

Sinking

Scott Matthew

Love will you bloom
Or are we doomed
Chaperoned by the dead
There's a heart string
It spans ocean
Made of delicate thread

Love let me swoon
Let us bloom
Little boat do you care
That I'm sinking
Predicting
The end is not fair

All alone in the night
I will suffer, I'll fight
That the truth is
This death wish
Is a prison.

This tale is it fiction
A fable
The cradle and all
There's no telling
But here's hoping
In your arms I will fall

Be it Spain or Rome
Not to be alone
Little boat take me there
Because I'm sinking
With longing
To breath the same air