

My Former Self

"I'll Be Careful, You'll Be Dead"

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And this will be
Relatively painless
With an impact like a train wreck
And you believe
There is no escape yet
You will find it through your headset

Sorry this machine is speeding
So fast that I threw you off
Words you spread in privacy are killing me
I know I hurt you
But I'll hurt you more if I don't let you go

My bags are packed
Train ride to a guilt trip
Recited, like words you memorized from movie scripts
But the scene we cannot edit
And when the credits end
No one knows where happy endings just might end up
next

Sorry this machine is speeding
So fast that I threw you off
Words you spread in privacy are killing me
I know I hurt you
But I'll hurt you more if I don't let you go

Every little thing's amounted to nothing but here I am

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