

MY WORDS TOO

I AM THE ONE WRITING THE STORY

I'm on auto pilot
In the zone but probably sleeping
My crisis left me weary of speaking
I wouldn't want to say the wrong thing
My anxiety is signifyingly less
But It's too early to place your bets
Bipolar?
It's always good to get the right dose
They suppose
What makes *me* happy?
Playing the blues
But, I remember
If you dance with the devil you'll pay your dues
Sliding notes sustained from black and white
In my time of dying
Double time twice
Jesus make up my dying bed?
"I don't need your God"
The chosen words I said
Dreaming of a hazy room full of stories
Letters in the mist before me
Words written about Egyptian Gods
In all of their glory
The Room is the name of that story
When I'm not writing or playing
I sleep
Every night I Count Sheep

MY WORDS TOO

YOU KNOW

I've always been a sucker for a fresh face
But, we don't have much time to waste
Is it fate?
You spoke to me
People tend to make a joke of me
When you're near me, that's where I want to be
There's no point to this
I hope our hearts are full of love
That's my wish
There's tension in the air
Love, passion, uncomfortable feelings
Emotions reeling
Deep in your heart

You know

MY WORDS TOO

I WISH THINGS WERE DIFFERENT

Sand in my eyes
As your snowflakes fly
Your tan from the heat
My eyes frozen from the freeze
My frost bite
Your sun Rea's light
All I ask is please
I'm down on my knees
Every time we meet
I'm in The North Pole freeze
You're in the desert heat
I only know you in dreams
My memories wiped clean
I dream of you all night
I wake up and your gone
It fills me with fright
Every time I open my eyes
That's when I miss you

MY WORDS TOO

STILL WAITING

Pout lips

Jangle, jangle from your wrist

Jingle, jingle

Is it warm yet?

Tingle, tingle

Rings on your finger

But, what is the meaning

Are you believing?

I think you're deceiving

Now your eyes are bleeding

From the words that I'm feeding

The words that you're eating

My lines that you're reading

MY WORDS TOO

SUBCONSCIOUS 2

Useless thoughts that waste my time
Too many things spinning in my mind
There's *never* any need to worry
I wake up early
As depression, anxiety, and subconscious run through me
All through the night
Faces
With fright
Faces in my dreams
Faces that I've *seen*
Faces I believe
Their voices
Silently scream
No need to "Wish that things were different"
My dreams are always the same
They're filled with faces and screams