

This is what I said to myself in a deep dream.
There's a relief that belief is all inside of me
and not trying to sleep,
but it will bleed a brief shred of grief followed
by a chase to break free.
As I chase this crippling desire
to understand the fire inside your eyes,
with time I'll try to realize that you're the love I need.
But then I find this hope inside when I finally cross these wires.
Not so I die but so my brain will fry
so I will be dulled down enough to believe your lies.
When you cross the t's and dot the i's, and I'll believe you,
because I could see through the rescue
and saw a familiar bleak view when I broke my neck
to see over the fence just to see
how green the grass on the other side is.
But I know good and well these self-help,
pity party depths of hell, chasing a burning desire
like whisky down your throat,
drowning out the fact the facts are in and it's still a no.
But I can't let go because this echoing promise of hope
is deep inside of this confusion with me, I know.
but soon I will let go,
and I will do what I can to let love take control.
I will do what I can to let this love take control.

Confusion of who you need me to be has stricken me,
but Love has no weapons, and Love is never fighting,
so why are we when love was the original intention
of this home that we built in our sleep?

Every night I lie awake, and I know my heart will break,
but what hurts the most is knowing it's happening to you.