

The heart longs to fly,  
fly far far away, like a butterfly.  
But we are all just flightless butterflies,  
with broken wings,  
with no where to go,  
with nothing to do but wait and hope we meet our end quickly and swiftly.

I know it's been a long trip full of hardships,  
but do not abandon ship,  
you can not stop now,  
you may not have a choice in letting them in,  
but please don't give up please don't give in,  
to those voices that give you desperate choices that lead to sin.  
why would you choose to loose when you can win!

Excuse me If I crossed the line ,  
But I often find that you cross my mind,  
as if I'm trying to find a place that got lost in time,  
somewhere something that got left behind,  
but never mind,  
because you were really never mine.

From a distant beyond the horizon,  
behind the dark grey ominous clouds,  
I hear the faint echoes of memory,  
a memory reaching out to me,  
a memory reaching out for me,  
reminding me repeatedly saying,  
“remember me the echo of your eternity”

These tears I cry can not wash away the kisses you left on my cheeks.  
They do not water the once luscious garden of Eden we once had,  
they do not bring not even a drop of water or moisture to the driest desert,  
they do not quench my thirst for you,  
they do not console the eyes that can no longer see and no longer want to see,  
tired and weary from searching and looking allover for what was taking from its sights,  
which it once had upon its sights,  
try as they might the redness in their whites realize their trapped in the pitch darkness of the night,  
tricked like a mosquito to a light,  
No, these tears do not bring hope or vigor or strength to the man that pushed against all odds trying to  
run against the wind and swim against the current,  
No, these tears change nothing but the moistness of my pillow...  
Gosh I need a new pillow.