

The icons of your profile change
Like sifting sands within a sieve
Coney island fading light
All I have are images
With endless sadness
Endless sea
I gag on grains of memories
I walk the hallway where you still sleep
All I have are images

Pressed upon the need to speak
I lost my voice
I was so sick
I spent the day in thirst and sweat
When all that's left are images
Text received and message sent
I'm learning how you lose a friend
Habit checks the internet
When all that's left are images

The bells of your cell phone ring
Like sixteenth century England
I can't escape the time they ring
When signal all that's critical
Terrible closeness endings bring
I push you out between my legs
In the hallway we confess
All that's left are images

Every post and every text
My phone
My platform platitudes
Our history we can't forget
When all that's left are images
Our history we can't forget
He can't forget
We can't forget cause
All that's left are images
All that's left are images
All that's left are images
All I have are images