

# The Convenience Of Being Absent

Diorama

I'm sorry that we didn't know how sick you were  
your world in brilliance did you cut yourself from  
there  
to change your wild perspectives somewhere along the  
road  
to dream of oceans till your head wants to explode

what is your substance?  
what are you made of?

and all your grimaces like curtains on the wall  
to guard against our eyes to nullify it all  
your deepest wish directing dramas in your head  
"leave your person and be someone else instead"

what is your substance?  
what are you made of?

have I not deserved to grasp we're perfect and complete  
have I built these walls around us forever you and me  
forever you and me  
forever you and me

and all intelligence has to be left behind  
to spend an evening without you on my mind  
while you are better off with any of these pills  
we keep on juggling animosities and thrills

we thought you were funny

what is your substance?  
what are you made of?

have I not deserved to grasp we're perfect and complete  
have I built these walls around us forever you and me  
forever you and me  
forever you and me

can you pretend to be there and love to be alive  
can you pretend to be there and love to be alive  
love to be alive  
love to be alive