

Space Between

Casey

No pain ever quite so replete
As that which we allow to steep
In the silent space between us
As tips sprawl out over upholstery but fail to meet
We paint a vivid portrait of accismus

Who are you in other rooms?
When I'm not there does it still hurt the same?
Can we talk? Is it too soon?
Do you think that you'll ever look at me that way again?

Pace the floor of this vacant house
No sense left in speaking
God, it feels so weak
To avert my eyes from your indifference
Strike a match up off this friction
Light me up just like you used to

Who are you in other rooms?
When I'm not there does it still hurt the same?
Can we talk? Is it too soon?
Do you think that you'll ever look at me that way again?

And now you bite your tongue
And you call it love
But you know it won't go back to the way it was
So why would you beg me to stay
Then resent me because I've changed?