

Perfect Disaster, Any Port In Storm

I am late to meet you.
I am floored and I am flooring it.
a million blocks to where i'm headed
can't keep me away.
i've worried myself sick now;
i am shaking but ignoring it.
a thousand well-planned raindrops
couldn't cancel games
we didn't want to play.

we lost ourselves
for a minute there.
we lost ourselves.
for a minute there
we lost ourselves

is the news as close to truth
as it can be in times like these?
my smile is less strong
than it is fake.
i can't bear to reach and touch
for fear that we'll both crumble.
princess things are only fragile till they break.

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