

Wrightsville Beach

A Loss for Words

Paint a picture as we're walking on the street,
a collage of paint, cement and steam.
Just like Deja Vu, still life in a dream.
There you stood just watching
as the rain poured down on me.

We were once a canvas,
so bright and full of color.
Now we've become Dorian Grey
where the frame is bent and cracked.
I am too, in fact I've been that way since May.

Let the waves crash down.
They'll swallow all of us
and wash away
those memories we tried to save.
Was it enough to be brave?

How did we get so damn far
by ignoring everything?
You we're the sand beneath my feet,
eroded by the tide.
It's too hard to believe.

Let the waves crash down.
They'll swallow all of us
and wash away
those memories we tried to save.
Was it enough to be brave?

All I ever wanted was a cool, dry place to rest my bones.
Not to drift along with this current forever, not to have to sink alone.

Let the waves crash down.
They'll swallow all of us
and wash away
those memories we tried to save.
Was it enough to be brave?