

Sore-Throat Syndrome

American Nightmare

When we were young, we thought the days would get better.
Today I talked myself out of ending this.
I've been out chasing silhouettes, losing frozen smiles to a thousand regrets.
And all the way home, I could see your breath though we looked dead.
"I'm so far from here..."
We laughed.
"Our time is running thin."
But I always knew how the end would end.
I never said I'd stay to the end.
Fuck you, fuck all of you.
You'll never know what I wanted to say.
Those words are as dead as the air I breathe.
Life is just a big second guess, a broken staircase of mistook steps...
You can trust me, it's not okay...