

My body's made of cells and cells are made to keep you caged
I keep awake to celebrate my sweet escape
I've seen the flames of this hell and made it either way
So why be afraid, It's okay
It's just fire it's just love it's just us
It's just trust it's just this once
When these small talk graces keep me warm
Like a small-pox blanket in a storm
When the rainfalls and entrenches all that gets touched
Making evergreens to defend against the next one
I'll take a Redrum neat or on the rocks
One of these cocktails will be a molotov
If I keep it up eyes shut and my feet are stuck
Icarus wings adjust just so I can reach the sun
So I can sing with such ardor I deplete my lungs
And my heart beats so much that it starts seizing up
These are the symptoms of an optimist
Melancholia kissed him on his bottom lip
And here I am, a picture of accomplishment
Mixture of the opposites insecure and confident
So is this a path of glory
Or a dead end to a lonely saddened story
Where I buried my confession I married my depression
Now the holy matrimony's grown to owing alimony
Show me what I hide beneath my grin, under my deceitful skin's
Another guy I'd like to meet, I wonder why he seems so grim
Every piece of him they subdivide to equal bits
To pitch into the ocean told 'em love is blind so sink or swim
And so I oblige breast stroking side to side
Till the stroke inside my breast gets hold and I abide
And so by and by I try to fight a tide that's tidal sized
Until my vital signs subside and I write my goodbyes
To my friends that are dropping like flies
It's a trend that I'll follow in time
I pretend that I ought to be fine
Getting dizzy once again from these wandering eyes of mine
I need some R & R I think I'll drink some R & R
Sip spirits lift spirits then I'll raise the bar at bars
I bring the darkest part of myself door to door
Let's press our chests together then we'll have a heart to heart
I saw a falling star and didn't wish upon it
If you're not that superstitious you don't get that disappointed
I'll never say I'm different, cause I've never made a difference
And I've yet to pay attention to the debt that I've avoided
I set to write a portrait not emotional confessions
This is spring cleaning for a closet full of bone collections
I'm not alone the monochrome is so infectious
But I won't regret it if I follow all my own directions