Make Like a Computer and Get With the Program

Curl Up and Die

When we see each other again will it be this cold? tired from the week and unscheduled events i hope i understand. wide awake, my eyelashes desperately flutter to let myself fall back into what she had woven so well. sealed lungs shut with your open mouth to my spine. early morning to make it through this haze, beautiful memories now only haunt me. things like this never last. wasted time rearranging what i was trying to omit, leaving the saliva scented ruin upon my wrists. so young, wasting this tired life on endless thoughts and endless nights, and i end up nothing to you, not a fucking thing and i am fucked up again. (i was nothing to you.) i guess the talents will always outweigh the flowing constant streaming so perfectly through, trying to erase the now for then. i have dreamt every night of being on that train with you, but i won't be on that train tonight. i'm not at your convience.

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