

got a lump in my throat that i can't swallow down  
and i've spent the last six months trying to untie my guts  
but i feel them all falling out now

you try to fade away from the real forget you r name  
leave your bo dy to the dirt and dissipate  
...one second silent selfless...

but the weight wraps tight 'round my chest  
and i'm pulled back down to myself  
and it chokes up every breath  
while you sing a song about somebody else

sometimes in soft light  
or drowned out in periphery  
you may find a piece of me

in focus i'll fake it  
sketch lines that form a forced smile  
waiting for this sound and light  
to slow solidify inside ...but it's taking its time...

and i can't live like this  
in whispers as a spectre floating faceless out in middle distance

in truth, i've forgotten who i was  
or wanted to be  
before these chemicals worked their way into my dreams

and i'm told they'll make me more like me  
i was sold to think my soul just might be seen  
but i've lost sight of what those words even mean any more  
i was sure, with enough time and love  
i could reach for the rungs  
i could pull myself out  
but now—

down here in the dark

all i see is stars



pin my hopes and dreams on a fickle fleeting thing  
watch them walk away  
while i'm frozen in place  
it's easy to believe that whatever's out of reach  
must be perfection  
under all this misdirected affection

homemade heartsick  
for a hopeless romantic  
i fall in love with everything  
strangers and fiction distant faces in motion  
i fall in love with everything  
god, i fall in love with the slightest smile

you should know better      you should care less

take no chances  
these saccadic romances  
give me comfort in defeat  
there's no way to break a heart  
that never truly beat

lensless glasses    bows and flowers  
burn them all and see what bones remain  
who are we    if not our bodies ?  
what should i be called    if not my name ?

like a new year's resolution  
every day    i find new ways of breaking  
all the things i want to change keep changing  
spinning while    the centre stays the same

i just want to feel    one moment  
without all the moments around it  
one second spent    silent    and    selfless  
and setting aside all the dust and debris,  
all the miserable monologue    and memory

find out who    was buried underneath  
ask what her name    might    be

riding the train home that night i realised  
i was afraid of giving up my fear  
followed the gravity down and i stayed there  
waiting for    the weight to    disappear



the terror of ruled lines  
on pure white  
with every phrase i'm fighting  
defining the distance  
between me  
and the me i might be  
once the right words find me

i could be a fan favourite  
i could be anything to anyone

dye your hair red give 'em hell kid  
grow it out, shut your mouth  
try your hand at the silent type  
pick a script and just stick with it  
'til the shoe fits  
break your bones if you need to  
you'll learn to walk on old wounds

make me your brand new favourite  
i could hang proudly on your picture wall  
write me a song or a story  
fill in my blanks and solve my mysteries  
until you long for something deeper than i'm offering  
the sweeter hearts and storied pasts  
i'm only posturing

i could be real someday  
i could collapse my probabilities  
be safe in certainty

it's like taking a deep breath inside of a vacuum  
you have to practice your screaming if nothing comes in nothing can come out  
there's no release in these small choking sounds this monotone drone this quiet howl  
you have to let off the pressure maybe you need to punch a mirror or something  
i know it's not really up your alley but the sight of blood is just sooo dramatic  
you have to work on your phrasing you use so many metaphors  
i don't really know what you're saying get your story straight no-one really needs  
more than a syllable when asking you how you've been you have to perfect your pronouns  
make sense of all of this you and i and yours and mine  
maybe let's leave the confessional lyrics to the people with nothing to hide  
it's so cute when you convince yourself you nothingness you are capable of change  
you wasted breath take a minute write a list of your wishes you borrowed time  
watch the letters all rearrange forgotten debt you have to ease yourself into the routine  
the little things the absent tears every day make your coffee take your pills and shave  
the screams suppressed weeks and months peaks and troughs  
the steady spiralling down ever impatiently waiting for the flatline  
the slowest death

in due time  
my mind may find  
a way to make  
the best of this  
or else , instead,

it doesn't matter what you call it, it's still the same.  
or what you call yourself - no, a name helps nothing.  
It doesn't matter if you stay home or leave, you will always feel alone on a new year's eve.  
and you can cry your eyes out, and you can write a sad song,  
and you can lie on the floor and wait for death to collect,  
and you can force your next breath until you think this will end,  
but it won't ever stop.  
but it won't ever stop.  
but it won't ever stop.  
but it will never ever



if i could believe what anyone says  
if i could love myself only half as well  
as i can anyone, everyone else  
if i could just ask for help —

is it too much to say i'm not a mistake?  
'it's never too late' and all of the old clichés  
to just pretend for one day

maybe we can start again somewhere  
with the words unsaid, we'd build a home  
safe and soundly sung in summer air  
and skip our histories across the sea like stones  
and find the kinds of problems that we dreamed to own

and i'd sing a song about somebody else