

Fairweather, Still Paradise

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