

Marks Of A Hero

"Westchester"

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For too long,
I've been walking on glass and crawling in chemicals to
get next to you.
I swear I'll see oceans fall before you ever fall for me.
And I hate the way you say my name.
I can feel my heart rolling off your tongue.
Forget the phone calls from the road,
no more late night stops at gas station pay phones.
These are just my pathetic attempts to make your heart
feel
something warm for once.
This is the sound of a year collapsing.
The last shooting star I saw was a plane crash.

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