

Proceeds, who's in?  
Who wants a piece of him?  
So many articles to choose from  
Comrade, artiste  
A taste for evidence  
Hold on to articles of faith

Once worth nothing that something touches who you want to be  
Baggage embodies no one (He is gone)  
Intrinsic to only one (He is gone)  
Belongings don't define us  
Keepsake, fingerprint, scrapbook, record of death

'gonna be there  
They have to see you pay respects  
Breathe in, breathe out, random, random, random  
Who are these fucking idiots?  
Come on I'm writing you  
I know this role is tearing you apart  
Large numbers can't console you (He is gone)  
Don't let the guilt control you (He is gone)  
The anger has consumed you  
Ranting, regret, enrage, screaming next