

Old Wounds

State Faults

A sirens whisper echoes through my head
A fleeting feeling slipping through my hands

A ghost-like beauty and splendor
A vespertine sweet surrender

But all it left me was a burning bed
And in the ashes were seeds of regret

So I planted gardens in glass realms
Embedded splinters in myself
Cause young love feels like its all teeth
And I wanted something that feels real

We pulled the earth from the bone and emptied the vein
When the dust settled an ocean remained and in its waves
Old wounds reopened
Our hopes drowned in the ocean