

Dear Anneliese "Acceptance"

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Tonight,
I've spoken of holding nervous hands
As a remedy to the lives that we lead

I swear that I'll fix this
Like I'd load a gun
This time I won't make for the door
Like a boy who only knows how to run

Full speed ahead,
Roulette is not the same
When you can't chose
Between three or four,
Maybe twenty more and I'll be on my way home

Down the hall waving you goodbye
Without you choking on my words
What's left to say, if we start fighting

Down the hall,
Grab your bags and run

The choice is yours

Running down the hall,
With your bags in hand
And your heart at the end of the road

I hear the air is overlooked
So look closer,
And tell me what you've found

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