

David to Sarah

Hotel Books

I know you don't want to talk, but I just don't feel the same
I've seen more suitcases on your bed than times I've seen your bed made
Bad days and sad ways to reconnect
I can live without you by my side, but I can't live next to you showing neglect
I need a parental advisory sticker on my regrets
I need internal revival with dinner to find my vest
I need a maternal but fatherly figure to put a heart in my chest
I need bare rental of bodily fixtures to somehow feel the rest
I need poison in my lungs and in my heart
I need a staple gun with one bullet left to pin my insecurities to the front of my chest
I need forgiveness
I need a miracle
I need the miracle we call "forgiveness"
I need a witness
I didn't move back in my dad's house, he has space for a vacant body
The lab's out and the results are down
The first failure of a forsaken robbery stealing the currency we used to bring peace
Please, pray for the living
I'll handle the deceased
When a swan song is a wrong call, block numbers and shock collars in a studio apartment by the locked cellars
Where every word is poison but the poison tastes like honey and money is the exception to the words we cannot speak
It's a breach of betrayal, a renewal of pain
Stain after stain, cut the nerve to the membrane and escape through the release
I need less of what I have and more of what I lack
I need to forgive myself so I can have my friends back
I need to move up, I need to move down
The sound of my voice bouncing off the walls is always a letdown
So I set down the nightgown and hear the rain pound
The same sound on paved ground or bloodhounds making a runaround
Making the sun go around, making gravity hold me down
Demanding gravity's attention every time I feel down
So cut the nerve to the membrane
Chemically speaking, I pray to God when we can breathe in space
So the brave souls in grave cold can meet someday
And we can all escape
I need God to look less like me and more like God
I need to look less than me and more like God
And stop making photocopies of the same sheet music and use it to reach a pulpit
To each a steeple of gold, melt it down to a calf as I feel the pain in my calves
Spitting on the face of a man hanging on a tree then begging on my knees to also bleed
So the grays that took place in my pain won't feel so foreign even though it feels complete
I need to stop breathing quickly so I can breathe in deep
I need to wake up my heart but let my mind sleep
I need poison in my lungs and my heart
I need a staple gun with one bullet left to pin my insecurities to the front of my chest
I need forgiveness

I need a miracle
I need a miracle we call "forgiveness"
I need a witness
I need sleep