

## Dreaming Or Sinking

### Hotel Books

I tried looking into her eyes to make sense of my own life,  
But found senseless realisations, I was reckless and she was justification;  
A vacation from the monotony I lived in.  
And avoiding risk felt nice until I realized, I was avoiding purpose.  
And it's all new but I love her,  
At least I think because I don't want to live so empty.  
And I have this tendency to complicate things better than I break things and  
she was somehow caught in the in between.  
And forever means forever and that's what it will always mean.  
And life is a reality except for when it's a dream.  
And those are the moments that I can't seem to think,  
But I make sense of my mess by making sense of her and me.  
And this fear keeps me alive,  
This fear of knowing that she could leave me.  
And I could try.  
But this fear fuels the flames,  
That's why I feel like I'm going to die.  
Cause she kept a part of me close by and I liked it the best I can.  
And now that I know who I used to be it's hard to be happy with who I am.  
And that's where she came in.  
A half-baked smile and a love to pretend,  
But prior to then, love was nothing more to me than a vacation,  
A vacant motivation,  
To avoid the means it takes to reach any real end.  
A sense of salvation,  
But also an element of bitter hope,  
To cope with the rope that was tied around my neck.  
And the saviour I hoped for was chased away,  
Way back then,  
When I found vices to take the place of all the things I wanted to be.  
And I lost sight of me,  
But I was told I could be anybody.  
And I thought I could find purpose in loving someone who looks like me  
And I began dreaming or sinking,  
Most nights they meant the same thing.  
And when that salvation finally found me,  
It was traded away for thirty pieces of silver.  
Seems like that's not too much I guess but I sold my saviour for a whole lot  
less.  
My two best friends,  
Acceptance and a mirage of fake happiness.  
And now the words I use to cling to as my refuge,  
Now torture me in my head.  
Forgive them father they know not what they do,  
It's funny cause it seems like I did every time I lied to you.  
And that's my only truth,  
That I can't sleep at night  
And I can't get these things right,  
And salvation escaped when she came into view.  
And now I'm hoping my whole life isn't mistaken as you,  
But there's no way of knowing,  
When all I'm doing is coping.  
With my own pride.  
And my past would fight with me hoping I would find truth,  
But it's never a good idea to start a fight with a man who has nothing to lose,  
And I'm empty.

My heart is caving in.  
And for whatever reason,  
I finally let somebody in.  
And I don't know what love is.  
But I'm growing.