

Ghosts Can't Love

Hotel Books

What's the point?
Can your so-called honesty predict revelations?
This trigonometry reveals all my innovation.
The angles set had no equation.
A triangle makes sense, but our parallel lines never intersected.

Our love was a geometric oddity at best,
Something we would hate to love,
But yearn to detest.
I hoped it wouldn't last,
But I never wanted it to end.
Hopefulness came in a pretty package,
And, oh my Gosh, I wanted to open it.

You were like a letter sent to me from the world,
And one of these days, I'm gonna see what it holds.
I can just imagine the stress being torn open with that envelope.

But if you can hear me, next time send a postcard.
Something that doesn't need to be concealed,
So I can see your words for face value
Scribbled on the back of a place I wish I was with you.

This hopefulness was still in the cards,
And I fought the fact that it was going to be hard,
But I never was superstitious enough to believe in fate anyway,
Or luck, for that matter,
Or hope, I suppose.

Disappointment has become a revolving door.
You never ripped out my heart, but you ripped out my core.
I remember that night, that minute,
You said, "No one can ever replace you."
Well, darling, somebody's bound to.

And when you walked away,
I found a different suitor to take your place.
Her name is loneliness, and she kept me comfortable.
She often speaks, but she's not very audible.
Her voice sounds like a windowsill cracking.

Sometimes a door blowing open, dancing in the breeze,
As I'm falling on my knees,
Broken,
But when she usually speaks,
She comes to me as a ghost putting coals on my back as I sleep.

Burning holes in my flesh as I try to dream,
Warming up my spine and making me afraid of the heat.
And that's a ghost I wanna be.

I was dead set on a dead bet that put all hope to bed
Revenge, or just to avenge the half-baked love that burnt at both ends.
Pretend? No, but still not real.
If love exists, then I guess it doesn't know how to feel.

How can I show love to her,

When I can't feel it?
How am I supposed to show love to the world
When I don't believe in it?

I don't know what love looks like.
As I close my eyes every night,
I'm ready to breathe, I'm ready to believe,
And I'm ready to be alive.

Just show me what love looks like.
Just show me what love looks like.
'Cause you are love and I'm alive.