

The Convenience Of Being Absent

Diorama

I'm sorry that we didn't know how sick you were
your world in brilliance did you cut yourself from
there
to change your wild perspectives somewhere along the
road
to dream of oceans till your head wants to explode

what is your substance?
what are you made of?

and all your grimaces like curtains on the wall
to guard against our eyes to nullify it all
your deepest wish directing dramas in your head
"leave your person and be someone else instead"

what is your substance?
what are you made of?

have I not deserved to grasp we're perfect and complete
have I built these walls around us forever you and me
forever you and me
forever you and me

and all intelligence has to be left behind
to spend an evening without you on my mind
while you are better off with any of these pills
we keep on juggling animosities and thrills

we thought you were funny

what is your substance?
what are you made of?

have I not deserved to grasp we're perfect and complete
have I built these walls around us forever you and me
forever you and me
forever you and me

can you pretend to be there and love to be alive
can you pretend to be there and love to be alive
love to be alive
love to be alive