

The Politics Of Living And The Shame In Dying

Moneen

I wish I was here.
All this white light's gone black and no one's here to see.

I wish I could scream "stop this awkward confusion"
And let me be.

My system to keep wishing. my system could work.

Black ink has the cure.
Feel good knowing your solution if forgotten in a year.
I'll wait just to never really have to decide.
Cause it's our goddamn right to live
Yet it's still not our choice to die.

My system could work.
But it's all I can do to breathe is wait.

My system to keep wishing. my system could work.
Why do I? why do I try? my system could work.