

Nothing Was Different

Hotel Books

Me and my friends, we're not the type of people to ignore the smallest problem hidden in the smallest church mouse. We hide our emotions but I found out they're just live animals hiding in a glass house. I can't let them out or even let them change somehow but that's all I can tell you now 'cause I'm not ready to tell you everything I want you to know but I'm ready to trust you or at least I'm ready to let love show. I spent the last few years chasing my desires and I found out I was just chasing my own demons. When I found desire in you, you called my words excuses but I just thought of them as poorly stated reasons. Simple execution of neglect and preparation for something hidden in a deeply rooted promise that will always speak my mind but sometimes my mind will be mistaken. Me and my friends, we're not the type of people to leave room for error, but I make enough errors to leave an empty room in my heart and with no one to turn the lights on my heart lives in the dark. I will hide the light until you ask for it to ignite because the truth is bright but hidden in plain sight. Deep within the dark pools of your eyes, the deep secrets cold as ice but sharp as a knife. That feeling of real vibes hidden deep inside my dark feeling that I'm just depressions trophy wife, a sight to exemplify surviving the night. Cause me and my friends, we never get in trouble but we are a troubled bunch. Hope lies within our potential, deep within the rubble, hoping that light will touch. A hypocritical statement, a blatant placement of words that only have purpose if you strike a match and ignite them, and there you go we solved the problem for darkness but reinstated a purpose of hatred within the deep desires we developed to envelope the cyclical deep desires of desiring deep connections to add depth to the thick skin of our emptiness. Questioning, representing messages of necessary self-fulfillment. Some are satisfied with their instinct to survive through the storm of darkness others call it selfishness but me and my friends, we don't subscribe to the cloud of confusion found in questioning what turns the lights on. No, we never ask. Me and my friends, we see the light on and celebrate regardless but sometimes the light doesn't matter when we wear a mask. So what is gained if this isn't me? It's like having lungs but no ability to breathe. I guess the light exposed the fact that acceptance became a dead end and it's the only conclusion I can see. Cause some day maybe the identity of "me and my friends" will just be "me." But with this mask it doesn't matter how bright the lights are cause I don't know who I am, I don't know who I am unless it's me and my friends.