

A Whisper Rising

"Dreaming Of Throwing Up"

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So I'm looking at this bottle, and this bottle, it speaks to me.
It says get off the fucking train, so I jumped down.
These metaphors are for assholes, and I'm not different.
I'll get to what I mean, but slowly.
Roses and poetry; that's all you want to be?
It's not alive, and not dead. It's looking for a reason to be.
Not alive, and not dead.
You give me goals impossible and I get further from my own.
If these were lies then I wouldn't be leaving. You had to need me.
I tried this once before. It's just as insulting. What for?
It's not alive, and not dead. Looking for a reason to be?
Can we find a balance, a medium?
My anger was a heavy weight you bore.
Now I'm balancing meteors. I want to see you.
But not alive, and not dead. Show me what you used to be.
I was looking at this bottle and the words made sense to me,
Because it was all a fucking dream.
A lie.
I'm not alive, and I'm not dead.
I just see my goals are impossible and I get further from them all.
These mocking words. We buried both.
What a world without you holds, I had to know.

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