Mighty Mighty Bosstones "An Ill Body Seats My Sinking Sight"

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One devastating message crosses stagnant air Abhorrence of one's self Left a shredded husk Vacant of living

Only death brings the epidemic of truth, that life is not worth living
So wait not
End it all here
End your life

Perceptive to one's worth in sorrow's mirth An all too willing hand will lift the blade and let sink this letting go

Passing of life
A season
Sliced to stifled end
Eyes open and staring dead
Into a wet and wooden floor
One by one
They crawl in

Only loss brings truth so sit and reflect Life is not worth living It's brought us all to this End it all here End our lives

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