Glutton for Tragedy

Brandtson

hopes rise. desire.
build something out of nothing.
happiness in the distance.
built this for you.
only good intentions.
feeling this in the distance.
hours in the sun with sand stuck on my skin.
and when i'm finally done the waves come crashing in.
i don't mind the waiting though the days are like the sand.
bottle caps and broken glass cut my feet again.
watch it all fall down.
rebuild from what's left.
it's not what i want.
it's what i get.
what i expect.
yet there's nothing left

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