

Racing A Train

Park

Looking back through mirrors dying for correction but it's too changed engraved and shaded gray for the rest of me to care off to the right the cries from me kept pouring in and scathed the skin where you had been laying only hours before and all the covers still were ruffled by the weight and the shape of your head and I was still dreaming gripping onto the endless image of you sitting next to my bed recessed in the feeling of your shoulders was all that I had left to remind looking back through mirrors dying for correction but its too traced in waste and unembraced for the rest of me to care and all through the night the kids were screaming oh so loud I should have taken their advice get up get out while you're still alive you have half the chance to live your life and all my senses stayed up staring for a glint of doubt in your eyes how could I have slipped into you 6 months after wrecking my life I knew the lines would come in the form of a ribbon you'd wear when you cut me off and I should have known which way to run to without using my ears is it safe to say you can move your head out of the way of the cars in the traffic racing to beat the trains