

Always Running, Never Looking Back

Touché Amore

This may read like an epitaph, a commemorative telling on my be half.

But before this thing gets dated and printed,
we're going to need a few more witnesses.

My eyes are weak, so I could never focus
on decisions that have left me hopeless.

I've chiseled my initials in the shovel
that I've been using to dig my own hole.

Driving faster in the wrong direction,
convincing them this was expected.

I've lost my mirrors through the crashes,
so looking back just can't happen.

Living up to how we feel about ourselves:

one foot in the grave; one foot in our mouths.

When you hear those sirens, just know that they're for us.

You'll know who we are by the mark on our sleeve,
in the shape of a heart that never could beat.