Death to a Dream

We all know love is blind
And I cannot see your flaws.
Is it possible I’ve fallen this hard?
Your voice, ghostly, haunts me,
At night, unable to sleep,
I dream of you, of me, of us.
Is it possible I’ve fallen this hard?
I see you across the room, with him,
And I cannot breathe.
What is love if something other than
Not knowing how to live without you?
I dream, images that, even as they sustain me,
Slowly kill me.
The lonely echoes taunt me,
Everything I did for your smile.
Is it possible I’ve fallen this hard?
You weren’t supposed to matter,
But I found myself breathless,
Miserable without you beside me.
Who are you to have stolen my heart?
And now, you seem to tease,
What am I supposed to believe?
Sometimes, perfection seems a hairsbreadth away.

I am imprisoned by you, leave me be.

Give me freedom from my feelings.

Is it possible I’ve fallen this hard?

Love: the slowest poison of them all,

Couldn’t you have at least made it painless?

Finally, I’ve figured everything out,

My dreams are not to be.

Hope fades, and my soul with it,

You’ve stolen everything I once was.

I am nothing without you now.

Sharp clarity interrupts the haze,

And I see the death of my dreams.

And I finally know that, yes,

I have fallen.

As I fade into oblivion,

Your sweet embrace, your grin greets me,

I smile.

For, after all,

What is love if something other than

Not knowing how to live without you?