

This Will Be the Death of Us

Set Your Goals

I spent the end of the day thinking about the changing of our lives
The kids we were set out to play the music through the songs that gave us drive
And that was only five years ago, it was three last time we sang
about the "dead men" and the rising of a scene we wanted so bad
to help make

I was ready, let me let go
Until I heard a shouting from you
Yeah, the very thing I had to
Keep me grounded when I fell through
When death comes for us...

Terrible lies I had been pulling out my sides
There were so many of me yelling, cursing, fighting, hitting anger to learn why
I was losing all I'd worked for, I was losing all my friends,
I was losing my own voice coughing a demon bent on break, break
, breaking.

I was ready, let me let go
Until I heard a shouting from you
Yeah, the very thing I had to
Keep me grounded when I fell through
I've had my doubts (and I had to run away home)
They drag me down (to try to breathe again on my own)
Built in my head (still I couldn't stand to follow)
I'm burning them down.
The program has a glitch that I don't want now
I am too down to stay with sound that keeps me alive.
(You were there to pick me back up)
(My lungs were tired and giving up)
With a loud shout and a heart crowd, (I know your stories will lift me up)
we will roll the die; four, then five,
until we drop. (You never let me drop!)

I drop a 123 over the ground. It's broken.
This is all our days ahead, this is where I found an open.
And longer roads under here where stability isn't half as clear
When I'm trapped alive. Here it's the rush that makes it worth it...

This will be the death of us, my friends.