

Grand Edge, MI

Dads

(I'm looking at) pictures of myself smiling
with people I don't talk to or even talk shit on anymore,
I want to talk about them with you.
I want to tell you about my past,
I want to tell you about trips I took when I was running away
or fist fights I got into that got me out of class.
I want to tell you about everything,
I wish you could've been there,
I wish you could've saved me that summer I swore
pictures of planes crashing into bridges was the only way to express how I felt,
making broken seals in dissolvable stitches
tracing new found veins into each tiny digit,
and staring at screens,
living life around a battery,
"oh i'm sorry, I can't go out,
I'm stuck inside,
watching everything eventually go."But I'm happy
because if you let me
I will watch you die.
I can't take how easily the earth moves underneath my feet
but i'm too restless to sleep, no I haven't even rest in weeks.
I've been trying to find myself in others
similarities that I could see
is this all real life, or is this just all bad TV?
Why are we so afraid to watch the dead when they finally die?
Is it because we see their opportunities pass them by?
There's a family in a cemetery,
there's a family in a home,
If I can't even afford a grave for myself
than why am I so afraid of dying alone?

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

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