Closure

PAINTED ZEROS

It may not be happy, but it's still a song of love.
Years have passed by, but still it's not enough.
What horror: desire.
I've spent my whole life feeling exposed.
Closure's hard to talk about when it's something you don't know...and what do I know?
I'm just a ghost of a dead lover from a past summer.
What do I know?
I'm just a ghost in love with someone who never was.
Who's in love with someone who doesn't exist.
Who's in love with an idea, a myth.
Here is memory's graveyard: do you pay respects to your dead?
Or do you let them lie there alone, buried deep in your head?
Oh god, please make me see that our time together wasn't just a dream.
Dear GOD, please make me believe that there's meaning in our lives' tiny tragedies.
But what do I know?
I'm just a ghost of a girl who thought she understood the world.
The great mistake of youth: confusing feeling for truth.
And though you cannot separate the two, I admit that I'm in love with something that doesn't exist.
I'm in love with the Ideal of fiction.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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