

Thread

Counterparts

Your words grow cold and incoherent
And I'm searching for a fever
That could lift me to the border of dementia
My eyes are tired from surveying everything we used to share
And I would sew them shut if I had any strength inside
I remember every promise
I've carved them into my spine

I raise my hands to the sky and beg that this won't go unnoticed
Though I know some fires are not meant to burn

We are bred to flicker and fade, not to retreat into the earth
Not to grow without remorse
We douse ourselves with the moisture
That we've drawn from the soil
We breed and unleash
We're our own natural disaster
String me along like the thread that binds your ribcage
Tie my limbs to the anchor, and be sure that I'm left alone to sink

I will shine brighter than the sun
I will forever be your torch
Cast me away
And in time I will set fire to the fibers that connect us

My palms grow calloused from the cold
I need your touch to cauterize
Sustained by the flame of another
The embers begin to reignite

There's a hole in the heart that will never be filled
The anguish will fall through your fingers
Respect can manifest itself through misfortune
I am alone, and the world carries on
I am alone
The world carries on and we don't deserve a second thought