

Josephine Collective "Living"

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Get up cause it's morning cousin. they found your mother in a ditch, all tore up. then it starts snowing, it's too cold and my arms itch. nosebleed. now all that "bright white" is blood red.

Now I don't know but oh, I got this feeling that says this is it.

Every time I look outside I see that lone sun shining bright, makes me sad to be alive. every day it's just that same old gray staring back at me, so why do I keep on living?

Intense, a rush now to the head of blood that flows oh so intense through our hearts. so rhythmic. it strolls our veins so effortless and keeps us entertained and interested.

Singing that same old lover's song about a heart strung out too long. it just stops.

It's a shame cause we almost got clean.

Singing that same old lover's song about a heart strung out so long, it just stops.

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