

I drove through Berlin tonight.
Straight shot down the highway and through my chest.
And I thought about missing you and the meaning of the word futile.
I walked around this rainy college campus
on a Sunday for three hours.
I thought about home and how you wouldn't be there.
And I thought of me and how you just don't care.
But I could swear I saw your reflection
in the puddle of rain on the concrete.
You were standing next to me and your lips were on my cheek.
And I can swear I feel the dissection
of the whole me when you leave.
And I've grown to hate this connection that I weave.
I drowned you in alcohol last night.
But you poked air holes through my chest.
You fought hard to maintain your place in my heart and on my mind.
Connections wearing thin.