

The Far Pavilions

Hopesfall

How could I endure one more sunrise in this cold and unfamiliar
place
Where friends pass by like autumn leaves, only to stay for a se
ason
My heart dead to the smallest act of compassion
It gave them no reason to break the cycle of the passers by
Their actions made trust a failed practice
So here I stand on this hill alone, never turning back
In hopes that the past will fade