

Closed At Sunset

"Irish Car Bomb"

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Mark falls on 31. You've been waiting for December to come. "I challenge you to match my faith; I'm asking you to act with grace when I'm not around. Behind my back is where it counts." You're a double edged sword; this is a two way street. It's killing me. If death kissed me on the lips right now, I'd leave you deep in debt, but I'm good for it, I swear. And when we're finally alone, you'll ask me "Where have these hands been? You reek of wandering and infidelity." But I never made a promise. That question's loaded, but you'll ask me anyway. I never made you promise. Every day I contemplate my disease and the monster I've become. I do it and you know it; my heavy heart could weigh this whole thing down. "Behind my back is when it counts." I guess I'm selfish enough to tear us apart. Breathe deep let the blue plane air fill your lungs. I know it feels exceptional, but don't move fast 'cause your body's broken - that's why I'm here

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