

# We Will Become Silhouettes

## The Postal Service

I've got a cupboard with cans of food  
Filtered water and pictures of you  
And I'm not coming out until this is all over  
And I'm looking through the glass  
Where the light bends at the cracks  
And I'm screaming at the top of my lungs  
Pretending the echoes belong to someone  
Someone I used to know  
And we become  
Silhouettes when our bodies finally go  
I wanted to walk through the empty streets  
And feel something constant under my feet  
But all the news reports recommended that I stay indoors  
Because the air outside will make  
Our cells divide at an alarming rate  
  
Until our shells simply cannot hold  
All our inside's in and that's when we'll explode  
And it won't be a pretty sight  
And we'll become  
Silhouettes when our bodies finally go  
And we'll become  
Silhouettes when our bodies finally go  
And we'll become  
Silhouettes when our bodies finally go  
And we'll become  
Silhouettes when our bodies finally go  
We'll become  
We'll become  
We'll become  
I will become, I will become

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