

Grey, Dying In Denial

"Spike me I feel so blue I need it !", she begged.
"I feel better closer, to dead, than to be scared."
Faces flush red and we're closer to dead, closer to dead and...

Dying in denial, I got no, I got no problems.
I got no problem dying. I got no denial. I'm not dying !

"Drink this, you'll feel good, you'll need it !", he said.
"Let's do this bottle together, time to fly, time to spin and die !"
But it's better when our blood runs thin.

"Take this rock candy, we'll need it!" she said.
"Let's smoke this gun together, time to fly, time to spin and die."
But it's better to die without our same old fears.