

From Autumn To Ashes, Short Stories With Tragi

Here you stand seething with guilt.
Silence only justifies this act of cowardice.
The look stapled on your face cries out for forgiveness,
the one thing that I cannot give.
(Did you ever see that one person
and the way they do these things
and it hurts you so much it's like choking choking choking
down the embers)
I can give you freedom from your guilt,
with a flick of my wrist onto yours.
I can give you peace of mind with a forced smile.
I can give you death with the look upon my face.
This is your freedom in a life of fallacy,
with no last kiss and no regrets;
you don't deserve good bye.
This is your freedom in a life of fallacy,
with no last kiss and no good bye.
Here you stand seething with guilt.
Silence only justifies this act of cowardice.
With a short story, the one you add to daily, you are the tragic loss.
No story book ending for this fairy tale of you.
Just the one composed with blood taken from your pen that you hold in your
lifeless hand.
Cry for you. Shed tears. Mourn. Wish the end.
Cry for you. Shed tears. Mourn. Wish the end.
(Did you ever look, did you ever see that one person,
and the subtle way that they do these things and it hurts so much?
So much like choking down the embers of a great blaze.
It's that moment when your eyes seem to spread aspersions
and to scream confessions at the insipid sky parting clouds.
You let this one person come down in the most perfect moment.
And it breaks my heart to know the only reason you are here now is
A reminder of what I'll never have
I'll never have... I'll never...
Standing so close knowing that it kills me to breathe you in.
Standing so close knowing that it kills me to breathe you in.
But this table for one has become bearable.
I now take comfort in this, and for this, I cherish you.
Did you ever look, did you ever see that one person
and the subtle way that they do these things and it hurts so much?
So much like choking down the embers of a great blaze.
It's that moment when your eyes seem to spread aspersions
and to scream confessions at the insipid sky parting clouds.
And you let this one person come down, come down.
I cherish you...I cherish you.
Just say you would do the same for me.
Just say you would do the same for me.
Say you would do the same...
Just say you would do the same for me.
For as much as I love Autumn,
I'm giving myself to Ashes.)