

To See You Broken "Taped Up Windows"

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Sitting... Waiting in this empty room: Watching the clock tick by. Remembering your stinging words, hoping this loneliness will subside. I'd give anything to be comforted, to feel the same and warm. I'd give anything not to endure this pain, not to feel so fucking torn. Concrete hell, taped up windows, more shards of glass than grains of sand. The muddy air chokes any dreams or hopes, replaces them with bloody hands. This emptiness is eating me alive. I can't wait to get out of this place. It's shattered, wasted lives. And I know I can't come back to your arms: but at least I can reclaim my life. So I'll just lay my head on this hot hard bed, and wonder what went wrong. These tears don't fall for you or me; but for that distant place that I call home.

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