

Stars Are Falling, To You It's Only A Memory

If she's dying on the floor, would I stop and help her?
Stop me if my laugh annoys you.
To see this imagery makes me fall to my face.
It makes me cry.
You see me dying on the floor and you're so much better.
I am slowly turning into what I see.
To things I hate in those I'm sick of.
This is slowly turning into a disease how much more of this can I take?
I remember the words you spoke into me.
God, this is not my voice!
Your failing in your beauty.
If I float down on broken wings would you see?
Can I fall into your arms?
I'm broken in your beauty
It's your beauty on the floor.