

Death is a Terrifying Thing

Hotel Books

Death is a terrifying thing
I don't know if it just means I'm getting older, but every day
just seems more real
I don't dwell on it like it's a monster under the bed that's out
to get me
I have much more reverence than that, I-I just fear it
Like I fear God
But, death has become another taboo topic, where simply asking
questions are considered ignorance or considered stupidity
But, the problem is, when I was a kid, I come from such a big family
So it means that a lot of people died in my life
And even though I've been to a lot of funerals, I still don't get it
I still don't understand what happens, and I definitely don't understand
why we have a ceremony for it
I was told it was to celebrate life, but we did that when we were
living
So when I die
Burn my body into ashes and use them to fertilize the tree in front
of the funeral home that used to be my church
The one across from the car dealership on Henderson in Porterville,
California
The one next to La Mission De Jesús, and make sure the tree hears
you say, "You brought the most joy when I was a child, because you
provided a place to exist outside of the walls I never understood"
And promise me that the tree will someday die, too so she can see
me again
I still get caught up thinking of death I've seen
When I heard my grandmother died, my mom didn't say, "Hey, grandma's
dead," or "Sorry, son, but Grandma's passed," she said, "Son, your
grandma's with the Lord now. She then continued, she's no longer in
pain, she's no longer sick, she's finally at peace, she's finally
happy."
I guess if I was there during her final breath, I would look at her
and say, "Thank you, your happiness gives my pain a purpose, I love
you."

And my quiet resentment
Turns to love I lose
I forgot what you said
I forget what you meant
Quiet resentment
Turns to love I lose
I forgot what you said
I forget what you meant
I forget what you meant, I've been choking on nothing

Choking on nothing again
Hoping for something
Hoping for something to captivate my head

Death is real, I don't need an augmentation of the way that I think

It's easy to feel its embrace when your hands are on the edge of a cliff, looking at the brink of your own defeat

And you're afraid of real failure, so you live for fake success

You try to trace behavior in your own tattered dress

Hoping you'll be in a pine box long enough to feel alive

The irony is that it's the only way that we can still fight

But the moments that you'll never have back

I can tell you what I love, but I cannot tell you what I lack

From what I've experienced and what I think I can feel

You can't believe in love, if you don't believe that death is real