

# **We Shall All Die Alone Someday**

**Andrew Jackson Jihad**

Bad things happen everyday.  
Cancer and murder and herpes and AIDS.  
We'll all die alone someday,  
I hope we don't die alone.

And our vices make it bearable enough,  
to know our lives are shit, but to not give a fuck.  
They make it bearable enough to help us on our way.  
But still it feels nice to feel alive.  
To try to find a home or someplace to thrive.  
It feels great to be alive except for all those times we feel dead.

And how do we maintain our buoyancy in this  
salty lake of shit and tears and murder and disease?  
How do we keep ourselves afloat in all this sad stuff?

I've gotta know the answers I've gotta know it now.  
And I need to know the answers I have to know how.

We'll all die alone someday, I hope we don't die alone.