

Separate

Destroy The Runner

I know this is hard for you.
This is something I must go through.
The first step of the long march.
The hardest step, we must depart.
I will return with more love and more hate.
For the distance that makes us separate.
Pulling me down past the point of comfort.
I wish I could hold her, stand with her.
And I know it's not over.
Every minute is a minute closer.
I will come back to hold.
'Till the day that we grow old