

Part II (motel Art)

Killing The Dream

This isn't what I hoped I'd have to say. It's nothing that you want to hear. To say that nothing's changed would be understating understatement. Things change, times change - I remain the same, but (only) distantly familiar. Is this the way it is or just the way I've let it be?

I lie, I cheat, I steal, I kill. If I could sleep, I dream of having reasons to wake up. They lie, they cheat, they steal, they kill. And every night they fall asleep content.

It's not depression for depression's sake, or desperation for a song. This is every day. This is all I know. So sick of days reading the nights. So tired of fighting to keep off the lights. So sick of searching for what's going to make it right. And now you're sick of the same song? I'm sick of writing it. Falling apart when nothings wrong.

I wish I could write a line, a sentence, or a word that could pretend for long enough to give you what you want. I wish I could write a line, a sentence, or a word that could pretend for long enough to tell me what I want.

But there's no resolution here, I've learned better than to wish. There's no resolution here. There is only this.