

Finale

"Bottled Water And Vicodin"

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A crash.
The flames that lick the window.
Smoke swirling a red inferno.
Fire follows a little while after you.
Put it out with how tight you hold on.
A suffocating rope of hating and debating how to
prove that you just gave it up and now it's all figured
out.
I've gotta let you go and wash my hands of this. Don't
ask about forever.
I'd change my mind after a thousand years.
Desperation isn't something you should treasure.
I can't hide myself inside you.
Some broken lives we've chosen.
To fade away before it's time.
Dreams locked in sight but out of range.

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