

## The Stone

Charon

I'm ready to go.  
I'm ready to fall into her black.  
Oh, how can it stain.  
Why is her eyes so full of rain.

Oh, why can't I bleed like you do.  
Why can't I breath like I did.  
Nothing inside of my heart.  
Nothing to crave like you have.

I'm throwing the stone.  
I'm ready to bend inside her nest.  
My roam is a cry,  
A cry that is dark inside its frame.  
It's like her lips were made to scream.  
Oh, why I just can't see her fear.