Ouestions

Questions more questions
Run round in my head
No answers solutions
Illusions instead
As I walk alone
And I picture the past
The very beginning I ask yes I ask

The face may be gone
But the scent lingers on
Don't deny
No place can I go
My hopelessness shows in my eyes

Questions

Questions more questions
Never ending they seem
My passion my heart
Ripped out at the seams
Like a jigsaw in pieces
I have all the parts
To put them together
More a feat than a task

Questions

The face may be gone
But the scent lingers on
Don't deny
No place can I go
My hopelessness shows in my eyes

Where can I go

Questions

I remember so well
Like a child sees the past
You rejected my passion
Ripped out my heart
Questions, questions
Tormenting myself
Disillusioned and broken
Like a toy on a shelf
Like a child in the corner
With my head in my hands
Rejected I wonder
Through life's empty lands

The face may be gone
But the scent lingers on
Don't deny
No place can I go
My nobeless nessy. Shows in my eyes...