

ForDireLifeSake, Getting Used To Disappointmen

This time I'm giving up on you. It's what I'll keep telling myself. The hourglass has dropped its final grain, I can't complain. I should've expected more from you. Though I expected more, those big green eyes just dropped me to the floor. We flickered long ago, now just smoldering ash. The wind will take it away. In our lungs, through our sorry souls. I should be there by your side. I've tried. Your affections change with the wind's directions. I have a confession. I would love to know why you give me this second hand sympathy, what more do you want from me? Don't leave me with this. Again.