

# Tilt

## "One Day"

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It got to resembling a vaudeville show, the show of  
shows, such comedy =  
unserpassed as juvenile theatrics go, but who am I to  
tell you to =  
contain yourself? And who are you to tell me to control  
it? When we both =  
have prepared so carefully. One day you'll know we  
never meant eachother =  
harm in any way, one day you'll know we never meant  
eachother sorrow, =  
gotta keep my distance. I keep sifting through the loot  
to find the =  
stairs, this business burning to the ground, I can't look  
back my =  
hindsight seems to be impared, my outlook has no  
holds to see out. It's =  
starting to hurt when I open my arms too wide, a milky  
white haze =  
invades my vision, my lungs are heavy with your  
presence as if you were =  
standing right behind me, and I can't bring myself to  
turn around, gotta =  
keep my distance.  
Submitted by: Mel

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