

# Closer

Amigo The Devil

On our way out of the antique store  
She read a sign that ended with, "Life is short"  
And she chuckled out loud and said, "I guess it can always be shorter"  
The cashier nearby overheard and replied  
"Yeah, that's what my son thought too  
And then he proved it"  
Her mouth didn't move much, and her eyes were vacancy signs, just begging  
Neon born, and now faded, nearly inoperable  
And then she floated away to the back  
The chime on the door startled her  
On the way out  
While lost in thought, wondering what she meant  
"Proved it"  
Are we the vision we create  
Or are we created in someone else's vision?  
How to win  
It all boils down to "How to win", doesn't it?  
Even if you're not competitive, how do you overcome?  
How do you get through the day?  
How do you win the challenges?  
How do you win the light?  
How do you win enough money?  
The love you want? How do you win friends?  
Once we win, though, we tell ourselves we'll be set  
We'll be alright  
But the human condition is never enough  
Because after the win comes the keep  
It's always the keep  
It's the human cycle  
This figural entity that moves us  
It's the condition that keeps us moving, even in our sleep  
I dreamt of you last night  
That's the subconscious element, flattered  
I'm flattered  
I hope she's flattered  
I hope this keeps her  
I hope I keep her entertained  
I hope I keep being funny  
I hope she keeps being interested  
I hope I keep my job  
I hope I keep being happy  
If I ever was  
Or maybe I'm not  
What if I'm not?  
And then it starts to spiral  
What if I never find it?  
Will I even know?  
We earn by winning  
But we keep by containing  
While we lose, there's no mechanism but doubt  
And that's the one we don't control  
The one that keeps us awake  
Doubt is a siren without any sound at all  
It's a shroud, wrapping itself around the mind so tightly  
That it feels impossible to learn anything new  
To know anything old  
The pressure, crushing every thought into another

Until we can't tell where the handle begins  
Or where the blade ends  
Compressed, depressed  
They're just words  
And the toxic blood keeps running its track  
Is my mind the prey?  
I wanna give in  
But I'm so scared of that, too  
It's hard being a coward on both ends  
The two sides of the fence stare at each other  
Trying to listen to nothing  
Because neither knows what to say

Come here

Closer

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It never ends

Even when it does

It never ends