

## 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