

This ain't Passover or nothing but I can feel that my time is here.

My failings are adding up again, my fever's burning up again.

It pulls you under ground. Remember what it used to be like?

When we all led lonely lives. It's terror that keeps us all in line.

Still we're running towards nothing; don't you know it never works out right?

The soul slowly fades away and nothing seems the same anymore since you left through that door.

Feel so unperfect even though you're perfect. Don't you know that I'd give it all up for you?

Still you're waiting for nothing.

She: Please do that thing you wanted me to do.

He: Where's that person I met when I met you?