

Venice Is Sinking

Art By Numbers

Don't be so certain of what's left at hand.
I'm tearing up every page.
So eloquently put, but misconstrued we never stood a chance.

Waiting on others to finally discover.
It's just an empty space that binds us to the world, to everything we've ever asked for ourselves.

Our promises best unkept have already found us.
And all the while we still claimed, sanity.
And all the while we still claimed, sanity.

These lasting words took the best of us and tore our lives apart.
My final fear was the first of every choice that I regret.
Life takes away all the rest of what had given clarity.
Too late, never replace what's left, it's all taken for granted
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I won't ... underestimate the damage.
So far ... everything is unappealing.
And all I feel is that the worst to come is right around the bend.
My only hope is to reverse what's done and suffer consequence.

This is more than a just reward.
This is more than I bargained for.
This is more than a just reward.
This is more than what I thought was in store.