

More Past

Trespassers William

after you go
after you go
i won't expect to hear your voice again
do not leave footprints
to carve your weight in the snow
more and more past
nothing will last
if you forget watch the sun set so fast
you held my hand but
i don't think you will remember that.
with all your veils raised up
who's to expect the same love
with all your veils raised up
who's to expect the same love.