

A Storybook Ending, The Chill Of Summer

what should i write about, my life is not so bare
i have let it out this feeling's not fair
just let this be and feel your worst
complacency has taken a turn
the chill of summer starts to burn as this day goes
memories all but forgotten
memory will, well its built up
sometime ago i was tossed and
just like that, just like that half filled cup
leaving winter so far behind
can't seem to call you mine
i fear now that its time
to call you back cause youre the one
when dust meets dawn on top of the sun.