

That Stretch Of Highway

SayWeCanFly

Place yourself in my skin
Desperate for the one who kept you whole
As I tore myself to pieces
And threw them out the window
There was no chance of picking them back up

The moonlight seeping through
Isn't half as bad as the sunlight illustrating you
The numbers on the clock will merge together
To create a loop of neverending hell

Months ago I died
Now the rest is just a car ride
Back into my grave

I'm coming home
On that stretch of highway
As ghosts line the road
On either side of my window
But what scares me the most
It the one right next to me
The empty back seat

Place yourself in my shoes
Barely hanging on to what is real
Because fiction seems much better at this point in time
So why not act like I can choose what happens next?

All the road lines and road signs
No longer mean a thing
They've been covered up with cloudy visions
Of the past

Months ago I died
Now the rest is just a car ride
Back into my grave

I'm coming home
On that stretch of highway
As ghosts line the road
On either side of my window
But what scares me the most
It the one right next to me
The empty back seat