

A Static Lullaby

"Proper Precautions For A Fake Suicide"

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Why don't you get away from this away from
everything
It all comes back to you
Take the easy way out
You're so selfish
You always think of yourself

Slitted wrists and knife stab wounds
The pictures all too clear
You ended up alone sitting by yourself thinking ways
turn back time
It's way too late right now

Where were you this time
I walked through the door alone

If you stumble in my arms I will break your bones for
sure
And my bleeding heart will soak right through your
shirt
Getting ready for the day to end and wash away
feelings felt straight from the past
The futures coming too fast

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