

Adair, Seatbelts Off (Let Go)

Tonight will be
The last time that I think of you.
How could you?
Is anyone here human?

I'm on the bathroom floor.
Screaming as I die some more.
It's a slow burn. It's a slow burn.
It's a loss of control.

So murder me.
Over and over.
It's a drunken blur. And I'm
Alive but not living
Anymore.

This is a loss of innocence.
Cheap sex and faceless friends.
It's all wrong, all wrong.
Seatbelts off.
Let go.