

## Paint an 8

The Black Crowes

Dying petals of a love unsung  
A love spiraling downwards  
Into the abyss for all eternity  
As darkness shivers as the cold bleak light  
Kiss my shoulders, time stands still  
In a moment of silence and depravity,  
The freezing kiss of yours doesn't seem to...  
A pyre of lost dreams bereft of love  
In their own neverending insanity,  
With only the cold dusk  
To accompany their numb lament  
...move me anymore,  
Still I miss the strength of past times  
We used to cross the landscapes of white  
Even falling further down  
In a quiet world, no matter what you say  
No matter what you do, the cold bleak light  
From your tongue always ends in frustration  
The black holes of your mind can't speak for you  
Looking into yourself, you will find no one