

Memorial Day

Paint It Black

I bet you never thought you'd see me scratching at air like an amputee.

So what's left?

I've got a head like a trainwreck.

Who's keeping count of the casualties?

Fatigue thrusts it's jackhammer fists into my eyes, but I'm afraid to lie down. Afraid to slow down. Afraid to go home. It's gonna catch up to me...

I'm tied in knots because of what I'm not, and I can't share what I haven't got. So here's to the skinned knees and sutured hearts. Here's to the unhappy endings and all the false starts.