

Don't leave me in this room
The walls are closing in
This is the space I used to say
The line is drawn for you each day

But every day you show
With sound of caving walls
Some day this song will have no pulse
And I'll cave alone

But there we are
Waiting for your answer
Your arms speeded elation
Beating out your salvation
But when the tape stopped you were gone

A half measure from home
home, home

This week I recreate
Edit you back into
The blare that could define you
Coveted by few who knew

The phone rings without pause
This grief wills everyone
All I have is our shitty song
How could it ever be enough?

Here we are in our final accord
A mortician and his tools
Sonically bury you
You could have chose another chord
to resolve on
on, on