

It's Over

Seahaven

It rained today inside of me
Winds of dismay, they blew me away
I felt the change in the weather, whether it be my blame to place
It's over now

Don't tell me, don't tell me this is for good
And the leaves will never change
I'm waiting, still waiting for your face
To exceed a picture frame
It's four years and a work week to regret
And blame you all over again
The rest of my life is sleep, to dream of what it could have been

Broken is more now than broken ever was then
Something with some form of fix has gone and grown hopeless
So invent the tools to mend years, years, years of negligence
And the ability to forget because it's over, it's all over now

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You would not believe the degree of irony
That could be in a five letter metaphor
You wouldn't believe
And in a period of time, how many consistent increments compiled
There could be for new that changes your life
You would not believe

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