

Forgive Durden, No Ace, Just You

I seem to have severed everything
From ties to knots I've bound.
No matter how articulated,
Words could not have reached salvation.
So cast me to this lonely island,
Where I will forever live crestfallen.

These heels, so used to sandy beaches,
Are now ready for solid ground and rain clouds.
These palm trees were never inviting.
My watch has stopped.
I am dying for stars that line your coast.
You are my torture.

These leaves can't help but hear these things.
It turns fruit rotting.
The tide brings salt-soaked memories,
When freshwater life is all I need.
All is never fair in love and war.
These are the things that kings die for.

These heels, so used to sandy beaches,
Are now ready for solid ground and rain clouds.
These palm trees were never inviting.
My watch has stopped.
I am dying for stars that line your coast.
You are my torture now.

I'll be floating out at sea.
Waiting for periscopes to spot my worn body.
I'll be floating out at sea.
Belly up, all I see are birds flying free