

A Slice of Life

Lead the Way

My door is open
While other's stay closed
Your heart is broken
While I mourn in front of those
The ones that are happy
The ones that are not
The wannabes and the why nots
Ease your heart
For it is frail
Make things right
To the ones you've failed
For you have a choice
Whether or not
To lead the way
Or stay in the shade and wait
If you choose to stay
You might wanna know
You could miss your chance
To be the better man
Because the ones you've failed
Are waiting also
You stayed so your forever alone
But I want you to know
Time flies and memory stay
There's still time to lead the way

Signs of Departure

I see the face of an empty soul
The one that hugged me
All night long
She hid behind a smile
Even though truths in her denial
She paces back and forth
Wondering what lies in store
Her lack of personality
Concerned me deeply
What was I to do
But to carry us through
The madness inside
Is slowly coming alive
Everyday, more and more
It's becoming real
Than ever before
Signs of her departure I ignored
The accident that made her sore
Now it's too late
To change what I done
Please forgive me
For I am the one
The one that made you go, so young
If I could change
Who I've become
I wish it was me
To be the one that is gone

Your Worth Tt

Loved by a stranger
Silenced by the anger
Swept up in the moment
Lost in contentment
Wronged by so many before him
It's a pattern
And sometimes you just can't win
There's a spark
One you never had
That keeps you coming back
Even when your mad
Of all the times you screamed, he yelled
Your left feeling weak and frail
But you never stopped looking
With wild, fervor eyes
The good in his disguise
His love is not worth the pain
The hardest this is leaving
While your still sane

7 months

The number 7 rings in my ear
Seven, seven is all i can hear
Seven steps trying to disappear
But the shadow lingers
While he just stands there
Surprised by my early arrival
He stands close
Bare, while holding our child
One step, he's in front of me
Two step, the shadow tries to leave
Three steps to the door
By the fourth she's out the door
The fifth is intense
The sixth step, he couldn't resist
The seventh step, of course, 'I'm sorry'
'I'm sorry' rings in my ear
'I'm sorry, i'm sorry' is all i can hear
7 months, it's becoming so clear
But our child in your hands is barely a year sweet

Sweet

Sweet touch
A midnight rush
Hand in hand
Wasted, singing with the band
Crowd closing in
Breathing goes up a ten
Your hand squeezed
And your eyes meet
Remembering his touch is sweet