to all my friends you're all gonna die and I'll be stuck never wondering why I ain't sad. I'm more so upset it was such a selfish manner in which all of you left I talked to god, he saved you some grace not to count up all the time that you wasted you cheated death and that's ok but according to his watch you were already late to question god is to question my faith but heaven seems like such a questionable place (it is) but while I'm here I know I'm alive and it hurts me to know that you're all gonna die to all my friends you've already died and I am stuck wondering why see I ain't mad, and I ain't upset because I'm the closest thing to sainthood you never will get I talked to god, he saved you a place a spot too far for you to spit in his face because I never asked for you to believe I just asked for you to say 'goodbye', before you leave I hate say, 'I told you so' 'I told you so' our memories at discount rates still we can't afford it I believe in something so I hope you're going somewhere to all my friends who'd rather get high I'll be at ground level watching you die fuck drugs and fuck straight edge those are both the things that got the best of my friends and to all the girls that make it a trend to fuck all of my friends we'll all die of the same disease whether you got it in bed or you got it on your knees can't wait to say, 'I told you so' I told you so the boulder on my back has been washed away the worst part is, I don't miss the weight the tide is high and they're washing face within the sea of time pissed away the boulder on my back has been washed away the worst part is I don't miss the weight when the tide is high I'll watch them sink into the sea of misery to all my friends this is the end I'll leave you six feet under with those shit eating grins to all my friends this is the end

and this is way more important than that bullshit with ben

I refuse to let you leave without this song in your head

to all my friends who'd rather be dead

all our memories, all at discount rates