

Independent Sheep

"Good Men Rot The Same As The Bad"

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Farewell
And thanks for being.
Thanks for all you did
And thanks for nothing.
I appreciate you leaving
In my time of need.
I know you can't help it
But fuck it, it's for you my heart bleeds.
I know you loved me
And I loved you.
I don't want to think about it
Because I still feel you.
Do you hear that sound?
It's my soul trying to breathe
I feel the weight of you
Maybe you were buried in me.
You didn't leave a legacy
But you did leave a lasting impression.
Not just the fist-shaped one in the wall
But the one from which I'll teach the lesson.
I didn't know you that long
You were still my model, my aid, my guide
I know that a part of me turned black
The day that you died.
It came out of right field
Everyone expected it to happen, no one fought.
They bought your fucking headstone
And got you a nice place for you to rot.
You saw all this and took it quiet
I'm sorry you had to see yourself die
In all of our faces, our actions
And in all our eyes.
I know how you feel
I don't know about everyone else
It's been a good run, you'd say
And I don't fear the exit of the pulse.
Your bravery is amazing
It is from where I draw my strength
I hope that you enjoyed the food they cooked
It surely was enough to make you feel better about
when you'll stink.

Please don't take this as an insult
It's all I know to do
I know that I was loved
By someone who's equals are extremely few.
So thanks for everything
I think somehow I'll live
But I'll have to look elsewhere
For someone with a life to give.

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