

Backseat Goodbye

"You Brought This On Yourself"

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Tell me another one...and another. The sun ain't shining, kid. It ain't shining and you're blind. Close fucking eyes, you'd better take these words like colombian neckties. This is where we're at, and this is the story told with a grain of salt for the open wounds and these locked grooves. The skin is fucking dead. The spirits are fucking gone. Alive and well is for the heartless. And I said I'd never write these words. So that's why I fucking typed this. Welcome to the fold. Here's where we fucking die. And welcome to the world where the kids never stop asking why. Welcome to hell. Your days are numbered. This is welcome home. This is fucking mine.

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