

Everything Is Caving

Dear Reader

Why is it that sadness doesn't make a sound
I don't want you around
I gave you all I had, then you swiftly gave it back
I don't know what you want

Everything is caving falling into ruin
everybody learns
we spend most our lives just picking up the mess
but there is never less

A broken little boy from the window where he fell
I did not love him well
if jesus is my friend then I don't know where he went
with the heart that he stole

I look in your eyes and there I see
a version of me I'd like to meet
while lying alone inside the dark
wondering what our lives are for
I must cut them out and zip them up
in the palms of my hands so I can look
whenever I feel like giving up
but then you'd be blind so I must stop