

# Witness, The Song

This is the song I wish I never had to write  
This here is the buried moment coming back to life  
These internal journals scribble out "I told you so's"  
And return to sender envelopes that had a soul enclosed  
I was just a child, and she was just a shell  
And whether that was true or not, it's what I tell myself  
As I'm running my fingers, through the echo of her whispers  
Engraving a stable frame of mind to let go of her pictures  
Twelve steps never felt like twenty four before  
Somewhere in that inner corridor you know that I support your  
War/wore your strategically positioned wristbands just to cover that resistance  
And after the exit, the pressure never relinquished  
As I tried to hurt a person that wasn't there to begin with  
"Nice to meet you"  
"Where you from?"  
Meet me halfway again back at square one  
I haven't seen you in years, you haven't seen me in years  
You seem to appear between a demeaning veil of tears  
While dreaming in fear of waking, navigating a plot  
With less twists, better endings and the hero has a job  
Instead of volunteering as your full time door mat  
You left me on the porch, uninformed of the forecast  
I still feel it, the arch of your feet, the shape of your shoulder blades  
And the marks from your teeth  
I feel sick, I feel guilty, writing songs from self pity  
But there might be someone listening who went through hell with me  
If we, if you, chisel your niche in this forsaken place  
I'll know the job is done, congratulate and make my way  
But as the morning sun kisses the frost on my window pane  
I'll wake up to a cup of limbo wishing things were the same  
Those emo kids are lying when they act like love is John Hughes movie, so don't listen  
My kindred spirit lingers to haunt as an apparition  
But don't get it twisted, cause I consider it painful  
Trying to glue together all the feathers of a fallen angel  
Brainful of dusty momentos, I'll sweep the wreckage  
And begin to fall asleep while the world eats breakfast  
It's best if, we pretend that we're friends and this didn't matter  
With intentions of ignoring the broken rungs on the ladder  
You smothered me with your deliberate subtlety and by the time  
I read the SOS you discovered recovery  
You painted faint pictures with your drawing in vein  
But I had to break a dollar just to notice the change  
My young skin toughened with exposure to cold truth  
For that I'm grateful, too bad I never got to know you  
(This ain't a pathos piece, this is merely shedding old skin to a snare)  
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