

Phone Call

BoySetsFire

You haunt my desire, my eyes deny the pain
I wait for your voice and almost feel ashamed
My offer despair in tribute to old rhymes
Of unanswered love, lost pride, and wasted time

Love, hate, and panic
My words fall dead at your feet
Where my hope fears not to tread
I still believe that in time your heart will see

From static to calm, reaction to resolve
Your voice so cold as I quickly lose control

Wherever you go, remember me
And my struggle to kill this dependency
With battle lines drawn
Between pride and slow decay
My mind beckons on to kill the pain
But my heart still bleeds your name