

# Nothing

Editors

The sun said nothing  
About my demise  
My fall to the floor

Sparks from your stare  
Cascade into mine  
Started a war  
Started a war

Monday morning  
Hungover, red eyes  
Hide it all the way

We walk through a crowd of strangers  
Two minutes from your door  
You lived there all your life

Every conversation within you  
Starts a celebration in me  
Till I got nothing left  
I got nothing left

Out of it you handle it for everyone  
Take a poison dart to my heart and then I'm gone

Every conversation within you  
Starts a celebration in me  
Till I got nothing left  
I got nothing left

These floorboards creaking  
My body's old  
The sun casts a shadow  
At dusk that cuts through your bones  
Your body and soul

Every conversation within you  
Starts a celebration in me  
Till I got nothing left  
I got nothing left  
I got nothing left  
I got nothing left