

# Time Spent Driving, Your Abrasion

You can count all you like, but it won't add up.  
In your tired mind, or your more tired book.  
You killed it today, as if it hasn't meant anything,  
Forgetting the weight of what used to have meaning.  
It used to have meaning.  
Abrading, watching as you shave this down to nothing,  
until there's nothing left.  
Waiting, as you arm yourself with turpentine  
and burn me off just like the rest.  
So you've drained all the life, from these swollen lungs.  
To dumb down the time, and egg on the rust.  
You killed it today, as if it hasn't meant anything.  
Forgetting the weight, of what used to have meaning.  
Abrading, watching as you shave this down to nothing,  
until there's nothing left.  
Waiting, for you to arm yourself with turpentine  
and burn me off just like the rest.  
Would you be happy then?  
All this for nothing.