

Is This the End?

We the Kings

I find myself sitting underneath a filled up tub
Waiting for someone, waiting for some love
Feel the weight of the water rushing through my blood
Hit the rock at the bottom, yeah you could hear the thud

You could never believe though how strong I can be
As the world kept spinning through the water above me
My lungs quit working, but my gills kept growing
I guess there's no stopping, I'ma find a way to breathe

Sometimes the world becomes just too bright to be
But then I find that I don't need my own blue eyes to see
Like when there's a war, there's a fight
When there's a kid, there's a might
When there's a wrong, there's a right
And when there's a bark, there's a bite
It's like a model, a system of certain uncertainty
You think you'd know what you know
Then what you know is not meant to be
Like am I here, or am I there? is it life, or is it fair?
Do we die or are we spared? Are we torn, or do we tear?
Do we leave to a place
Where there's gold and where there's grace?
Is it past all the skies? Is it past all the space?
Does it look all the same? Is it a copy, then a paste?
When we know what we face, is it a walk or a race?

I catch myself staring right into my head
Wanting all the answers, I'll break before I'll bend
I'll give it one more try, a last question that I'll send
Is this the start of living, or is this the end?

I feel the salt in my wounds but it doesn't break me down
Looks like this world has become an enormous lost and found
I'll never give up my right, I deserve to dictate how I sound
Cause this is my freedom, my town, my kingdom, my crown

So at the bottom of the tub, still laying down like in my bed
The water like a casket, still covering up my head
I figure out the answer to the thoughts my mind has said
You don't have to find out that you're dying
To realize that you're not dead