

Should I walk these confined lines and give you thanks that I'm alive. I tell myself that I don't need your comfort and please don't tell me that it's time to figure out my reasons why, I haven't found a solid lie to hold myself to you. Another complication, another obligation. This time we have no imaginary ties to break. This time we have no excuses left to make and the floor boards break the silence and the tv closes eye lids. This time the room grows cold. This time they break me, these tears you cry. They make me forget why I play this game alone and "after all" is taking and "after all" is breaking. Don't say I didn't have my reasons to pack up all my feelings, to try and find a falling star. Don't say I "after all" is between lines on countless tries and I don't know why I waste my time with emptiness. For your happiness don't say I.