

Sparks The Rescue, Mob Scene

The whites in your eyes are just as fake as that smile
piling your words into sentences,
measured in distances of a mile,
and I will scream your word at the top of my lungs,
until my tears are blessed by your grace,
I could never let this go,
until the warmth's leaving my face,
if my hands could reach the top of the sky,
drowning in an everlasting faith,
just to get one breath beyond those clouds,
or even just one cry so you could hear me,
you asked why I was speechless
when I returned from that seaside town,
I told you I was leaving to glorify another's crown,
and I will scream your name Lord,
and I will scream it at the top of my lungs.
You asked what I was speechless
as I returned from that seaside town,
until the warmth of life bleeds from my face,
I could never let this go.