

You cut your ties,
Felt better off.
Salutations to your son.
Awoke to find you heading out
With your white collar undone.
You placed a bar,
I played a game to see how low that I could go.
We develop mental pictures
And we're following our fathers down the drain.
Do you recall the imagery from when I drove you away?
Through others' rose prescription lens,
Man I'm sorry every day.
Because We intersect internally
And then we take what we have and we run.
And It all starts to unravel
Until we're less than we were carrying before.
I guess I expected more.
Wake me up.
Pictures of you smiling in times
When I just couldn't be around.
Hold me up.
Count my rings to see how many winters
I've been stuck here under ground.
Swore I'd not burn out.
Digging through the memories
That made you feel alive when you were young.
You were right to doubt.
Broken since foundations
In the structures you were building came undone.

Part of your charm was
The way you would push me from
All of the traps that I just couldn't see.
Figures the one that was there to
Have tripped you up
Would be the one
Was set there
By me.
Wish I was there to say goodbye when you went away.
Wish I was home but no place was there.
I cut off my arm at the bone in solidarity.
Capital teaches that there's less when you share.
I felt the noose tighten up on your collar bone.
I felt the gun in the small of your back.
Engraved in the stone
By request and recourse of friends dead is
"Tell me again that it's all in my head."