

# Give Up The Ghost, Sore Throat Syndrome

When we were young, we thought the days would get better.  
Today I talked myself out of ending this.  
I've been out chasing silhouettes, losing frozen smiles to a thousand regrets.  
And all the way home, I could see your breath though we looked dead.  
"I'm so far from here..."  
We laughed.  
"Our time is running thin."  
But I always knew how the end would end.  
I never said I'd stay to the end.  
Fuck you, fuck all of you.  
You'll never know what I wanted to say.  
Those words are as dead as the air I breathe.  
Life is just a big second guess, a broken staircase of mistook steps...  
You can trust me, it's not okay...