

back from the dead

Lyn Lapid

Four months
No contact
What could you even say to me?
Your sweet words might've worked once
But news flash
No longer holds authority
Over me
And there was almost nothing left of you to let go
Your grave was two degrees from stone cold
Almost nothing left of you to grieve

So who brought you back from the dead?
Made you think I'd wanna see you again
What possessed you to call me in the
Middle of the night
How many lives
Do you think you get?

So who brought you back from the dead?
Made you think I hadn't laid you to rest
What possessed you to come around here
Digging up the past
Nobody asked
To see you again
So who brought you back from the dead?

I saw your face once
While I was shopping for groceries
I ended up with hiding in plain sight
Hoping you wouldn't notice me
And there was nothing left of you to let go
Could've sworn that I was seeing a ghost
Almost nothing left of you to grieve

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(The dead, the dead, the dead, back from the dead
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