

## Vacant

East West

The night bleeds day,  
with every breath I take  
reality brings,  
bright eyes, smooth skin.

So what is left from this,  
a bottle of broken self.  
In a moment it'll all be gone,  
til the next time when it all comes back.

Come on,  
feed a lie,  
watch the birth,  
kiss the dirt.  
kiss it.

Next time has come and gone,  
what will bring the end,  
a promise thrown into the night,  
or a little reminder.

So what is left from this,  
a bottle of broken self.  
In a moment it'll all be gone,  
til the next time when it all comes back.

feed a lie,  
watch the birth,  
kiss the dirt.  
kiss it.

Searching through these pieces,  
looking for your shadow.  
Getting closer all the time.

Countless words,  
in a sea of explanation,  
flailing to grasp,  
a rock (to stand).

Shoulda let you go

Searching through these pieces,  
looking for your shadow.  
Getting closer all the time.

feed a lie,  
watch the birth.  
kiss the dirt.