

Tim Skold, The point

Love. Blood. War.
Desire. Deceit. Control.
It's killing you for everyone.
Just stick around until I'm gone.
I love you so it hurts.
For whatever that is worth.
And no time will fade away,
The rumors and the lies.
And no one will remember,
If you even said goodbye.
What's the point in dying,
When the world thinks you're already dead?
What's the point in crying,
With the rain beating down on your head?
Greed. Hate. Lust.
Divide. Disgust. Distrust.
Happiness comes in a pill,
From a fifteen-story windowsill.
You'll love me till I die,
Or at least until I try.
The after words don't mean a thing,
The problems still persist.
Don't think about the story,
And the bullshit that you missed.
What's the point in dying,
When the world thinks you're already dead?
What's the point in crying,
With the rain beating down on your head?
What's the point in lying,
If no one believes what you say?
What's the point in dying,
If you're already dead anyway?
If you're already dead anyway.
If you're already dead anyway.
I hope you will remember me.
At least say so, to comfort me.
You say goodbye so easily.
It's now or never.
It may seem really pitiful.
But life became too beautiful.
The pain of love unbearable.
It's now or never.
Gone forever.