

The Shadows I Call Home

The Saddest Landscape

Take something, talk to someone, or your cries for help mean nothing.

We write it on our wrists, mark our skin, the things we don't want to forget.

And you were wrong when you said it was all just broken hearts.

And you were wrong when you said it would never catch up.

And you said no matter where I go from here, no matter whose arms I am sleeping in,

I'll never be okay

Don't you think I'd change if I could? Every day is a new sinking feeling.

I want to be able to say it simply just hurts and the walls close in and I can't feel a thing.

And we build walls to feel less alone.