

## To a Flame

## To Elysium

We're a sigh on the wind  
Like moths to a flame  
Feverish to leap into it's trap  
Which turns our flesh to ash  
Our lust to dust

No longer words run wild  
No longer we can see  
No longer we need meaning  
No longer we will feel

It all ends here  
We cascade to the shores  
We never have reached  
But were so damn close

A dry mouth bids for one last kiss  
A new love born will die so young

Day by day far away  
As you yearn the tide will turn