

## Mission

The Murmurs

Silent Whispers  
Loud awakening  
Lost myself in pointless missions  
Hope to live  
Hope to learn  
Hope to love  
Hope to be forgiven  
Leftover dreams forgotten  
Misplaced thoughts, and empty spaces  
Waiting  
Waiting to be filled and found  
Spilt milk tears for other fears  
Beat myself up through the years  
For my distant knowledge and neglect  
For the ones I love  
We left behind  
No crumbs to find our way home  
Love me now one, two, one spirit  
I cannot hide in silence  
Take me, or leave me naked my cloth is surface anyway  
Leftover dreams forgotten  
Misplaced thoughts, and empty spaces  
Waiting  
Waiting to be filled and found  
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