mourning in the confines of your room by yourself. reminded by the bulk of every memoir by yourself. clearing out the storage spaces all by yourself. remembering the way it always was by yourself.

if I could pull my thoughts together
I could then shake the thought you might be still breathing others I haven't seen in months or years
now are here under a dimming light of circumstance

do you feel it's true that you're always the doomed with this migraine, my gain will fade

Real soon we'll be alright Real soon just hold on tight Release you

you're against the grain in the painting of a world you don't speak a sound or walk around here anymore full of silent expectations no one could have known so how would I?

trying to find something looking for a whole lot of nothing and then you found me at your door full of silent expectations no one could have known so how would I?

No two reasons
They're good reasons
Why'd you have to die but leave a hundred alibies
Cause no one is surprised

No two reasons They're good reasons Why Release you away

Trying to find a whole lot of nothing and then you found me