

Camilla Rhodes, If Dreams Are Like Movies, Then

Don't let this lack of air break your train of thought.
Think back to those three little words you loved to say so much.
The lullaby of your still beating heart.
Parade me through your consciousness.
Fall to your knees, no "thank you"'s necessary.
It's just a little something from the bottom of my broken heart.
Another pair of lips and eyes.
Your just like all my friends and lovers leaving me behind.
Your crimson lips.