

Ephemera, Perfect

Watching every step he's taking
Giving him no space
He's putting down the book he finished
Another slap on his face

She's standing there above him
Emphazising he's wrong
He leaves the room
So tired of this endless discussion

When she says that "It's too late"
He falls down on his knees
Begging for a second chance
Whispering a pitiful "Please"

Her smiling seems so genuine
But I see trough her act
Convincing us that everything
Is in order and perfect

When she says that "It's too late"
He falls down on his knees
Begging for a second chance
Whispering a pitiful "Please"

"See me
Hear me
Breathe me"