

## By The Time You Read This (I Will Already Be Dead)

Woods of Ypres

By the time you read this, I will already be dead  
Do not reply to this, it is only to be read  
By the time you read this, I will already be dead  
Do not reply to this, but notify my next of kin

Self administrate your estate, Pick up the pieces and give them  
away

Let them take all the things they want and dispose of yourself

Photos and notes go into the sink  
Under all the hot water the faucet could give  
Now my dreams are just running ink  
Going down the drain

By the time you read this, I will already be gone  
Do not reply to this, but realize what you have done  
By the time you read this, it will already be true  
Do not reply to this, just understand what you made me do

Oh, oh

By the time you read this, I will have gone the way that good m  
en go

When they go bad, where they go bad

By the time you read this, I will have gone to the place where  
good men go

Where they go wrong, when they go wrong

By the time you read this, I will already have been changed  
Do not reply to this, after I've experienced maximum pain  
No longer good to anyone, and never would be again  
Know that I spent my final days, endlessly tying the endless lo  
ose ends

One last look around the place, with sun shining into empty roo  
m

For the final time I close the door that will open for someone  
new

The only change I make before I leave, is in the bedroom of my  
dreams

Where I covered the walls in deep blue paint, rather than my bl  
ood and my brains