

Off With Their Heads "S.O.S."

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You don't know struggle.
You don't know sorrow.
You don't know what it's like
To have to watch somebody die.

So don't pretend to act like you know me,
And pick apart a mind you don't understand.
The book is long,
Descriptive and haunting.
It's full of sentences you can't comprehend.

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So what's it like to have that comfort
To know you'll always be covered,
And to know someone will be there?
I've never had that comfort
Or enjoyed the luxuries of being covered.
So night after night, after night, after night, after night,
after night,
I'll be staying up late.
I'll be fighting off the shakes
And puking out the window,
Repressing things you can never know.

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