

Flee The Seen, Right Before You Disappear

Prioritize the purchases
Fist clench the receipts that
Keep you accountable
That make your life make sense, to make cents
I have this so I am this
I tried to warn you but it always turns out the same
You'll hide your heart
In department store, revolving doors
I hope it turns around on you
Into a second chance, a second chance
And as the floor boards break apart
I tried to warn you but it always turns out the same
These things won't mean anything
To break you down
And as the last light goes out
I tried to warn you but it always turns out the same
These things won't mean anything
I have this so I am this
As the life span is replaced by duplicated dreams
It seems the only outcome is ownership
Until you finally belong to your belongings
And you realize, this is it, and sit, and watch yourself disappear
Replace these things, know in your heart that
These things dont mean anything