

Falling Upon Deaf Ears

As I Lay Dying

The sound of silent voices
Surveying my thought's
Regularity defining perfection
Neither sorrow nor contentment

Whispering emptiness
Frail words collapse
My weight only stirs the ground
How long can I hold your hand?

As you walk over graves
You search for tears of compassion
Yet find the comfort of winter
Reassurance dead like the falling leaves

Losing hope in your unchanging ways
All of my strength cannot save you
If you are unwilling to help yourself