

Nightmare

Zach Callison

He hasn't been himself for quite a while
He won't crack a smile
Prosecutor in his own trial
As the floor below him becomes so fertile
By his very own vile nile in exile source
But the pitter patter of his tears
On the bathroom tile

All his friends are dead
Heh, hold your dread
Not in the literal sense
He's just incensed
By his own dense
Defense of the friends
That pretend to care at his expense
Until he's dispensed
But that's just his two cents
In case you were on the fence

All option exhausted
So he writes poetry like Nas did
Just face it you lost kid
Just close the garage door
And let your face get exhausted
Like your playing in boss
You're nothing but than your feelings
From your floor to your ceilings
And out through your bloodshot ocular faucets

Boy versus brain
White noise versus the sane
Always versus the same
Cries for help exclaim
That he's beyond repair
He'll swear
He'll despair
He'll stare
Straight ahead in the mirror
At the source of his waking nightmare

(Are you writin' this down Christie? Yeah)

Most can't sleep at night
They see the faces they missed
Try as he might somethings amiss
He can only see his
Fake plastic smile
The only problem with diplomacy is
The more he lies about happiness
The more lonely he gets

He's standing on a bluff
Overlooking the city
The city's biggest bluff
Is making itself look so pretty
He tells himself to be tough
Isolated and gritty

But gritty's kinda hard
When his brain's run by committee

He remembers too vivid
When he admitted
He benefited
From her arm being slit from when he was pitted
Against the alited
But he was acquitted
'round when he submitted
Two descriptions retrofitted
So afflictions were omitted

But no surprise the nightmares only get worse
When he takes the pills
For the first time
Poison is some kind
Kill the noise in his own mind
He's seriously delirious and deliriously serious
Oh my dear sister Christie
I think his end might be nearin' us
Nothing can fix the fear in us

So who do I speak of
And why is he gray
He rejects all his love
See the prices he pays
To his vices he caves
In a crisis of fates
No tragic history
Only a mystery
So I say to you
Who?
Why don't you tell me?