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 mineMake me ashes in your back yard
Portions on the mantleWhat 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 intentionsPlease 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 sonTake 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 heldMake me ashes in your back yard
Portions on the mantle
I tried
When I'm gone will you carry out my intentionsWhat 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/