

Silhouettes

Sleeping at Last

You wrote your name in invisible ink,
For you were so afraid of what they might think.
But the scars they left, they were loud and clear,
Weren't they? weren't they?

When it's too much to bare, memories erase.
A disappearing act, deserving of our thanks.
When it surfaces, just hold your breath
And swim. just swim.

You begged and begged for some kind of change:
Maybe they'd wake up tomorrow and regret the pain
That they've passed down to you like DNA,
But no luck, no luck.

It seems only by the hand of God or death,
Will they truly change their silhouettes.
For a miracle or a consequence,
You wait and wait...

... maybe distance is the only cure?
Far away from hurt is where healing occurs.
But all you really want to do is make them proud,
Don't you? don't you?

It must be so hard, in the mess you're always cleaning up,
To believe in the ghost of unbroken love.
But I promise you,
The truth is that you're loved. so loved.