

Twilight

The Suicide File

Tonight I saw two eyes staring down at me in this valley of ashes
and I realized what a grotesque thing a rose is
I've been grasping at a light that seems just out of reach
but just close enough to blind me
'Cause I've never noticed that this sand isn't turning into gold
It's all just decadence for the sake of decadence
for the sake of carelessness
And everybody who wears it so well
is wondering what they are going to do tomorrow
But the lights are going out and we won't see them again
It's getting fucking dark.

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