

Parachute

Mortimer Nova

i can smell you on my bed, on my pillow, in the bedroom, we once shared
i turn my face to hide my head, from the background and the vision of you there what's the point of breathing if
you can't enjoy what you should be living
but you're living and you're living and you're living i pull the covers over tight, and start hiding, from the
feelings, i once had
if i could just suffocate, and be lifted to existence without pain what's the point of breathing if you can't enjoy
what you should be living
but you're living and you're living and you're living these cuts are from you
from my hand
that you forced and these cuts are from you
from my hand that you forced parachute
let me go

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