

# 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.