

# Nick Grey, End Of All

everybody's burning  
well, most people are  
it takes all kinds to build a world

louise still sends me  
those cheap crappy postcards  
every now and then

i guess a lot of boys  
have to turn black  
while working their way through college

but if it comes to this sometime  
we'll have to turn god  
to mud

i wish the rain would come  
i wish it would wash us away  
i have this pain in my head  
and it's glaring bright black  
i'd smack my face till it bleeds  
bent over your pictures

give me your throat  
i'll bless you all  
faith is my name  
or so i'm told  
i'll slow your fall  
or curse your child  
i'll sleep a while  
i'll sleep a while

we are alive  
we are a lie  
and we are  
alive  
and we are  
a lie  
a li e  
a liv e  
a l iv  
a li e  
l v e