

A.F.I., At A Glance

No haven now as I watch it pour from everywhere.
Just like the storm that has come out of thin air.
Gentle caresses, just as paper thin -frail
and only- lack the strength to hold.
What if could go to sleep for days,
would you count the hours,
or would your restlessness consume fading memories of me?
Fall into open arms that offer their protection.
Quick to deny that their open to deceit.
Long to believe that support will never cease.
Bitter and lonely, those they've left before.
The vibrant heart so quickly growing old,
the warmest eyes so quickly growing cold.
Just a glance for they don't care to see what becomes of me.