no patience
I've seen you under every, every sort of light
From ideal perfection to the darker side
You always were
You always were
So good to me
I need a stimulant
Something to help reinvent
I need a stimulant
Something to help reinvent
Well I have only one request
Wait until I'm gone
Wait until I'm gone
Wait until I'm gone
Wait until I'm gone
Is there nothing left?
Is there nothing left?
Is there nothing at all?
Is there nothing left?
Is there nothing left?
Is there nothing at all?
I need a stimulant
Something to help a reinvent
Well I need, I need, I need
Well I need, I need, I need
Well I have only one request
You always were
You always were
So good to me

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