

Small Talk

The Story So Far

Of all the roads
I took the wounded way
Of all the words
That you chose to say
There were only 3 that held any weight
The rest was all just small talk

Lust, I hate it
I guess it's what you make it
Now it's said with past tense
For the sake of moving past this

Breaking in to me
Tell it how you think it's going to be
I'll bite back with broken teeth
So helpless I can't help this

I sense
Your purpose
So tense inside yet not on the surface
And if this is worth it
Then why is there still small talk?

Where is my patience
I cannot erase this
It lives inside me and it will die with me
This gap between us grows on
The last thing I want to do is move on