

# Windowless

## Heights

Trapped inside a plain white room,  
A cold noose, a block of ice.  
He better move 'cause it will melt,  
That fucked up kid, was really nice.

Windowless and feeling blue,  
There's nothing left for him to do.  
He better move or his mind will melt,  
That fucked up kid, was so kind too.

It's heating up, the time is low.  
That block of ice, is half its height.  
It's now or never, the time is right,  
That fucked up kid, left a fucked up note.

And when I found him I read every word,  
The reasons why he had left this empty world.  
And when I'm slowly losing my mind,  
I just remember the last two lines.

Hang me, hang here,  
Dear world, blame yourself.  
Hang me, hang here,  
Dear world, blame yourself.

Blue lips, white eyes,  
His death hangs over all our lives.  
The noose is tight.  
Something's not right.

Hang me, hang here.  
Dear world,  
Hang yourself.