

You Will Never Go To Space

The World Is A Beautiful Place & I Am No Longer Afraid To Die

We sang songs but never learned your words or melodies.
(We're moving on.)
We ran far beyond the lights cast on these streets.
(We're standing up.)
Dazed and tired, we're still standing.
Always anxious, somehow breathing.
Never certain but still searching.
You parked your car out on my lawn and came inside.
I'm shaking off the sinking feeling in my gut and I am screaming "wake up."
Is this a dream or reality?
When I wake will I still be asleep?
Can I ever trust anything?
I guess I'll rest and just let it be.
(Wake up.)
Is there a way to get into it or should I try to get over it?
Did we dream when we were skeletons or did we just wish for our skin?