

One Day

Tilt

It got to resembling a vaudeville show, the show of shows, such
comedy =
unserpassed as juvenile theatrics go, but who am I to tell you
to =
contain yourself? And who are you to tell me to control it? Whe
n we both =
have prepared so carefully. One day you'll know we never meant
eachother =
harm in any way, one day you'll know we never meant eachother s
orrow, =
gotta keep my distance. I keep sifting through the loot to find
the =
stairs, this business burning to the ground, I can't look back
my =
hindsight seems to be impared, my outlook has no holds to see o
ut. It's =
starting to hurt when I open my arms too wide, a milky white ha
ze =
invades my vision, my lungs are heavy with your presence as if
you were =
standing right behind me, and I can't bring myself to turn arou
nd, gotta =
keep my distance.
Submitted by: Mel