

## Perfect

Ephemera

Watching every step he's taking  
Giving him no space  
He's putting down the book he finished  
Another slap on his face  
She's standing there above him  
Emphazising he's wrong  
He leaves the room  
So tired of this endless discussion  
When she says that "It's too late"  
He falls down on his knees  
Begging for a second chance  
Whispering a pitiful "Please"  
Her smiling seems so genuine  
But I see trough her act  
Convincing us that everything  
Is in order and perfect  
When she says that "It's too late"  
He falls down on his knees  
Begging for a second chance  
Whispering a pitiful "Please"  
"See me  
Hear me  
Breathe me"