

Right Outside

The Madison

I can paint a thousand pictures with the colors of your eyes.
Emotions running wild, if not to my surprise.
Your tears are forming puddles that are deep enough to drown.

Just scream and hope for the best.
Sit down on the ground, we're going to watch the fire burn.
Praying that tomorrow provides answers to this test.
Just scream and hope for the best.
Take it from me, leave me sorry.
Borrowing my mindset will not leave you laid to rest.

I'm staring at old photographs in a wallet I once wore never knowing
phantoms haunt my dreams.
Don't try to feel the way I feel today.
The pressure's killing me, I'm close to near insanity.
Don't try to feel the way I feel.

Too hard to take in, hard to swallow, and difficult to bear the
pain that follows.
Take it from me, leave me sorry.

It's all a lie, I hope you die.
Right outside your door.