

When I say it doesn't matter, it matters most of all.
You're not up for conversation, so I'm blinded by it all.

The further away you push me, the closer I feel to you.

Every fall. Every crash.
Everything that was never meant to be.
All the perfect little things I can't release.
All the nights.
Everytime we were just about to leave.
Now it makes no sense to me, but it seems that when we fall that's when we land perfectly.

I can't see what's before me.
I cannot feel the ground.
But, this place that we exist in is the sweetest thing I've found.

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