DET

Fucked Up

So this is what it be like?
Everything bathed in a harsh bright light?
Things look slightly askew
Surging emotion obscures the view
Reaching out for something to hold
Slow motion realities starts to unfold
It's all strangely serene
A white pulse made out of screams

Life is so fleeting, why make it less?
Endless potential, bottomless regret
Why is the impact so immense?
Maybe because I worry it could have been me instead

One day soon we'll catch up again
Awkward words with forgotten friends
Now just flashes on the screen
Why is the past so pristine?
Condolences are sputtered and meek
But more at hand than the answers we seek
The floor drops out at the brink
The brightest stars start to sink

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Why is the impact so immense?
Maybe because I worry it could have been me instead

It's always on my conscience
It all weighs on my conscience
It all plays on the conscience

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