Showoff, Gone

I hear a distant whisper that is inside my dreams from a place that is so far away. Beautiful mountain majesties, in fields of honey and cream,

flying off on angels wings for another day,

and I'm gone

Feelings rearrange like the seasons change.

I'm gone

Under the bluest skies where the angels cry.

I'm gone

You will be too before too long.

I'm gone

You'll see my friend that in the end we're all gone.

An explosion underneath the stars, lightning bugs caught in glass jars,

extinguishing the light until we can't breath.

Pale bodies on the the river's edge,

consistently pushing themselves over the ledge

born choking on the poison leaves

Don't ask me anything.