

No Words

It's a different kind of sad
When the words that you write
Out of love to the person you had
On your arm last week, holding your hand
Go unanswered for a day, two, three...four

Heartbreak doesn't quite cover the ground
As a word to describe the gap in my mind
The hole in my soul, where your name used to be
Before you were gone, and left us behind
To be buried in a shallow grave, while I let my sorrows drown
In the music I used to save for you to hear

It's a different kind of sad
When I did all the choosing right
And let you take the lead
You lead me to a brighter light
Then once you felt my patience settle, cut the power and shut me in the dark

Betrayal doesn't quite measure up
To the ache in my heart when you nailed in the coffin
One last act of self-preservation, pushing me away
I trusted you to trust me, but all I got was nothing
Nothing in the silence and nothing in the words
You sent to repair me, breaking my resolve
And all the strength I'd been building up

It's a different kind of sad
Sitting in the silence, in the wake of knowing you
I dream of the day that my poems will be read
To the person who inspired me, holding my muse
I'm hopeful and dreamy, to my core always, but also I'm bitter and lonely and mad
When will my ghosts start to look like memories?
And when will my dreams turn to solid bodies?

It's a different kind of sad
Spending ink at midnight
When there is love out there to be had
That I've seen but haven't found
That I've felt but haven't been given