

## 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?