Curl Up And Die, An Uncorfortable Routine

I stick to my sheets like failed reproduction
Soaking up on slowing down and the only thing
worse than being alone is when I'm not alone.

I am in love with what I've lost.
I do not want what I have got.

I release my weakness that flies feed from.
It never is anything until it's over.

Nothing is right but I can't find the wrong.
I always change my mind.
And if there is a need then I need it now.
Cause the closer we get the further I feel.

All of my love is collecting dust.
I'm shivering with loneliness.

An uncomfortable routine of staying
somewhere in between lost and found.