

Yesterday we spent a day off in your flower garden.  
Today I am in hell--you cut yourself in your bathroom.  
Where are you? Who am I? These are questions that they know.  
Suicide before love, this is what you're looking for.

And what people know.  
They destroy.

We all sing these sad songs,  
everybody wonders why,  
tell me something that makes me mad,  
to never break my human heart.

We all sing these sad songs,  
everybody tells me how,  
I should behave when you're the last person  
who can show me how we'll die.

People kill and we just watch, shut up with your words,  
You've never felt destruction, in your stupid worlds.  
Everybody's going crazy, it's all a lie,  
never tell me stay and show me how you die!

And what people know.  
They destroy.

We all sing these sad songs,  
everybody tells me how,  
I should behave when you're the last person  
who can show me how we'll die.