

Even on dark and dingy days, my heart is where you stay.
Pick apart the little lies you left inside that I'd
love to disguise. Quite content to
watch our world spin through cocktail cubes
and remember a dream that once held your heart for a few.

Heaven knows my days are spent in bed,
nursing anything that gets you out of my head.
A whimsical view on your sweet reprieve,
takes you far away from little ol' me.
All I felt went into this whimsical hymn.
Glass breaks the fall while
lips play along my favorite malt.

Gasp wind through a straw and break open a stitch,
rage over all the time I've called it quits. Consumed
by remnants of desire that once graced arid lips
Accidents happen and acting is admirable, but
the time lost in your eyes was simply—
invaluable