

Autopilot Off, Spring Training

I found you falling into old routines,
As you layed the final straw across my back.
Familiar with the ending,
The sickening returns,
And I've come to find out the equation stays the same.
Every time I think it's different,
You turn and face me with the truth.
With your eyes so blank and distant,
But that's nothing new, and looks more like the habit is breaking you.
I should know better than to trust myself.
When guilt and failure bring me back.
I take the beatings for you.
You never felt the fall.
It's been hard to tell who been sicker all along.

And it is hard to stay indifferent,
As you fall apart in front of me.
Then I choke on the resentment,
But that's nothing new, and it looks more like the habit is breaking me.

We all break down and we break the promises we make.