

Ruination

"Repetition"

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It's just as cold here as I left it and it's the end of August.
There's no change at all anymore just faces and occasionally the tone of voice.
I'll probably fall asleep on my couch again, watching some Cusack movie.
I've played the ghost here for far to fucking long.

There is nothing appealing here just concrete and memories.
Brick by brick are the walls I call home.
Didn't you know I'd rather be anywhere but here?
In a few months it'll start all over again.
Again and again I need to let go.
Of every word I never said, of every promise remaining unfulfilled
For what it's worth this is who I am.
Repetition is all I know.

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