

...And You Will Know Us By The Trail Of Dead, H

Looking back in time
Through verses set in nursery rhyme
At oil painted eyes
Of muses left behind
I swear I know not why
Those eyes have always left me dry
She stands with arms stretched out
Towards the mountains &&& the clouds
Oil painted eyes
Blind yet hypnotized
I swear I know not why
Those eyes have always left me dry

(How near, how far, how lost they are)

I've rendered every line
Every contour of a muse's eye
Painted in my eyes mind
On canvases of time
I swear I know not why
Those eyes have always left me dry