

## **The Reason**

# **"Afterparty At The Actor's Estate"**

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We said we meant business and you saw it first hand.  
The evidence sleeps in ditches, and it's caked on our hands.

The doctor. The broken necks.

The archer stands atop the architect and breathes through one last cigarette.

He says "Though these weren't the best of times, we made the best of it, and tonight we're fingerpainting everything red."

How quickly we forget where we came from.

It's sickening. He better not forget where those stains came from.

He says "I remember, but these won't get the best of me.

This is nothing new to me.

We're so strong enough to show them that these are just the moments when friends turn foes.

Enemies just cast you off and watch you float away.

Go to the house of the actor's.

We'll drink that blood, and celebrate after we break down that door.

Settling the score with a pain that has never been inflicted before."

Those times were too much for me.

My heart is so stuck in my throat that my tongue is on my sleeve again.

I've stepped on so many toes that I cannot keep track of them all.

The heart is like a hand grenade. We waited so patiently.

Long enough to show them that these are just the moments when friends turn foes.

Our enemies will laugh it off and let it go.

We write it off as history, but we cannot forget this and you cannot dismiss this.

So savour it whole. Don't question it.

The best of times is just two steps away.

We're finger painting everything red.

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