

Well shit

Glasgow, May 2020

I am raw,
I have no more hidden cards, nothing up my sleeves,
I feel a flaw,
Like trees in summer that have no leaves.

I hate the thoughts that have managed to protrude my serenity,
They irritate me sometimes and sometimes they torture me,
I am trapped by the stretch of my own imagination, wow,
And it makes me question why here and why now?

Every night a little part of me dies,
As we part ways and I tell myself lies,
That I didn't make a mistake and that I shouldn't now cry,
Maybe with you my tear ducts would remain dry.

I hate having to sit there, ultimately alone even though I'm not alone,
Sometimes I feel cold with you, speechless and numb to the bone,
You make my heart heavy, and I hope it's not jealousy or regret filled,
For this torture is worth neither and I want it to be stilled.

I love you, what the fuck,
I love both you beautiful idiots, so much,
It makes my brain want to melt itself,
Knowing these thoughts exist and such.