

A Bloody Canvas, Summers Awakening

every night you'd fall asleep to my seranades
a collection of spoken words and whispers
like a prophet without text, i could not say what would happen next, when your mind drifts to dream
obsessions over crossing stars
obsessions over you...
...living for a moment miles away has left me choking on the right words to say
everything seemed so perfect in our foolish dreams
were we foolish to follow the only hope we knew?
was it foolish for me to follow you? no...
...the dream that we abruptly awoke from on that day was a contrast to reality
a painful awakening to sour salty air, this isnt what we waited for
our dream of salvation shattered as reality slowly set in
like waking from a dream of falling from the highest tower to find yourself on the floor
covered in sweat
your hopes of perfection sought in dreams were shattered that summer
dreams of sweet summer love turned sour
but like a prophet without text, i couldnt say what happens next