

From Porterville

Hotel Books

There's a solution to every problem
I want us together and I love you
And I don't want you to leave because we're here together
We're not gonna make it out alive without each other
Please don't go
Stay

I chased away a prophecy cause there's a side of me that subscribes to thrive in apathy
This blasphemy redeemed the seams inside of me
Feeling better for the red letters and the sake of breaking from the fair weather to fulfill my capacity
When my love for anything is a mirage of joy with petty jokes and laughing
I wanted to be the next prophet, but once I got sick I started chasing prophets
Performing for an audience and plotting this artifice of sacrifice and rolling dice to silence a mistress kissing the lips of a nihilist
Every secret I ever had is back on a discount rack for sale to a consumer that doesn't know any better living in this fair weather
Cause I can't love anything that doesn't look like me, but doesn't love like you
And I learned to love Jesus before I learned to love me
And now I can see why I have this fast paced, in-your-face approach grace, but no self esteem
So I desperately sing
One time for the sake of payment
One time for the sake of rendering
One time for the sake of self-proclamation but saying it's all for ministry
Hindering the [?] of the petty weeks I spent writing and fighting the silence
The past doesn't change because the future tells it to and I'm telling you I'm selling you the swelling youth in melting skin within this dim-lit broken fist to finally balance salute
Cause I love you
And I fed us all truth, made another excuse
Cause it's easier to say I love you too than to point blank say I love you
It's nothing but a broken melody and I'm sorry but I'm still listening
Cause I was not smart enough to question this, but I was foolish enough to try
Once we get honest, it's so pretentious, but watered down is so cowardice
And I'm a little bit of both
Just trying to push a boulder over a mountain just to watch it fall
Praying to God it doesn't fall again
Every thought that ate me alive was published for public consumption
Is there anything more pathetic than packaging honesty as entertainment?
Existing extremes feeding pain and big dreams were the epitome of sel

f hate or were the epitome of self praise
And none of us know what love means
So darling salt the wound so I won't forget that every moment I'm not
with you is a moment I'm in regret
And I love you now but I won't know you when I'm dead
Cause the response to a generation that did too little was to do too
much now we're both sick
Cause I saw when you were drowning I was wearing a grin
So I'll leave you now before the thick of it
Cause darling I can promise you this:
I love you, but I'm also sick
And I hope you can see some day this will make sense like back when I
told you I was old
I was told I would make some money
We'll shove out another hit and call it 'Nicole'
And every echo needs a voice and every echo has a choice
But I didn't choose you