

Swimming Eyes

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A silhouette passing by in front of your eyes.
Someone walking through the crowd,
That's just her body, it's not her.
Just a reflection of a time that's lost.
Memories painted as the contours of,
Someone you once would have died for.

A sound makes it through the constant noise.
A voice so familiar,
But the words they're not the same,
As the ones she used to say.
The sentences they're not how
They used to be,
Though still as beautiful,
They're not meant for you.
So how did it feel tonight
As the streets became yours?
The streets of the city,
In which our stories were written.
So how did it feel like,
Your hand in someone else's hand,
Your features of your face,
On someone else's mind.
The breath of another as,
As the last sound you'll hear before sleep,
As the first you hear at dawn.
How will that feel like?
Will it make you feel alive?

There's so much pain in here,
There's too many,
Feelings,
Left from back when,
The days still left us with,
These little things,
That kept us trying.

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