

The Truth We Can't Handle

Our Last Night

If it's what you want, then don't talk.

We'll sit here in silence; no words, no letters.

We'll sit here in silence

because maybe it's better than realizing the truth we can't handle.

I feel as if I'm trying,

and I'm willing to die to make you realize our situation.

As if nothing's enough, we could make it out alive and unharmed.

I keep this inside with the best intentions,

but it brings out the worst in what we have.

We will get out alive.

My stomach feels like caving in every time I hear these words,

"it's never too late and later is better than what we have."

I feel as if I'm trying.