

Rest

Vérité

I try to count my blessings,
lying on my couch
With tiny bits of pieces
falling out my mouth
I try to break my bones
to fit inside these spaces
The smallest confines
of what I've created

It's how I rest my head
on your chest
in a combination of
guilt and regret
How I've learned to suspect
it's my fault
I can't rest anymore

I tell myself it's love
when I can't sleep alone
I tell myself enough
when I know it's not home

It's how I rest my head
on your chest
in a combination of
guilt and regret
How I've learned to suspect
it's my fault I can't rest anymore

It's how I rest my head
on your chest
in a combination of
guilt and regret
How I've learned to expect
that you're gone
I can't rest anymore