

The Cr, Tears

Reaching out in deadened night,
Emptiness by candlelight,
Memory a haunted sea,
Souring in sudden rage,
The damage plagued upon my love,
Driven by this selfish urge,
To separate yourself from me,
But not the way you planned,
The gambit flow of shifting thought,
Shall ride a kiss upon my cross,
And with each moment of despair,
Lay to heart a lovely tear.
Within each bulb the salty sea,
Swims an ocean silently,
Swims the forest of my dreams,
Swims the essence of my being (...I call me)
Come ringing back now,
(can't explain),
The measures swept away in pain,
Hatred, will I escape your grasp,
Buried feelings let me pass.
I cannot kill this final flame,
The fire that once consumed my heart,
But Hope must have some kind of fuel,
And chance must keep this fire.
reduced to ashes, We run colder on the outside. A Spartan hope that dwindles near the source
of this contempt. What has my hopeful certainty for the future returned upon my desperation
and difficult memory, besides wasted moments, whose questions are not resolved? Simple things
went un-addressed, until such time as they could only pass away. Losing you shall (forever
mark my breast. Injury knows no justice.)
Swimming out the tears in my eyes
Looking for the shore,
I hope that this is the last time...
I hope that this is the last time...