

A Long Winter, Raxel Got Her Wings

What the atlantic shores have blessed us with.
A place like no other.
Where warm hearts turn to stone and the sun is forbidden.
I left myself alone to see what I've created.
To think of what I've become.
I must have missed what the rest have recieved.
I can hear your heart.
It's screaming I need you.
Can you hear my heart?
It responds with always.
Your kiss is sweeter than any april flowers.
Let may shower down on me.
Is this what heaven is like?
Not even chapped lips will stop from kissing your sunburnt cheeks.
This is heaven.