

Two Eight One

Hotel Books

I was standing on the corner between main street and pine,
And I thought I saw your ghost, but it was really just mine
So let me crawl into your skin for a minute,
I promise I'll leave, when I learn what love is
I never mean't to be the problem, but I also never thought I'd
be your purpose
Cause these night terrors can't find me when I refuse to fall a
sleep
Cold breeze weakens my immune system as I continue to walk down
the street
And I saw a vision of me walking, holding the hand of a beautiful
child
The child had your eyes, and she also had my smile
And in that moment, she was the only girl I could love as much
as you

And the weakening reality of this measure begin to erode the hope
I had of feeling alive so I adopted complacency.
The world took all of our dreams and let fear set in, and the only
way to drown it out was to not feel anything.
But I ask you, please save songs for me and my bride to sing, for
when we decide the time is right.
Save songs for me and my bride to sing, for when we decide to fall
asleep.
But until then, I guess I'll just keep walking.

When I have nothing to think about, my mind either wanders into
remembering how much I love holding you tight, or some nights
I just dive into a monologue in my own mind, arguing through theology
and when I felt completely lonely. I ventured into a new
part of life saying to myself, "We all worship a God who already
taught us how to die." And would he do it again if he knew
I was going to be alive? Cause I get on my knees to get closer
to the sky, and I take my many blessings and then I kiss them
goodbye. Cause I have this habit of being selfish. And blaming my
shortcomings on just being a habit. But I love it because it's
convenient. And I keep saying I'm gonna change, but until then
I'll just keep walking.

And I remember the moment I destroyed everything I loved, just
to find out that I had no idea what love was. And the conformity
that came with materialistic ambitions reduced my heart to nothing
more than a target for depression. When no product is for
luxury, but now just a cure for depression. I turned my back on
her, hoping I could find a new solution

And I keep walking, and the wind picks up, and I keep walking,
and I miss my love, and I keep walking. And I keep asking, save

songs for me and my bride to sing for when we decide that the time is right. Save songs for me and my bride to sing for when we decide to fall asleep. Cause a gust of wind knocks me off my feet, and it doesn't seem to affect a single man made building . I guess sometimes we are weaker than what we create. So what does that say about our love and our hate? Maybe nothing. Maybe everything. Maybe I'm wrong. Just save something for me.□