

5:45 A.M

Macseal

I hate that I still care about caring too much
The goodbye in a few months is silently pulling me under
5:45 A.M.; the moon's fighting the sun
And I'm the only one whose awake to see it

If you've had enough
To have had it up
To here with me, you can
Always call it off

I hate that I still think about that honest day
The thoughts I must eradicate
The dark hallways I turned down
The ones that led to no escape
All the doors that I forgot to hold
The curtains that I didn't close
Sweaty lips and bumping noses

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Always call it off, it off

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