

Burn After Reading

Circus Maximus

When did it come to this?
These drained emotions
I feel guilty for not being inspired
I can see you reaching out to me,
but I leave you floating
after I am free of you
I should be missing what we had in loving memory

To whom do I turn for a new beginning?
All alone until the end
Who do I trust with this task
of solace in loving memory?

I have lost the power to feel
Turned to stone, my heart blackened
I should have seen what was good,
not been so easily blinded
All that glitters isn't gold

Every shimmering rock I've collected
kept weighing me down,
pulling me to the ground
All that I have left of us is a memory,
a picture of you and me
Have I forsaken my destiny?

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