

You're Not Afraid Of The Dark Are You

Look Mexico

Four years of wading water, only to get this far.
I've worn of empathizing, since the ghosts are behind me in war
m bodies.
Turning, coughing, laughing, twitching. There's not much left t
o say,
At least not for today.

Here. Here is your best friend and this is the knife.
Let's go feed our dead.

Billboards blur together just as our good times do.
Dropping seconds, losing hours to dried out flowers.
Let's go feed the dead or just talk to their heads.

Here. Here is your best friend and this is the knife.
Let's go feed our dead. Pay our respects and act like they're f
ed.