

Pedestrian, Oxygen

How do I answer you?
How do I respond to you?
I offer you exigence
I take away consequence
Where do we go from here?
What do I do with this?
I offer you oxygen
In hopes that you'll breathe again
I'll stare at the starry fields
There I'll begin to heal
I've given up on looking back
I've given up on loosing track
How do I compensate?
All that's been done to you
How do I recognize?
The things I won't ask of you
I hope I don't become them
Though I'm from the same skin
It's simply an overcoat to cover up