

Can You Tell I am jet Lagged?

Written by Kate Crash



The latest from the Kate Crash Experience.

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Hey are you up? [awake/}
Night in this world of night
everlasting night
where the darkness of greed [and] human suffering
has been fleshed into a painting of stars
sketched with tug of war hearts
yeah me, me, I can't sleep tonight
why?
I don't know why
Maybe it's all this living in this world of night
The coldness
The paint is wet dripping from the sky into my open mouth
It's open, yah, it's open
But nothing's coming out
But half the sky has fallen in
In

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Inside me
I don't take any responsibility for the disappearance of such things
Here, where am I, where am I
I am night in this world of night
I will not love though I love
I will not try though I try
I say I don't try
I say I don't care
But I try and I care
And I swallow the night
Half of it already gone
So that day may come
And I may sing to myself
And so that I may know love
Though I don't want love
I don't want him near

See I'm holding a knife to the mirror

He whispers come here
While

I am tempted to have his hand run up my leg
The inside of my thigh
Love that is
But I'm recovering too much from living life
And loving
I never understood what they mean by baggage
When you grow old
You have baggage
I only understand confusion
And that many I have loved
The loved never died
It just wasn't right for me to share
The night I swallowed inside
So he could kiss the sun
Inside? You would like to come inside?
Sorry love, I am preoccupied
With this knife
And this mirror
And
And
And
I don't know what my excuse is.
I love you.

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I do.

I'm just not ready to.