

# Walls Of Jericho, Angel

I stare as my weak knees wilt  
Longing trying to touch the embrace that has left me  
And I had you  
And your kindness was there  
Now pieces of you hate me  
I am not a portrait on your heart no more  
But I still kiss the feelings that emerge from my pulse  
And memories seep from my eyes  
Knowing that love has gone further  
Than my soft hand can reach  
The utmost apology is what I can lay on your face but  
Will you still swallow me whole?  
Nothing can compare  
And you continue to dance in me  
And I continue to bleed  
But nothing can compare  
I have killed the one thing that exceeds my existence