

Ednaswap, 74 Willow

74 willows wept the day
i plotted my escape
the road looking diseased
under a blanket of leaves

back now full circle so it seems
with unused memories
of secrets not worth keeping
and willows weeping

i used to think this time of year
of flying over the fence and beyond here
but i don't think so anymore

i've been looking for the ending my story lacks
a strong enough magnet to pull me back
oh, you are that
oh, you are that

a new outlook for a cynical soul
the feeling i get when the opiates flow
you are that
oh, you are that

i found myself slipping in the snow
adrenalin did flow
adding a smoke-screen
to this flashback scene

my brain raced right back from numb
a peculiar reaction
to those windows creaking
your voice speaking

i think of us travelling at night
at a hundred times the speed of light
i don't think so anymore

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