

Lose One Friend

Hotel Books

Watching your muscles ache from the stress in your back
Waiting for bones to break from the weight of what you lack.
I would spend all my time helping you find truth,
And it really cuts like a knife knowing I can't save you.
Because saying goodbye hurts the worst when you know it's the final word
It comes across like a curse and I can't believe you said it first
So now the final word on the final page
of the final chapter of this narrative we made
Is my weak conscious whispering words through my mouth,
the very words I prayed would never come out.

I kept clinging onto the past and hoped the future would be the same,
We would cry and laugh knowing the past would not remain
And I would argue with God, every night I would lie awake
And lie to myself, hoping all of this was fake.

Because I got a new perspective on general anesthetics
When you finally went to see Jesus,
and all your family learned how to believe in a void,
because that's all that they could see in us.
Cigarette smoke and broken words,
My heart became the platform for everything they hated the most
,
And I stayed clear of the lack,
Hoping somebody would come by and cut this rope.

Your apartment got so empty when you moved to that city with the streets of gold
And I know what you meant when you said this room can grow so terribly cold
And I wrestled with the idea of taking your place,
But I know that if anyone deserves a break from this world of pain,
It's you, it's not me.
And I'm still asleep.

It's not about being there for me, it's about respecting me enough
to tell me why you're not.
So I'll just slip back into my sleep,
There's a demon in my casket and I think that we've fallen in love,
and most nights, I wish it was you