

# The Postal Service, We Will Become Silhouettes

I've got a cupboard with cans of food  
Filtered water and pictures of you  
And I'm not coming out until this is all over  
And I'm looking through the glass  
Where the light bends at the cracks  
And I'm screaming at the top of my lungs  
Pretending the echoes belong to someone  
Someone I used to know

And we become silhouettes when our bodies finally go

I wanted to walk through the empty streets  
To feel something constant under my feet,  
But all the news reports recommended that I stay indoors  
Because the air outside will make  
Our cells divide at an alarming rate  
Until our shells simply cannot hold  
All our insides in, and that's when we'll explode  
(and it won't be a pretty sight)

And we'll become silhouettes when our bodies finally go  
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And we'll become  
And we'll become