

# Understanding

Black Dresses

Grey city, 2016  
Night bus home, N19  
Chain link, rain and concrete  
Lashing out and falling  
Picking quarters up off the hardwood  
Skytrain, Joyce-Collingwood  
Losing floating knowing  
Stopping pain from showing

Hell to me in the moment  
Scream internally  
Soul exits me  
Through all the lines I write  
In basements far away  
If I can purge  
This broken hurt  
In haunted words  
Will it surround me?  
And like the city nights  
Just drift away

I couldn't figure it out  
I couldn't fix it by myself  
I couldn't do it alone

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I couldn't fix it by myself  
Everyone else seems so strong and

I tried to offer up my pain to be understood  
But I don't think it's my pain that can be understood  
Or needs understanding

There's not a lot of pain in the world that makes any sense  
I wonder where all this pain comes from  
And this evil is  
And where it lives

Future wide open  
But defined as broken  
Every achievement  
Hoping, wishing, aching, never knowing  
The pain I write about  
So I don't fucking die  
Interpreted as everything  
I've got to offer in this life  
Fuck no!

Time is a circle  
Forever hurtful  
No hesitation  
Nostalgia or ideation

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I couldn't do it alone  
I couldn't fix it by myself  
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There's not a lot of pain in the world that makes any sense

Maybe people need to be understood instead

I tried to understand why it happened like that  
But it just made my soul break down (Break down and)  
I didn't want things to go like that  
For a while I was confused  
But now I think I understand