

# 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 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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