

Car Crash

Hotel Books

It was problematic at best to perceive existence with a myopic lens I embedded into myself
My lack of gestures limited the effectiveness of my delivery and all she begged for was deliverance
Just soft, eloquent passages that provided closure. Not answers, just closure
And I somehow fashioned together an array of broken glass that looked enough like a vase that it would pass
And she would find a way to keep her roses watered and alive again, when deep down I was broken
Prized among the lacklustre thieves immune to pain but pain by immunity
She beckoned me and she lessened me because no other love would accommodate my blind fold so easily

And I was afraid of change, but I was afraid of not changing
I was afraid of change, but I was afraid of not changing

Then a quick flood of blood infecting my brain, dashboard you, dashboard blank slate
My narrow lens no longer mattered, no longer weighed in and neither did your fear, or your insecurities, or your smile

Because in three seconds fate circumvented a concrete divider, followed by seven seconds of nervous prayer, nervous cursing, nervous something
As poisonous as the snake it came from the oppression presented on my God forsaken lies limited it even more
Followed by seven seconds of promising myself if I survived I would stop bargaining I would stop pushing off effort in exchange for more time, I would stop neglecting civil spiritual and personal duties or promises, which ever it may be, neither seemed likely at that point
Followed by two seconds, the longest two seconds I've ever experienced of lying to myself, lying to my God and lying to you
The words "I love you" seemed so broken and so inaccurate and the words "I promise" seem so trite and so distant.
But so foolish a passenger caught up in this accident, nothing mattered beyond the fact that I was damaged and I was hurting physically
Yet somehow I found the strength to thank my God I was a survivor and that's when I heard the fate of the driver
Three seconds later, closure, not answers. Just closure.

Lost in the wreckage as a soul ascended, I love you
Lost in the wreckage as a soul ascended, I love you
And every day I wish we could trade places; because you were the first person that loved me in any real way, and now I stand s

ix feet above where you lay

And if I get one thing right in this life I pray that it'll be
sharing love with everybody, the same love that you shared with
me.

You call me down here and I hear your voice and the sound of my
heart breaking and I pray to God you're still awake

And I taught myself how to forget that sometimes life will try
to convince you there's a such thing as regret
But I found it to be a lie, the same lie I found when I looked
in your eyes after it was said and done

Scream hallelujah until you come alive, the devil came for our
lungs but he left with our love
Scream hallelujah until you come alive, I inhaled this world fo
r so long that I tore out my lungs