

Seahaven

"Goodnight"

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Goodnight my Love, my lovely Love. Goddamn shame
to be a traitor.
I've got God in a shoebox under my bed waiting for my
finger.
We both look better in the dark so I'll do it while were
sleeping,
That way I will not reflect my father's defining feature.
The absence of consciousness, welcomes the presence
of formulated manipulation.
I won't feel a thing if you don't.
Feel what I feel and you'll find faith to believe in God.
God I need you, because I am familiar with the Devil.
I've been waiting for the sun to come and dry up all this
rain,
But I'm caught out in the storm.
It's three a.m. and I've got you good. I've got you right
where I want you.
It must be easy to hold your tongue now with help from
a forty-five.
"Next Exit: One Mile" it read, but you're moving a mile a
minute.
That gives you around sixty seconds before you reach
your destination.
Where will you go?
I won't feel a thing if you don't.
Your safety came with distance but you foolishly fell
into consistency.
Place your hand where it does not belong and I'll be a
reminder of your size.
Your steady way mirrors the end, the vibrance that fill
the pillow behind the head.
The one you chose to live within, the one that said, that
one that says.
Black quite quickly.
White next swiftly.
Oh so sorry.
Buenas Noches.

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