

I'm a relic surround by fire,
"Don't talk to me you fucking liar,"
I'm held close to my beliefs,
My parents,

Still in grief...

I stand institutionalized,
My future is gone before my eyes,
Hard to find what interests me now,
The smell of defeat is awfully foul,

I can't see,
I can't see,
The elegance in your might,

It's not me,
It's not me,
The person in the light,

I sight a crow above my head,
The path is gone now, are we dead?

I keep this knife in case of harm,
It's dark now,
It's dark now,
I can't see, it's hard,

You stand high above the streets,
On the building where your toes meet,
You are up above with the sky,
You are sad now and willing to die,

You look down upon your height,
You look down,
You're in fright,

Never thought you'd come this far,
To ending your miserable life,

"I'm at peace," you whisper bellow your breath,
You look up at the sky above your head,
Cloudy and dark, raining and wet,
One last thought of the people you've met,

You take a step,

Falling,
Falling,

Butterflies,
Your life before your eyes,

Without a pause,

It goes dark,

And you finally die.

Dark.