

The Best Years

Heights

I'm tired, I'm getting old,
This dust is what becomes of my bones.
Under the cracks in our skin.
Under the bags dragging down our eyes.
We're hollow, and growing cold.
This life is what became of our souls.
Under the weight of our guilt, the hollow skulls that we hold.

Growing up, breaking down, falling to pieces.
Never stop, breaking down, I cannot take this.
Growing up, breaking down, falling to pieces. (Anything, Everything)
Never stop, breaking down, I cannot take this. (Falling)

Never stop, growing old,
The snakes surround me, from the inside out we,
Never stop, moving on.
They crawl through the holes of the hollow skulls.
Love what you hold,
Closing in, feel their scales on your skin.
Never tire, being told,
Make the most of the best years before you turn cold.
Never stop, growing old,
The snakes surround me, from the inside out we,
Never stop, moving on.
They crawl through the holes of the hollow skulls.
Love what you hold,
Closing in, feel their scales on your skin.
Never tire, being told,
Make the most of the best years before you turn cold.