

Galt Areus, The Beautiful Longing Words

I heard the beautiful, longing words,
and knew that's just what comes first.
she's speaking a slow, black hearse,
to carry me out.
I saw the sultry, unending dance,
the vile, inviting glance,
pointed away from me-
I know just what this means.
I learned nothing new in truth,
I learned nothing new,
just blood and tears escaping my youth,
and the long red trail leads right back to you.
I knew treachery in an instant,
and memories once so brilliant,
drifted off sadly dim,
into the distance.