

New Romantics

Hands Like Houses

A hopeless romantic, self-medicated on reality;
A misunderstanding is all that anyone can see in me. Pulling up the floor to go deeper down,
tearing at the soil to find the ground. I'm trying to find myself,
coming back to the same words to try to tell a different story.
I'm farther from myself,
coming back to the same words, in hope they come alive without me. A moment's reflection has given me a
second chance to heal;
A loss of connection in matching up my words to how I feel. I've taken on too much, empty pages on the floor,
Tearing volumes from the shelf to find what I've been looking for...
Then it hit me. Well, I haven't changed. I'm still the same man I was before.
Well, I haven't changed, I'm still the same man I was, just trying to find myself... I'm trying to find myself,
coming back to the same words.
I'm farther from myself, coming back to the same words.

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