

Now It S Overhead, A Skeleton On Display

Walking off alone
with your back to the one
you said you loved.
Stepping out of skin
we grew together in as never ending,
but you ended it.
Unprepared for the hardened coldness.
I could not detect it in your eyes.
And ever moment that I had to give
was dedicated by your side.
Of all the nights we held each other dear,
never did I dream your grip would end.
And your breath against my neck
I fear was my only reason for breathing.
I will always miss you.
According to the facts so casually you lay before me,
off your interest died.
I'm nodding with your head
just to agree and going against what I know in mine.
I need a promise not a prediction
on when this well resolve.
Ok. If it is never then at least I know.
I'll go without my dignity
and say I will always miss you.
I am a skeleton on display.