

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