Arrive Alive

Before Braille

You try to make this last
But your candles burn too fast
Divided before you were born
Were you divided from your former you
You'll never make it far
Well it's time, so let go of my arm
You're dying north of 40
You are destined for its solitude
Just pull the cover over your eyes
Or do what just feels good
It's easy to be content about your life
Until it's over
Why does this feel so good
Won't somebody tell me while I'm alive
Why can't I withstand
my lust is so much stronger than my love for life
(It's just fate to play)
Will you take over when I'm bleeding
Watch me squeeze out every pint I've got
It's over
I can feel it
Well-rehearsed accidents prepare to stop
And I am trying
Know what you want before you start
I read your diary (to get to know you)
I skipped right to the end (I don't feel guilty)
Empty pages (of untold stories)
For days you didn't want to live (oh well, you've given up)
Too late to decide my fate or re-write autobiographies
And though I just woke up, I feel that I'm washed up
You're always fake (you fear the worst)
Because you've been betrayed (so well rehearsed)
It's your fault I can believe handshakes
I've gone far enough, that's why I'm washed up
It's over, I mean it
It's over, I believe it now
I'm washed up

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