

Hello old friend,
You are a vanishing act.
You're sending signals,
I'm receiving static.
Maybe if he was more like his brother,
He'd have it together.
And I can't take the helplessness of being so far away.
Maybe I drive too fast when I'm alone,
But who would know?
I can take what's left of this and reconstruct.
It makes sense in the past tense,
Can't hold it's weight today.
Where is our solid ground?

My head it lies at the confluence
Of insanity here in my room
And of catastrophe in letters,
I cannot see my own hands.