

Lower Definition "Honey Bunches Of LOC"

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We breathe for scent of the ocean.
This bridge... to show us the way home.
Let's take a sharp turn into this guardrail and escape
out the door.
We'll stand at this drop off and look straight down.
These signs to my sides read as we sleep "don't give
up tonight".
We inhale as we take our steps to freedom.

But we can't fail, we can't fail at this.
The water cleans our mouths right out.

We hit the water and it's so cold.
Failure on distance.
We try to breathe but it's only lasting a rest, lasting of
death.
Moist air sprays us as we fall into this blue turned black.
Wish we could remember why we would never go back.

We breathe for the scent of the ocean.
This bridge to show us the way home.

Simple but perfect.
Silence our heart beat, one second at a time
And now were dead and we can't go back.

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