

Comfort Runs Thin

Of Virtue

I've never felt so unwanted, not like this.

It's not your fault you were born with this ugly face, this faded out name that everyone turns away.

They can't see past the mistakes or the everything you lack.

In your eyes I cease to exist.

You'll never have to see this face again.

You'll never have to learn my name again.

It kills to know you've been forgotten, you've been left behind.

I let my guard down, my heart fell out.

I heard a voice in my head ring,

"welcome to this pretty world and its ugly side, where comfort is the ghost."

How could you?

How could you do this to me without a warning?

I cared about you but you never cared for me.

How could you do this to me, a stagnant memory?

Once I find my way to the top I'll be looking down on you,

Just like you did me.

Maybe one day you'll learn how it feels.

Won't let this guard down and get pushed away again.

You've all solidified that love and friendship comes with its press and I'm paying for it now.

So this is what it costs for comfort and safety?

I stand alone, left behind, unwanted by people I thought cared for me.

I stand alone, taking steps to find the people that matter most in life

(those people worth breaking your back for).

Do you feel a cold breeze?

Do you see the leaves fall?

I feel another year end and I feel another friend gone.

I feel a cold breeze.

I see these leaves fall.

I feel another year end and another friend gone.

Just know...

Once I find my way to the top I'll be reaching for the stars and not for you.

As human beings we need a constant to balance out the fade.

Something more than just a face in the passing clouds.

Maybe one day we'll both see the same way.

Maybe one day we'll both see eye to eye.