

Witness "God's Favorite Sketches"

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Hair is scribbled on the pillows where I'm watching her sleep

As I ponder if I'm on the wrong side of a dream

Illustrated from a page of god's favorite sketches

But I guess that he suggested she edit me from the scene

She's been depicted in complimentary colors designed to distract the viewer from her black and white demeanor

Complete with a dash of burgundy to symbolize heart,

Which I'm starting to notice ain't exactly her brightest feature

I feel connected with the negative space

That's been respectfully shaded to signify a human life

I called it love and she called it suicide

Cause if we're gonna do it

Then we better do it right

I've never met him, but I question his selection of position

As the missing jigsaw that doesn't fit

This picture needs a frame

And I needs a pane of glass

That can separate the subject

From the days that they missed

Our little microcosm might have blossomed into something better

But I doubt we'll ever know, no, we'll never know

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