

Deep Blue Something, I Can Wait

"I fear I can't go on," she said,
"I think I would be better dead."
She knelt, she cried, I held her head.
I thought she knew what I was feeling.

She turned to close the door and I
assisted in a suicide.
Now that she's on the other side
I know what she was after. . .
And I can wait.

A cold and wet November's day.
We lowered her into a grave,
I'd never seen her look so brave.
Now worms consume her body. . .
And I can wait.