

Slow to Standing

Fairweather

Forcing this to bend until breaking it apart.
Supposing this doesn't have to be anymore than thought.
For now it's not, and if I could just talk to you,
and not want to tell it all. Because it seems,
I've always known things change, they change.
Just give it time, so the only consolation is the feeling,
that I'm going on anyway.
Where motions slow to standing.
I'm building to indifference and dulled inside.
Wait on saying all your thinking out loud.
These wounds are healing, it's worth leaving alone now.
These words are reactions to this that I will,
never be alright.

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