

Returns And Exchanges

Cursive

"This is like pulling teeth"
Said the man with the gap-toothed smile
Upon decline
So the silence seeped into
An impatient line
Of returns and exchanges
And the silence brewed
Like a storm
As they brooded over their misfortunes

Some things you can't take
We're all the same
We share a common weakness:
We're all afraid
Of a pointless existence

Still the silence grows
A crescendo of deafening stillness
Silence you just can't speak
Much less repeat
To your lover
Or your mirror

Because such simple words
Can leave us crushed
As we deny that life is
One big mistake

It can't be exchanged

We're all the same
We're loveless liars tonight
We're all ashamed
Of our life
We've been declined
We shouldn't have tried
To fake such existence