

Bright Eyes, Something Vague

Now and again it seems worse than it is, but mostly the view is accurate.
You see your breath in the air as you'll climb up the stairs to that coffin you call your apartment.
And you sink in your chair, brush the snow from your hair and drink the cold away.
You are not really sure what you are doing this for but you need something to fill up the days.
A few more hours. There is a dream in my brain that just won't go away.
It has been stuck there since it came a few nights ago
I'm standing on a bridge in the town where I lived as a kid with my mom and my brothers.
And then the bridge disappears and I'm standing on air with nothing holding me.
And I hang like a star, fucking glow in the dark,
for all those starving eyes to see, like the ones we've wished on.
But now I'm confused. Is this death really you? Do these dreams have any meaning?
No. No, I think it is more like a ghost that has been following us both.
Something vague that we are not seeing, something more like a feeling.