

Woods Of Ypres

"By The Time You Read This (I Will Already Be Dead)"

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By the time you read this, I will already be dead
Do not reply to this, it is only to be read
By the time you read this, I will already be dead
Do not reply to this, but notify my next of kin

Self administrate your estate,
Pick up the pieces and give them away
Let them take all the things they want and dispose of
yourself

Photos and notes go into the sink
Under all the hot water the faucet could give
Now my dreams are just running ink
Going down the dream

By the time you read this, I will already be gone
Do not reply to this, but realize what you have done
By the time you read this, it will already be true
Do not reply to this, but realize what you made me do

Oh, oh

By the time you read this, I will have gone the way good
men go
When they go bad, where they go bad
By the time you read this, I will have gone to the place
where good men go
Where they go wrong, when they go wrong

By the time you read this, I will already have been
changed
Do not reply to this, after I've experienced maximum
pain
No longer good to anyone, and never would be again
Know that I spent my final days, endlessly tying the
endless loose ends

One last look around the place, with sun shining into
empty room
For the final time I close the door that will open for
someone new

The only change I make before I leave, is in the
bedroom of my dreams
Where I covered the walls in deep blue paint, rather
than my blood and my brains

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