My Own Private South Oaks

Crime In Stereo

The weight's been slipping away for days.
Sleeping on the floor and trying hard not to breathe,
it seems this just might be unravelling me.
I woke up just in time
to watch my friends fall apart.
I fear I've been dreaming for far too long.
It's not the silence that haunts;
It's the dark.So I've been counting the missed steps
and scrawling them all down
in a notebook marked second chances
I used to keep around.
It was mostly sketches of deep skies
and a few other places that I've been;
the phone number of a fellow tortured soul
I know I'll call once I learn to let people in.Restart. Rewind.
Reframe the image to a legible size.
Stand straight. Don't hide
the bloodstains you wear so well with pride.
Encouragement
like healing would ever need a reason...
They're only telling me the good things,
any more bad news they just might find me dead.Focus on this:
Take time to go heal on your own.
Focus on anything.
Restart a heart thicker than bone.Second chance-faded memories,
and all those times I watched in awe.
Always somewhat slipping,
now I'm bored again.For days and for weeks, (Focus on this.)
never lose time again.
Never lose time watching it all. (Focus on anything.)
Strengthen the ones that have kept me whole.
Focus on this:
Take time to go heal on your own.
Focus on anything.
Restart a heart thicker than bone.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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