

# Atreyu, Living Each Day Like You're Already Dead

Raise up the ghosts of the dead - I won't die like them  
Push past the point of raw emotion - I will breathe  
Exist with a broken spirit - I will die complete  
Ignore what the angels say enjoy that special place where the demons speak to me  
I won't pick out the lining of my coffin yet unless I am sure that color satin is me  
Better yet go with crushed velvet, that way I'll be damn sure to enjoy eternity  
My daily life writes the eulogy, engraved on tombstone diaries,  
laid to rest with the passing of time  
Seems to me that even love can die  
And the rituals, that fade away, and the roses that cease to be laid  
And to me it clearly appears that we're already one foot in a very shallow grave  
I will love with passion  
You live like you're dead  
As each day dies, are we living on to the next or passing on in the twilight