

Symphony In Peril, Unsteady Docks Along The O

these blue skies have turned grey.
our years have long departed.
the only thing we have left are memories.
to you she has already walked away.
will we ever cherish our time
or do we toss like the docks along the ohio.
it is sad to see you choke on your own bitterness.
choke on it and i will watch you drown in yourself.
go ahead and push away the hand that is open.
push on me again and i will walk away