

Fractures

Killing The Dream

We should have quit back when we learned this wasn't everything, that it all fades. But we never learned how not to care. Somehow, it still fades.

These are the days that should have killed me... Getting to comfortable with pain. Going nowhere in the name of hope, growing into broken bones. The fractures have all healed, and I forget that they were there. 'Sometimes' becomes every time. Just wait, it will be any time.

And you'll forget where you come from, if you can say it to yourself for long enough. But you're not going anywhere. Long enough' becomes your life... Forgot how you got there.

We aren't letting go. We aren't letting go. This is letting go.

And I'll forget where I come from. Said it to myself for long enough. I can't go anywhere from here. Been living 'long enough' to know that it's been long enough. I'm letting go.