

# Autumn, The Heart Demands

A stroll down memory lane revealed gaps as large as years  
Ambition had the same properties as a butchers blade  
the solstice in their eyes betrayed a change of seasons in their minds  
Reversed the hourglass impatiently for more wasted time to pass  
Fusion and confusion hand in hand, numb to what the heart demands  
Seize what little time we have... What we have left  
Here comes (the) wintertime, with snow to cover our crimes  
and supervise our swift demise, as we urge it to pass us by  
Killing time was a grave mistake  
Sleeping through the years..  
Now I can't awake!  
Fusion and confusion hand in hand, numb to what the heart demands  
Seize what little time we have... What we have left  
Or can't you see that gold is closer to lead than we care for?  
And that marble is merely stone?  
Precious moments pass too fast  
Faint, new memories kill the last  
On the run  
Come undone?  
I may never  
Weren't those the days, my friends?  
Live life without tomorrow  
Now it seems that I'm the subject of a tragedy  
All my goals achieved, but can't recall the roads I travelled  
Count the memories on my hands  
my empty, aging hands  
Slow it down  
Look around in this bitter deception  
Fusion and confusion hand in hand, numb to what the heart demands  
Seize what little time we have... What we have left