

Empty Words

Fuck the Facts

Ashes and promises share a bond
Through the winds of change
Words are blown away
When visions that should be
Are tattooed in your mind
The power to let go
Is sometimes hard to find

The answer cannot be found
In the writing of others
Or the words of a trained mind
In a precious world of memories
We finds ourselves confined

Claws so razor sharp
Ripping at the spirit

Promises a potential to hurt
Is anything real?
When forever is to be until
Deep inside, in the world of empty words...
No escaping from those haunting
empty words...

Do you ever feel it?
A craving that is so strong
To by thought rewind in order to find

Expectations that shined through the doubt
That soon would turn into the price
Of what a word will be worth
When tomorrow comes
To be and we are left
Standing on our own -
And seeing what is real...

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