

Some Mistakes You Never Stop Paying For

The Suicide File

I used to believe
That you and me
Were gonna shimmer
Like our spikes and chains,
And that the beauty
Of our brashness
Spoke for itself.
Spoke for itself.
When staying awake meant feeling alive.
We were so young, and so cutthroat.
But in the end,
Everything I thought
Meant so much
Didn't mean a thing.

And I can't seem to find the words Anymore.
Anymore.
And I can't seem to find the words Anymore.
Anymore.

I used to believe
That you and me
Were gonna shimmer
Like our spikes and chains,
And that the beauty
Of our brashness
Spoke for itself.
When staying awake meant feeling alive.
We were so young, and so cutthroat.

And yes, I still fucking remember.
I felt it go through me like a shock.
And yes, I still fucking remember standing on these city streets.
And yes, I still fucking remember.
I felt it go through me like a shock.
And yes, I still fucking remember standing on these city streets.

We were gonna change the world.
I didn't change shit.
It didn't mean shit.
We didn't change shit.

We were gonna change the world.
I ain't changing shit.
It didn't mean shit.
We didn't change shit.