

# 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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