

The Illusion

Damn the man,
Abandon the plan,
I'm getting out,
Any way I can.

Fight to be me,
Just to be free,
It may be an illusion,
But I want to see.

Myself in your eyes,
My heart as it dies,
The fear in your heart,
That look of surprise.

When things fall apart,
And return to the start,
And there's no more illusion,
Only a broken heart.

This is the Part of the Movie When...

He waited for the night
for dates to come and go
and moments that he never wanted to end.

Speaking from the heart, from the soul
about things that were left unspoken for so many years
with a person he'd only just met.

This is the part of the movie when
a guy falls in love with a girl
he has no business even knowing.

Walks around the pond
with birds screeching endlessly in their ears
catching cross-eyed glances from nameless faces.

The world doesn't matter
the future doesn't matter
all that matters is the here and now, and he's satisfied.

This is the part of the movie when
the world reappears
the pressure becomes too much, and the girl disappears.

Half a world away
distance that can't be quantified in miles
all the things left unspoken weigh heavy on the soul.

Promises made are promises broken
words mean little and actions break the silence louder than a scream
apparently "always..." means different things to different people.

This is the part of the movie when
bonded hearts
are broken by the world.

War Inside You

In another day and time across
the universe divided I deal
with the memories that haunt my dreams.
Breaking the unbroken silence with
words too little, too late means
nothing at all
to perfect strangers so perfect for each other.
The chaos that ensues, the most
painful scene you could ever imagine
we act like nothing happened to bring
us to this place.
I'd like to take part
in the battle that rages inside you
to help you fight your demons so that
you can come out of this in one piece.
I'll be waiting here for you, forever
if that's how long it takes to figure this out,
but let's figure it out together.

Bleed with Me

This one is for you

I know you will never read it, or know the words

I am trying to say, but it's for you nonetheless.

It's always been you, even when I didn't know it was you
and when I did and refused to admit it.

Now I'm trying to put the pieces back together,
but my pieces and your pieces don't seem to fit like they did before.

I meant every word that came gushing out
from places I didn't know existed anymore.

A bleeding heart is the worst kind of punishment that can
be inflicted upon a person.

This one is still for you.

I hope one day we can find our way back

To the way things used to be

In a better time and place

All you have to do is agree

to sit down and bleed with me.

Troubadour

I have the wandering tendencies of a troubadour.

I am never settled.

I despise the notion of staying in the same place.

I fear stagnation.

I need to constantly be moving, stimulated.

I suffer from wanderlust in the worst way.

I need someone to travel this road with me.

I don't want to go it alone.

I acknowledge my responsibilities, as well as my shortcomings.

I do not claim to be perfect.

I am a mess in every sense of the word.

I need someone to capture my attention.

I have more to give than what you can see.

I am me.

I am a troubadour.