

Skycamefalling, Porcelain Heart Promises

How beautiful the way the sun sets.
As we stared up at the same sky,
and swore that for an eternity that the stars would collide.
I can reach the clouds, but I still can't touch your heart.
Can we dream of tomorrow when we can't even get through today?
As forever fades away I will carry these blades on paper cut hands.

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As we stared up at the same sky,
and swore that for an eternity that the stars would collide.
I can reach the clouds, but I still can't touch your heart.
Can we dream of tomorrow when we can't even get through today?
I'll cross my heart in hopes that I would die.

Thought a plethora of screams, they can't hear my cries.
In these echoes of silence, I can hear the angels sing,
yearning for forgiveness, and the healing of broken wings with hearts on fire.
Hearts on fire.

I'm praying for the clouds to hold me in its embrace.
I am trying to stand on these broken legs.
Reflecting on memories I have so yearned to erase.
Tears run for so long that I have gotten used to the taste.

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