

We're About 9, Graceful

aging graces the face of your life
stressed concerns turns memories white
faded relation, dished out sorrow and washed out hope
you know longer feel the breath i gave you
as your life chokes

you're trapping me with tired lies
i run the gamete of your weathering disguise
shameful fate has beaten us both
our bond is lost and love is broke
two shameful faces we stand
and grow old
dishonorable choices have stolen this mold
mother, daughter hellish frozen memories
riding our backs