

Poison Idea

"A) The View From Here Is ... B) A Brick Wall"

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Days left before this is over and done with.
The sheets keep whispering "will you make it through
this day?"
I'll practice making scenarios that aren't really there.
The corner hasn't helped in so long it speeds
everything up now.
Back and forth, walking every piece of baggage off of
me.
Hope when it hits they ground they turn to ash.
Sing the words even though they don't make sense at
all.
I believe letters keep me warm.
I believe letters keep me company.
Tonight and forever in this room with mood lighting.
Even though it doesn't make sense.

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