

Camden, Snapshot

Love is a name
For a second that puts me in shame
Life is a snapshot
Which was taken by words I forgot
I know I'm naked, I know my soul
I know this being's got a goal
Sometimes I'm broken, Sometimes I'm not
All this is captured in one shot
I laugh, I cry, I don't rely
On what I think about it
How does it feel not to reply
When they say 'Think about it'
Lies are so cheap
But there's life-time guarantee when sold
Still I'm convinced
They are priceless when they're left untold
The moment I'm tired, I will admit
I took this snapshot bit by bit
It can be hated or put in a frame
By its maker and his shame