

The Point

Skold

There's no one here for everyone.
Just stick around until I'm gone.
I love you so, it hurts.
For whatever that it's worth.
And all the dark will fade away.
The rumors and the lies.
And no one will remember if you even said goodbye.
What's the point in dying
When the world thinks you're already dead?
What's the point in crying
With the rain beating down on your head?
Greed. Hate. Lust.
Divine. Disgust. Distrust.
Happiness comes in a pill,
off a fifteen story windowsill.
You long until I die,
or at least until I try.
The afterworks told me nothing.
Our problem still persists.
So think about the stories,
and the bullshit that you'll miss.
What's the point in dying
When the world thinks you're already dead?
What's the point in crying
With the rain beating down on your head?
What's the point in lying
If no one believes what you say?
What's the point in dying
If you're already dead anyway?
If you're already dead anyway?
If you're already dead anyway?
I hope you will remember me.
At least say so to comfort me.
You say goodbye so easily.
It's now or never
It may seem really pitiful but,
life became too beautiful.
The pain of love unbearable.
It's now or never.
Gone forever...