

Gone

Showoff

I hear a distant whisper that is inside my dreams
from a place that is so far away.
Beautiful mountain majesties, in fields of honey and cream,
flying off on angels wings for another day,
and I'm gone
Feelings rearrange like the seasons change.
I'm gone
Under the bluest skies where the angels cry.
I'm gone
You will be too before too long.
I'm gone
You'll see my friend that in the end we're all gone.
An explosion underneath the stars,
lightning bugs caught in glass jars,
extinguishing the light until we can't breath.
Pale bodies on the the river's edge,
consistently pushing themselves over the ledge
born choking on the poison leaves
Don't ask me anything.