

The Morning Of, My Victory At Defeat

Is this war?
Or just the truth,
December might be over,
At least it's not for me,
I'm still cold,
I don't care,
It's all for the better they say,
And if its true,
That I was your last kiss,
I hope it burns your lips right off your face,
So you can never kiss again,
Let's leave it at this,
Because any more conversation,
Will lead to more deprivation of you.
Just know this is the last one that goes out to you,
Don't stand,
You're falling backwards fast when you do speak,
The light hits those who are not hiding what I seek,
The next time I want to see you face, is at your funeral,
And when they close the casket,
I'll make sure they lock it just in case,
I'd love to sing my heart out,
but there's nothing left to sing out of,
That's why this is the last one that goes out to you.
Out to you,
Let's leave it at this,
Because any more conversation,
Will lead to more deprivation of you,
Just know this is the last one that goes out to you.