

It feels like I'm in a hotel room.  
 This place is not mine.  
 Changing its layout back to my time  
 of trauma, now I just recognise it as new.  
 If I look at it to uncover memories,  
 I can't recall a thing.  
 It feels eerie, not because it's small  
 and impersonal,  
 it's just terrifying to look at where  
 he laid down  
 and he stood up.

It feels like I'm in a hotel room,  
 because every piece is just a prop of a  
 play it gave me the shivers.  
 A play which, if I ever rewatch it, would be  
 for the thrill of gore,  
 for inflicting unnecessary pain on myself.  
 I changed the layout: the bed, the chest  
 of drawers, the small bedtable.  
 But there's a note still sitting there,  
 hissing prophetic lies.  
 There's a rose-embroidered cap,  
 dripping crown of thorns.  
 Reminders that his wicked presence  
 subdued all my safe places.

It feels like I'm in a hotel room, until  
 you don't visit me in my sleep, your  
 shadow looming on me,  
 and coil yourself around my waist  
 Stealing my air  
 Again.