

The Shortest Ending

Nonpoint

When will the pages stop turning?
How could there possibly be this many?
My fingers are burning from turning,
What feels like a million pages to me.

No,
Makes no difference to me.
I'm up to my knees with miles to go.
No way to really know
What's left to find about the character,
Lending his life to the shortest ending.

R: Is this the end of the story finally coming?
Is this the end of the story finally?
It's a longest way to the shortest ending.
It's a longest way to the shortest ending.

Arguments. Happiness. Lie with a smile. Popularity contests, and
a miracle miles of traveling. Weather for days. Skies were a blaze.

One thousand degrees even under the shade.
Trying everything just to finish this.
It's taking everything to keep me from giving this all up for a
chance to see the beginning and shortest ending.

R:

No matter how hard I try to deny.
It denies me one hundred times more. I could say everything right.
I'm still going to be wrong just like I was before.

Well I'm starting the story again. Understanding the way this will
end, will still be an end loose from pretending. We will when we
know that we won't. Saying you do when you know that you
don't.

R:

It's a longest way to the shortest ending.
It's a longest way to the shortest ending.
It's a longest way to the shortest ending.
It's a longest way to the shortest ending.
Shortest ending!