

Lament, Cornered Between Lines

Dear my love,

I write from far away. We're fighting for the good.

(that's what they say.)

And sometimes when I'm alone, I wish I could hold your hand, try to remember your smile, but...

...nothing left!

Oh dear my love, last days have been so hard.

Our tree could bloom! ...somewhere ...maybe

But it's so cold! ...so cold!

And sometimes when I'm alone, I don't know what they mean.

Everything is out of control.

And all of my fears become so real.

If it's the last line I can write, I promise

I'll never forget all the thing we've done and all the ways we've gone.

I promise I'll never forget all the hopes we had.

I don't know what they mean.

And I don't know if I'll come home...