

Spill Canvas, Appreciation And The Bomb

I gathered you here to say my last piece.
A few final words before I am deceased.
Don't change your plans, this won't take long.
I packed it up nice into this little song.

If I could have your attention, observe this fuse.
Leads to these explosives that I'm about to use.
Before you freak out, just let me explain.
This bomb is the answer to all of my pain.

If there's one thing I've learned, it's that we never feel the heat until we get burned.
But we try so hard not to die.
Sometimes we forget to appreciate life, oh no.

When the spark reaches powder, I will blow up.
I'll become the mist you breathe into your lungs.
All of my love will then turn into yours.
And you will feel hope bleeding out from your pores.

If there's one thing I've learned, it's that we never feel the heat until we get burned.
But we try so hard not to die.
Sometimes we forget to appreciate life, oh no.

Dad, you were there when nobody was.
I followed your lead, now I'm proud of what I've become.
Brittney, you never cease to amaze me.
Maybe someday we'll get another chance to be.
Mom, I wished you would try a little harder.
Maybe catch a show or two, would that be such a bother?
To all my friends, where do I start?
I know I'd be dead without you in my heart.

If there's one thing I've learned, it's that we never feel the heat until we get burned.
But we try so hard not to die.
Sometimes we forget to appreciate life.