

Keepsake, The Art Of Collapsing

Where we take separate breaths
And memories of your perfume
Are forgotten
I stand choking on
The things you once said
The days once held close to my heart

And only one image
Remains
Short lived and reminiscent
Of your face
That pathetic angel

Drowning herself in your tears
Now begins her descent from our skies
But her wings were weak from the start
The first of our last good-byes

And I think to myself
Our lips would fit together so well

The final step in perfecting
The art of Collapsing

When your laughter is ignored
And that last painful smile
Fades away

Where we take separate breaths
And memories of your perfume
Are forgotten
I stand choking on
The things you once said
The days once held close to my heart

I fall choking on the lies you once said
And I'll never look at you
Through the same
Eyes again