

Shure

I sit here in a dark linen closet of my ex Boyfriend.. Girlfriend.. Partner?
Ironic. Your names were both Cole.
How did I get here I ask myself, not just to this linen closet floor?
How did I get this to this point?

Remember when sleepovers used to be gossip about crushes,
When did they become when was the last time I didn't feel suicidal.
Maybe tonight will be different.

I walk around a homophobe's house
Eating from his bowl, sitting in his chair
As his only child worships him.

Surrounded by sanity decor, but all I can feel is fear
I have become the chicken among the foxes
Your moon may be out but mine still hides behind the clouds
I'm still here in this dark linen closet.