

Snitch, Is This The End

It's getting cold outside
the snow falls to the ground
and no one makes a sound

sitting here alone
and i know you're never coming back
now you're finally gone
we used to sit right here
talking about our future and our dreams
but now they're so unreal

Is this the end of a dream
is this a joke or is it real
you told me you will never go

My brain is messed up
i can't think and i can't move my feet
they're frozen in my tears