

Format, Wait, Wait, Wait

The chords we play, ways left to communicate these roads are paved with plans we've made
And your headboards never felt so safe well they'll reach our graves where your friends
And i will kill the lights and hide, oh what a nice surprise dont,
Dont tell me when its coming (no) dont, dont i just want to see if for myself dont breathe,
Dont make a sound cause the song wont stop till the tape runs out when melody has nothing to hold
I'll be the last sound that you hear as your eyes close and these chords remain
We'll use them to exploit the friends we've since forgot those friends we've lost you

All know just who you are cause ive since made graves but im too scared to etch the names
For fear that im the one whos changed

[chorus]

The thought of death it scares me to death and i dont know why,
I dont know its just too much to never wake up

[chorus]