

Two Thirty Eight, Tales From Your Nightstand

Losing friends and missing lovers
Spending days beneath the covers
Biting time with every tooth inside your head
Being short with all the neighbors
Turning down their simple favors
They never understood you anyway

This is your pathetic little castle
But atleast your the king of it
This is you

This is your one obsseesion
You're most complete in your depression
Wooden eyes and an ear for poetry
This is tragically romantic
So short and passing somehow endless
This is certain to anyone but you

Always wonder why you do it
Everyone can see right through it
This is your second chance to live
To live again