

# The Importance of the Moment of Death

Senses Fail

I was so tired of being alone  
I was so tired of listening to the chorus in my head  
Telling myself I wasn't good enough to be happy or proud or loving to myself  
What kind of life is that to lead?  
Finding the courage to open up my heart finally let me fucking breathe

I want to believe, I want to believe  
I want to believe, I want to believe  
I want to believe, I want to believe  
I want to believe

No one should ever be judged for who they love  
No one should ever have to be afraid  
There is so much grace in being vulnerable  
There is so much beauty in being brave  
I learned to love myself, I turpentine away the pain  
What I found underneath was a quivering heart ready to beat

I want to believe, I want to believe  
I want to believe, I want to believe  
I want to believe, I want to believe  
I want to believe

I am no longer afraid to die  
I am no longer afraid to die  
I am no longer afraid to die  
I am no longer afraid to die