

Sixteen Syllables

Her Space Holiday

Every morning
When I wake up
I'm not sure which me I'm going to get
A pool of hope or a wave of panic
It's sink or swim from the start to the end

My hands are sore and my heart is racing
My ears are ringing with the notes I've spent
It's just sixteen syllables that are barely audible
A group of words that I always forget

No matter how much they meant

Sometimes the best way to say that you're sorry
Is to keep your apologies to yourself

Every evening
When we curl up
I know for certain this is all I need
Under the covers a simple silence

A quiet promise between you and me

I've picked my poisons, I've picked my pleasures
I've picked my battles, and I've picked my friends
They're just fifteen memories that will burn inside of me
I keep these fires lit with the tip of my pen
Until the ink runs red

It's just another day spent in silence
Spinning on top of the loneliest planet inside of my head
Inside of my head

I sang for redemption
I sang for sympathy
I sang in silence
Now I'm going to sing one for you and me