

Songs of the Dragon, Flying to Heaven

White Person 2- Side 1

I was driving over a mountain range in the middle of a golf course, and what I saw was the hole. There was a hole, and it was winking at me down there in the grass and saying, "Come here, you little piece of shit. Come out here and take a crack at me."

I wake up in the morning with a horrible feeling, a horrible dread pushing down on me, and it's your responsibility to make me feel better about that.

Pause.

This is what I want from you. I want you to...I don't want you to have any life outside of me. I don't want you to ever go away and do something separate. I want you to be with me all the time, and for our work and pleasure to get so bound up in each other that we are never apart, having nothing uncommon and being like one person. I want to be you. I will never be happy until I literally become you, until I am negated, blanked-out, because everything that was once my individuality has become subsumed under yours, happily, forever. There are so many things I need to do. So many things. And I am terrified of them all, of each and every single one of them, and I feel weak, I feel unequipped to handle any of these things, so I want to run away. I want to do something that will make me disappear, that will make me feel and think nothing other than whatever it is that is making me disappear, which is you. And that is why I love you so much, because if I just cling to you hard enough in my mind, I can make myself disappear and become you.

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White Person 2- Side 2

I am so much smarter than you will ever know. You have no idea what I'm up to, because what I'm showing you never reflects what is actually happening in my mind. I never loved you or anyone else. The reason why I act pathetic, why I let you treat me like shit, is because I don't care. It's like my relationship to alcohol. I don't spend a lot of time strategizing about how to make alcohol like me, I just want to get it. I see you with perfect clarity, and I promise you that the contempt you feel for me is a dwarfed, microscopic fraction of the contempt I feel for you.

And I'm saying all of this to save myself from the utter terror of the idea of living in the world without you, the utter terror of the idea that I felt love, that it was real, and that it's something that I will never feel again.