

# A Life Once Lost, The Dead Sea

And the olive trees, for the locust devoured them as well  
You will not let me die

Why not

The trees and fields have been picked dry yet you keep me here for what  
To sit at your side. Let me die young and empty of days

Bury my bones under the bare olive tree

Let my name rest on the tip of your tongue

As the night captured our still voices

The contrast of the sky locks our eyes one last time