

Glue

"Early Morning Silence"

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My paradise is gone, and you have thirty seconds to
wake up
From a nightmare with a flooding rush
Of memories like this one,
Caressing your inventive side
I find pride is my enemy most of the time
Obsessed with finding answers, guided by voices
The choices I've made have been cancerous
Suppose this were you, tell me how would you live
Energy all spent, with nothing left to give
Except a rib and your blessing to be free
Doesn't sound much like a fair trade to me
Obviously it was finding the better of both worlds
No matter how much it hurts, and we both deserve
The company we keep to let us get good sleep
I'm not weak right now, but it's not worth it to eat
It was never part of the plan to end up like this
And I'm not trying to die for the things I can't admit

This morning I woke up, the ceiling was spinning
My eyes couldn't adjust, the sun was beginning
To pry open the shades and burn through cotton skies
I reached over to hold you but you were cold as night
The room was hot, but your body felt different
I tried to wake you up, but your head never lifted
I was whispering into your ear "please don't leave"
She was sleeping in gods arms where I couldn't reach
Her face was against my chest, the silence was singing

The song of innocence, feeling like children again
The moment was stuck, I couldn't breathe
I screamed for someone to help us up here... please
Nobody was there, just me and my love
Wrapped up in the blankets that meant so much
Touching her skin against mine the life slipped away
God stole my heart, but left my body here to stay

Went to sleep early, You have to be at school by 8
Got out my flashlight to write and not keep her awake,
I stay up too late, always tired in the morning,
She's kisses me goodbye while I'm half asleep
yawning,

It's not that I'm lazy; I've got things to do,
Not trying to say my art is more important than you,
My epiphanies are killing me, but I'm keeping it quiet,
I love to see see angels painting on the inside of her
eyelids,
Locked at the legs, if I move she'll wake up,
So I stay in this position till my whole body's numb,
When the room is still, I write to the rhythm of her
pulse,
But it's always perfect speed so my thoughts are never
rushed
Sometimes you roll over and try to mumble goodnight,
I laugh because your hair is always sticking up to the
right,
Brush it away from your face because your smile is on,
Whisper goodnight my love and turn my flashlight off.

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