

Action Action, Basic Tiny Fragments

I remember a happy moment,
With the paint covered clouds above.
You were there,
Just as meaningless as me and you.
We are basic in disguise
We are stuck in these moments of time
Will we let go
And let the past pass us goodbye again?
Our lives are fearful from sin
Fooled in believing that there is wrong
But what is wrong,
And what is rightfully our sins?
Words are meaningless and trite
Parallel to our attractiveless lives...
-we are little fragments,
Tiny fragments, just floating in the air...
We are simple, simple creatures
I remember my most zen moment,
It was when you found me dead.
Next to you i laid.