Time Has Come

Bayside

We could ask some questions if we should get to heaven about when we were alive.
Before we take it that far and make plans to go peacefully in the dark, let's see if we can see it through.

My head, it hurts today.

I though I'd like to live forever, but it just wreaks of patience and effort.
This is the calling I'm waiting for.
I'm short on time but here's my intention; to raise my voice and get your attention and make a sound that makes me proud.
I think that the time has come.

I've seen all my chances go up in flames like matches.
Waiting for the day when New York's unsettled son comes home.
He's bringing hell with em.
See if you can see it through.

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