

Haste

"Evidence Of Wasted Ink"

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Should we raise our voices just to break the silence with no substance? Bearing into this page with the weight of a thousand restless words. I'm holding on to something long since dead it's keeping me from living. I need to know just how it feels to let this go. When it all comes down you are closer to the edge than you thought you would be. It's said and done out there at the end still without you here. So content with watching, tearing down, and forgetting what we are given. Given everything, not content with anything. Tied down by situations at an end and left with compromise. Compromising standards, we're only half of what we should be. Start facing circumstances, stop filling space with nothingness we're losing. Losing what we've worked for and satisfied with a dead end. It's still true. I've grown tired of the give and take, want someone who can give me everything I need. When it all comes down you are closer to the edge than you thought you would be. It's said and done out there at the end still without you here.

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