

The Good Life, What We Fall For When We're Al

i'll try to describe the way that it felt to

tell my own mother her son is a failure.
his heart is too cold to love anyone but himself.
it's like stabbing an icicle straight through your chest.
your whole body shivers as it coarses your blood.
and your quivering throat keeps
choking on those words,
mama i tried a thousand times
i'm frozen to the core.
your son is a glorious mess,
who wrecks anything he adores.
but deep in his center he swears
there's a candle just waiting to burn. and melt.

so who's gonna burn him
yeah who's gonna break him
into a thousand pieces
melting over flames of perfection.
i once felt its warmth,
but it left me shivering in the dark.
mama i tried a thousand times
the pieces wouldn't fit.
son, love is a punch in the eye.
it's a sudden and swift surprise. i
t's not a candle, its not waiting to burn.
so baby, just wait your turn.
and when it hits you,
you'll see through rose colored apathy;
through the blues that bruise can leave.
was it really worth the wait?