

# A Bloody Canvas, This Is My Closure

holding my hands to my head at night  
i'll wish upon fallen stars  
just like we fell from each other  
i'll dream of perfection  
but my gray skied past stains a  
sky blue future of what could have been  
should have been but never was  
regrets line every page of this tattered book  
this parchment stained with tears  
unforgiving of the past  
reflecting on my chosen path  
realizing broken things aren't beautiful  
but you, you were beautiful to me  
do you remember when what we had was beautiful?  
we were beautiful together...  
...what have we got now?  
no, nothing, maybe memories?  
but that's all  
all i will ever be now...  
...just a memory  
i'll wish upon fallen stars  
just like we fell from each other  
i'll dream of perfection  
but my gray skied past stains a  
sky blue future of what could have been  
should have been but never was