

Single Gun Theory, I've Been Dying

Words are whispering past me
I don't hear them anymore
life is falling around me
I can't hold onto it
slipped through my fingers
people speak, I've no reply
I'm empty inside
but for the incessant screaming
which refuses to subside
can you hear it?

I've been dying a long time
down on my knees
there's no way out of here
I've been dying a long time
can't seem to pick up the pieces of my life

Living sculptures of the dead
my pastime, to pain gone past
I offer this shrine to you

this altar to despair
this chalice of anguish I am
can you bear to sip this holy water
can you bear one droplet of my wine?

A rather monumental occasion, isn't it?
Twelve months ago to the moment you destroyed yourself,
much as I told you you would.