

# Waxwing, If Death Comes

Hopeful but not optimistic  
My mind becomes more dangerous by the second  
So I'm hopeful but not optimistic  
Lay down what you're working on  
It's time to sleep  
I promise that tomorrow will come  
Cause time the clock keeps, it keeps.  
I'm traveling faster and if death comes at least  
Silence is comforting, finally released  
From endless ringing  
These are the horses that are calling me  
The perfect ending I'm finally released.  
I don't know why we keep singing these songs  
I've never heard anyone sing along, slowly dying.  
Attempting to trick chaos into something beautiful  
It's what I live for, it's magic.  
Deep in this heart something is said.  
Someone translate, help me understand, we're all dying.  
I'm screaming while I still can, hope my throat holds up  
Under this pressure, so my heart won't burst, I'm trying.  
Try, all the time, all the time.