

Postal Service, The "We Will Become Silhouttes"

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I've got a cupboard with cans of food
Filtered water and pictures of you
and I'm not coming out until this is all over

and I'm looking through the glass
where the light bends at the cracks
And I'm screaming at the top of my lungs
pretending the echoes belong to someone
Someone I used to know

And we become silhouettes when our bodies finally go

I wanted to walk through the empty streets
and feel something constant under my feet
but all the news reports recommended that I stay
indoors
because the air outside will make
our cells divide at an alarming rate
until our shells simply cannot hold
all our insides in
and that's when we'll explode
and it won't be a pretty sight

And we'll become silhouettes when our bodies finally
go (repeat until fade)

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