

Faunts

"Input"

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Like sinking ships drowning in the night
Nothing's wrong with you, then nothing's right
Casting baggage throw it overboard
Though with nothing left, you still fall on your sword
Does it hurt?

Line you up
Blindfolded against the wall
This will be the last time that you feel the fall
Godspeed with you, may he have mercy on us
The crowd has come to
But before these heads roll, I guess mine comes first

And it's hard to tell what takes me away
And I know for years I've lived ashamed
And I think about the wasted years
As I fall into myself

And it's hard to tell what takes me away
But I've known, for years I've lived ashamed
And I think about the wasted years
As I fall into myself
As I fall into myself

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