

Rafters (Acoustic)

On My Honor

Sometimes I think I died in the rafters that night
Shocked to death, barely 25
Limp limbs, heart electrified

One burnt arm, an open casket for these friends of mine
Make me ashes in your back yard
Portions on the mantle
What if I get to Heaven
To a sign that reads, "No, your kind's not welcome"
Neither were your questions

Good try, but you've heard how we feel here about intentions
Please get rid of the mess
For the sake of my parents
We know they'll blame themselves
They shouldn't have to see this
Remains of efforts

The best intentions of their only son
Take my things, place them on shelves
As small reminders for everyone else
He stood so tall, but then he fell

Boxes full of ideas that I once held
Make me ashes in your back yard
Portions on the mantle
I tried

When I'm gone will you carry out my intentions
What if I get to Heaven
To a sign that reads, "No, your kind's not welcome"
Neither were your questions

Good try, but you've heard how we feel here about intentions

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