

Bid Adieu

nowHere

When the youth die we always say they passed before their time
But at what time in our lives would they say that we just died?

And if I euthanize myself at the peak of my health will they still speak of me like they couldn't tell the wrong
from the right

I bet they would call me kid
I bet they would call me innocent
Trigger finger to the head, you just tell me when and I'll pull it in
Because I'm the first of a dying breed

And All I wanted was a dynasty of poetry speaking honestly but it ended back in indecision
And the misery of the mystery of what people will think of me if I live to twenty something and don't end up
dying in my teens

Like, is it before my time yet?
Okay

Just tell me when

Cause if all we have is how we're remembered
I'll burn a church down just to get trapped under it
In a heroic suicide of trying to save another life but I knew nothing was for me inside
It was my cover

And I'm up to my neck in nooses
And I don't mean to be a nuisance
But the inconvenient truth is found when all the fucking news says is
Guns, guns, weather, guns, guns

Yet another shooting

There's too many half empty coffins
We all care for one day shrug it off and say "the youth die so often"
And it's true

So just tell me when, so I can bid adieu to killing time and just kill myself instead
But we won't break bread because I've broken enough skin
I guess that's the difference between a starving artist
And the well fed

And if I met father time I'd tell him to kill himself for all the trials in this world that he has still yet to tell
And if his brother the reaper calls to collect again I'm gonna let it go to voice mail
Because I haven't picked you a high yet and if I don't get into Hell
If Hell exists, or if this isn't it
If the devil himself would even take me in
And I wish he would just so that I can report back home the Satan's taking applicants from even the best of kids
Just like me
We don't know how much blood to drink until I taste the grapes

Or if by them will I be wasted enough to dance on my own grave

 In a drunkenly manner a slurring rant and rave

 About a boy with good morals but a lack of faith

 Turned into a saved man but now a cripple

 With a grip hold and a Bible and a mind on a rifle

 Living life inside scriptures is like living with a blindfold

 So wrapped up in your afterlife that you put aside the real world

But the rest of us have to live here so would you mind keep your mouth closed if your mind matches

 And if the matches light will you sift through my ashes for dust mites

 But it's me so dust might-nots are more likely

 The only trophy that I have earned was an urn

 For life participating

 And I'm just waiting to fill it

 We're all just waiting to fill it

 Affiliating a creative feeling until someone else kills it

 And someone always does

 And everything we love becomes our disease

Eventually getting words from my mind to yours will be like pushing a corpse down the street

 Just tell me when

 And I'll make that corpse me

Lyrics Submitted by Lawrence

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