

Wait Until I'm Gone

The Honorary Title

I'm lacking any discipline
Pulling strings
Typing up your skin of porcelain
Stopped listening
No longer need the sunlight
That night we had, it will suffice
Infatuation is the perfect camouflage
A warm and temporary place to go

I'm lacking any confidence
Second-guessing
Separate for perspective
Is there nothing left?
How I see, for weeks and weeks
Judge hastily, no patience

I've seen you under every, every sort of light
From ideal perfection to the darker side
You always were
You always were so good to me

I need a stimulant.
Something to help reinvent.
I need a stimulant.
Something to help reinvent

Well, I have only one request
Wait until I'm gone
Wait until I'm gone
Wait until I'm gone
Wait until I'm gone

Is there nothing left?
Is there nothing left?
Is there nothing at all?
Is there nothing left?
Is there nothing left?
Is there nothing at all?

I need a stimulant.
Something to help reinvent.
I need, I need, I need.
I need, I need, I need.

I have only one request
You always were
You always were so good to me