

How many times have you closed your eyes
and listened to the rain beating on your window?
Fell into a deep sleep and never wanted to wake up to reality,
with a blank expression on every face
My angst ripped through the pages where I fell asleep
with a half empty pen by my side
Insecurities are hidden with the comforting words "I love you"
meaningless as the next "fuck you"
A broken staircase never seemed so inviting,
wherever I'm going I know I'm going down
It's still raining out, and the drains are almost full
It's a reminder of all those times I wish we stayed behind locked doors
Dead space is eating me alive from the inside out, leaving a gut sinking feeling
Will I ever make this on my own?