

False Heroics

"And Then You're Dead"

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At 2:15, the moon glistening
On the rocks as we stand there
And with cold, clenched fists I say, "This is
happiness."
Run fingers through her hair

When you're just 21 all the fun's just begun
The end's nowhere in sight
As I turned to the left, misplaced my step
Crashed down into the afterlife

Just reach me there
Just leave me higher

4:25 and I'm still alive
Sweating in my bed
A sigh of relief feeling cold, wet sheets
Guess the milk went to my head

Shuffle along; it'll soon be dawn
Guess I'll just watch some news
They say, "At 2:15, kid fell in the ravine"
No, God—it can't be true

Just reach me there
Just lead me higher

It's not cold enough to realize that we have all gone
numb
And it's not warm enough to see how close to hell
we've come
This life's long enough we don't really need to look
up ahead
And this life's short enough that you've just began
And then you're dead.

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