

Skycamefalling, An Ocean Apart

Conversations are oceans apart so you can scream all that you want until my ears go numb.
So if it's come down to this, you can bury me breathing.
Smiles set fire to the bluest of days, your words like arson they slowly burn away,
and use your words like daggers to try and cut holes in me your head slowly risen in zero gravity.
I wont be there to hear you say those words, I wont be there when you need me the most.
Your frustrations tear the life from me.
So let the sun burn itself out, let the sky come crashing down.
Bury me beside your sorrow.