

Elite, Alleluia Sonnet

What sort of journey has this time been?
Swaying back and forth on feelings for you.
This unsinkable ship leaves me star struck and confused.
Wondering if what you said to me what true.

Had a hard time at the first sight.
Predicting a future for us.
Prescience is useless in such a situation.
Of seven deadly sins the most apparent is lust.

chorus: Find my perfect balance on this crooked board.
Snap it in half; the edges are so deep and sharp.
Perfect for jabbing into a worth candidate.
An Alleluia sonnet is now played by a harp.

A sudden draft blows in through the screen.
Chills my body as it chills your mind.
I'm sure weathermen have solved problems before.
Solve a problem and become one of your kind.

(chorus)

Obstructions in my way front and back.
These road signs know if they are good or bad.
Tiredness kicks in tonight, as these new choices cloud my view.
claims say I've gone mad.

(chorus)