

Belson, Longevity Of Longitude

We're moving mountains, isn't that enough?
We're taking turns at turning backs,
And forgoing our love. Distaste
Is inevitable, and leaves a bad feeling in your conscious.
We forgot the point.
Let's pretend that we can hide like cities in the night.
Don't try to stop it.
Let's pretend that we can hold on.
We're bidding applause with eloquence and fleeting calls.
Can I choose to stop my lungs,
And let the words sit on their tongue?
Watch the flicker waltz on the walls.
We're holding fast with shaking hands and sewing ties with lesser men.
I am the stereotype.
I am the wrong to all that's right.
Don't give up on wounded arms.
I'm wrong. You'll write the fullness down.
You pray. I fight alone.