

Distractions Of Living Alone

Woods of Ypres

When I come home at the end of the day, everything is just where I left it...
No one has called, nothing has changed, everything is just how I left it...

I haven't spoken a word in days, except for cursing the noise in the hall...
I haven't spoken a word in days, to anyone else at all...

And so, as I go, I'll leave my body for you...
And so, as I go, don't feel sorry for me
For life is the sacrifice, before you die
And so as I go, I'll leave my body for you...to...see...

A bed all alone in the bedroom
A vacant space where a table should be
Some posters on the walls
The bathroom mirror covered in spit

I have made such a desperate attempt to make this a nice place to live...
And I have failed, for I have tried to fill this dead empty space with a life!

All this time on my hands,
And I have no where to go,
Haunted by the distractions of living alone

I hope you'd be the first one to find me
After I'd concluded the past behind me
So hold your hands, over your mouth
And run to tell the others...