

Running on Nothing

Fucked Up

How could we have been so blind to the effects each time? Why keep watching when you know the end? Why make this journey again and again? We know it's just pain and lies, let's watch and feign surprise. Afraid to admit that it's all a facade and we wind up alone in spite of what they laud. I've been marching for so long, I towed the line, so strong. I kept holding until it tore me apart, a hand thrust in my chest and ripped out my heart.

So mother, may I please submit, the notion that I no longer believe in this shit? Lay me on the consummation bed, a fatal blow driven to the maidenhead. We're running on nothing, on the fumes of our dreams. At another point in my life, that was good enough for me. Short plume, fades fast, the petals fall and crumble. I believe one could put it best, 'we spend most of life dealing with the mess'. The saddest joy is why I concede, but bitter resolution is why I secede. Sick of falling from the lowest low, the higher the height, the further you go. Pull myself back to bended knee, not just an emotion, it hurts physically. Swan's mate for life or so I've heard, which is fitting, because that shit's for the birds. We're running on nothing, the fumes of our dreams, at another point in my life, that was good enough for me. They leave, it hurts, if you see it coming, it's worse. Stiff upper lip as we carry on, let's pretend that this is making us strong. And we can only take so much before our sense of decency is finally crushed and all that's left is a dried out husk with the belief that love isn't going to save us. We're running on nothing, just the fumes of our dreams, at another point in my life, that was good enough for me. Those better days ain't going to come. Those better days have passed us by. Those better days have all run out because those better days were a lie. Fall."