

The Way We Really Were

And when we part the castles that we built
must crumble into sand
It's not easy to understand
The arrows that pierce our hearts we carved ourselves
from shards of broken hopes and dreams
To spare the pain, we keep the glance and the touch
to ease away gently like the sun at dusk
We try to salvage something
But a force we made seems to turn upon us
and destroy what remains
And spite becomes the crutch by which we hobble through
But we come to know the malice as mirror only to the purpose
And years from now, gone our separate ways,
when we think or speak of one another,
it will be with fond remembrance
for the way we really were.