

Ask why
You don't wanna talk about the things that make you cry
You're never really sure about the reasons all the while
Same thing
Except the main intention, yours wasn't meant to cut

And that look upon your face can only mean one thing
And that is
You hate the things that I'm thinking
The things read in my eyes
We open up the box and let the demons in the skies
Yeah the skies
But I'm learning all about my life
Cause I read it on the front page on the paper
The boy on the bike has delivered my life
And along with it comes my alibies
And I'm screaming at the side of the page
In the corner as I read it I drop my coffee
The dates not today or the day before, its the next,
That's what kills me
I have no choice

I can't remember all the things you said
I can't remember all the times that you turn that perfect smile
Upside down and then
Spun it all around
In the office that I animate
A senior guy but I can't relate
To words from happy songs
A title of a boy who was a little bit empty
Blind man
I wish my limbs were broken
I'd have hands to heal
I can't wake up and I can't sleep
So just crash
Just crash

In the time that it took the flashing van to split the road
I actually cared about its destination
The car with the cans on the back and the sign just bearing my expectation
Pull to the side possibly for like everyone else ask the simplest questions
Was it the wife of a lover or a child of a mother or some hated politician
And I remember reading all about it in the morning
Yes one awful sad misfortune

The light had turned red but the witnesses said
His eyes were on the girl beside him
So take your time
Rest your mind
And let others creep into your soul now

In my life
There are few
Opportunities to
Find release
And justify some peace
Justify some

Justify some
Justify some fun release
Justify some peace