

## The Bitter End

Richie Kotzen

Purple feathers fall from the core of a handmade boa  
That dries her tears  
Precious stones in a box  
radiate the sky reflecting her fear  
you want something real  
you don't know when you got it  
Emotionally fierce you want love  
but you fight it till the bitter end

wading in a river  
fishing out pieces of his heart she shattered  
falling from a blue crest  
realizings too late this place is shallow

Past around the cast high cared for then denied  
our two different people  
The music box she carries the camaflage he wears  
is soon to be burried

you want something real  
you don't know when you got it  
all grory no feel you want love but you fight it  
till the bitter end till the bitter end