

Dead Poetic "Motorcycle"

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Feeling low, like I'm ready crack and slowly moving
from bending to breaking.
I stay diluted to avoid the pain, but I give her more than
she can take.
I'm only killing the only haven, the still asylum I haven't
destroyed yet.
And when it's gone, I'm left with nothing.

This isn't what we counted on. This isn't what we said
it'd be.
The fantasy is dead, and I cannot feel it.
This isn't what we counted on. This isn't what we said
it'd be.
The fantasy is dead, and long forgotten.

I told her she was killing me and she said she was
already dead.
Every ounce of emotion fades, and I promise you it'll
end someday. I hope.
I'm only hoping that this is common. She's all I'm left
with when all this fades away.
And when it's gone I'm left with nothing.

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She doesn't need it. She doesn't need it.
My optimism is masking my failure.

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