

Doubt

Casey

For all of my noise I am nothing more than a sensitive child.
I'm sorry, I'm tired, guess I haven't slept in a while.
It's hard to be honest with myself,
But I should have been honest with you.

Of all of the flowers I planted, doubt was the brightest to bloom.
I never had too much to offer to you.

So lay me, restless, inside the cage that my body will make
Of my bones as I slowly waste away.
Sorry, my Darling, I'm still so afraid
That the flowers you've grown on the grave of our love
Will remain long after my memory fades.

I promise, someday I will make up
For all the mistakes I have made.