

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