

Evergreen Terrace, The Smell Of Summer

Waking up to the smell of summer though its late fall.
We arrived in the morning after the blood had stained the floor.
We waited for hours.
We had lost it all.
The test had shown what I all ready knew.
Death had come for a visit late last night.
Where are all the answers when everything is wrong?
No one has the answers when everything is gone.
I hate the smell of summer though its late fall.
We leaving as the sun sets.
The car is hot but I am cold.