

Buried

Movements

Eye sore,
All alone again.
Trace the lines - face of an old friend
Your cold feet
I tried to keep the warmth, but you wore me out again.

Take my life
and bury me

You've lost interest in me,
I'm just words on a screen.
Before I leave I want to know that you still hate me.
You've lost interest in me,
I am the dirt beneath your feet.
My smile buried, digging deeper
A bitter ending.

Time worn, I'm left a mess,
And your smile is one that I can't forget.
I'll stand straight
You keep me in check.
Drag myself through the rust again.
I'm spread so thin
My legs are giving way.
It's hard to fight these demons when they haunt me everyday

I plead for relief
I plead for anything

And as I guessed, you're just like the rest
Leading me into a grave of melancholy, self-
reflection, and distress.
But you are the tide
You are what lingers in my mind,
And I can't get over this.
I tried.