

Fairweather, Still Paradise

Try to pretend that everyones not dying here.
See this youth thats draining out and drying up.
The color fades.
We decay and turn away.
Wont you try and cover up all our lives.
Dont you try?
You find yourself falling apart when theres nothing wrong.
Breathe in breathe out this is the end of me.
Fall in fall out theres nothing permanent.
But is it possible that things move on while we're breaking down.
Just hold me close.
Dont let me go until I'm alright.
Cover us up and walk away.