

## Waves in Walls

Hotel Books

I've been counting the waves on the wall in my room  
Too soon to view what's left of you  
It's not because I'm bored, of course  
It's because I don't know what to do  
So, maybe framing myself every time I feel attacked  
Only lasted long enough for me to want the good times to come back  
And love is only a beautiful image when it's sitting in the trash  
Or maybe dwelling on the negative only negates the rest  
Or cheating death is not the same as cheating on a test  
And the only right seed that can put a bullet in my chest  
Possibly too self-righteous to even slightly suggest  
There's a presence in these walls and my flaws can entirely attest  
I know it's easy to look at someone who's crazy and not know what to do  
But if you didn't have something this vital and you wanted it,  
I promise, you'd be crazy too  
'Cause the world sometimes feels like it's not a safe place  
Like you're forced to be born and then told you're gonna die someday  
Or maybe the lights were left on, but God has moved on  
And walked into the kitchen nook to book himself another three-night stay  
No, Jesus, forgive me, I don't know where to go from here  
Losing someone I love out of death and then losing myself out of fear  
To all the people relying on a miracle who are still miraculously here  
There's no way you don't matter because your family is here  
So, bury a light so someone else can dig it up  
It's enough just to know  
I can barely handle this love  
Bury a light so you won't have to cling onto your past  
Just a dash and a splash more to mix in until you never have to drink it again  
And you can always come back  
I got a text message from a friend  
He said his mother was dead  
He said, "She still said we could drop the crystal meth off in Calexico and grab a bite to eat in El Centro, head down to Blythe and smoke a pack of cigarettes until we're left with nothing but crushes and menthols"  
And then she said, "I'm sorry, but that's just how this spiral goes"  
But I want to tell you, there's nothing poetic in craving death  
There's nothing beautiful about wanting to die

But there's something beautiful about having those thoughts  
Honoring them  
Recognizing that you're better than them  
And then choosing life instead  
Because I promise, you're worth having here  
Because your perspective is something only you possess  
And that's beautiful  
It adds a flavor to this world that we wouldn't have otherwise  
So I'm telling you now, it's vital that you stay alive  
Yeah, you