

Subject to change?  
Tell me something new.  
This shackle in the chain...  
The alloy is weak and as weary as she can be.

Shocked, I will deny the anger  
Shading my angered eyes.  
I've accepted to be frail at times.  
I'm expected to be overly sensitive to change.

Destruction of proof.  
Evidence removed and misplaced,  
Erased by the unmoved.  
Watch how she grows smaller as she goes down.  
I shiver and shake.  
Sweat, as it breaks like a junky in need of that 'something.'  
I've tried to explain  
I wax and I wane with your ever changing moods.

Warning signs,  
Invisible to the naked eye.  
Never you mind.  
It felt right. We took flight, oblivious.  
Can we fix what we missed?  
A last kiss or yet another?  
It proved right that we might attempt this escape to reality.

Never you mind.  
Shatter the shrine.