

Myth Of Lasting Sympathy

A Lot Like Birds

Someone cool gave me my dreams last night
i barely stood before a darkened closet bearing skin and soul before its unseen thoughts
you will never be the creature you were when you were younger it whispered
we get disconnected from our childhood
we tell our stories like we read them in a book but had not lived them
i dont remember much from them but i do remember what a closet becomes when the lights go off
and i know the many things that fill it up
when we used to have dreams like this we call them nightmares
we ran barefoot through the halls of our house and climbed to our parents sheets like they were the only real things left in the world
and my mother she would save us; you and I
she would lead us hand and hand through the hallway and make us feel silly for (cant make out)
and im here now, barely standing in a land of dreams before it and i see it
i see myself as a child sitting inside
scared, crying.
you have every reason
if all we grow up through song and story learning that love is everything in this world
and that we will believe it and want it more than any single thing
i know that when we have it we will destroy it
and that when we grow up you and i we cheat
that we find the girl and that we lose her because we learn to love ourselves much more
than the friends that we make will drift away one we leach them dry
that the mother would turn our dark and scary hallways into backways to her bedroom
will call us and miss us and love us and we will stay hidden
then really we will be cool
and the stories we were told to us before we fall asleep
the heroes are ideals that never did reach
and the villains are absolutely ordinary
and we are absolutely ordinary
and you stare back at me through the closet and into the world
that i never really changed and ask me the only you want to know

when we grow up do we still get scared when the lights go out.