Snitch, Is This The End

It's getting cold outside the snow falls to the ground and no one makes a sound

sitting here alone and i know you're never coming back now you're finally gone we used to sit right here talking about our future and our dreams but now they're so unreal

Is this the end of a dream is this a joke or is it real you told me you will never go

My brain is messed up i can't think and i can't move my feet they're frozen in my tears