

Ashengrace, Blue

the sands of waste raced through my fingers on the stone
The shallow remains of all that was and all that's yet to come
I can't awaken from all the dreams I've never had
and my skin is indigo as I wander where the fallen go
Oh Abigail, it's deafening to sleep in the sigh of the hollow men.
When the blue and the grey and the black and the white return to black again.
And it's one misstep, and down the face of the wall I fall for you.
In the comfort of your crossing here, Miriam, Miriam is blue...

Subconscious eradication of promises and trust.
I'm only turning away from you to follow you down to the dust.
You despise these night, you curse these days
in your crucible of empty lies, but, our time was fleeting.
You left me breathing, but never more the wise.

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In the comfort of your crossing here, Miriam, Miriam is blue...