

The Unbearable Burden of Always Being Right

Drowningman

take heart attacks without cracking a smile and we learned from the guys who always get it right and if you lift us up you'll always let us down. when you're five feet away it should feel like fifty-five. we never gave them a moments peace or the satisfaction of seeing us break down. the pen and the ink they stab start through the heart draws on lies and the feelings will start at the back of your knees and we'll watch through the holes strategically cut in your bathroom walls while you choke. perfectly timed and it's taken us years and the sickness still lives like cement in your veins. with your eyes glued back to these spots on your walls. perfectly timed and its taken us years to find in ourselves the strength to concede. to admit that we're wrong. to admit to the things that we've done. this is my life i will not be ashamed. close to me. close enough. reach inside and take what you want. who's the one that picks up the peices on your own bathroom floor. found fault in almost anyone. ruined almost everything. sticks like the ords on the tip fo my tongue. looks for a way to come out all wrong. paper answers everything. we just like the way these words look on the page. paper answers everything. i can't find a thing at all in here. paper answers everything. at least it did. paper answers almost everything.

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