From One to Six Hundred Kilometers

Dillon

The most tender thing you've said to me
is that i suffer from paranoia
sometimes when i wish to kill
i count from one to six hundred kilometersyet i fail to feel
i sail to sea
i fail to behave rationally
and i fail to grip
i fail to keep
i fail to think about me"if i were able to hate
perhaps hatred would bring me relief
i ought to have a steel brow
and a heart of stone"yet you failed to feel
you sailed to sea
you failed to embrace my insecurities
and i failed to grip
i failed to keep
i failed to think about me

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