

The Heart Demands

Autumn

A stroll down memory lane revealed gaps as large as years
Ambition had the same properties as a butchers blade
The solstice in their eyes betrayed a change of seasons in their minds
Reversed the hourglass impatiently for more wasted time to pass

Fusion and confusion hand in hand, numb to what the heart demands
Seize what little time we have... What we have left

Here comes (the) wintertime, with snow to cover our crimes
And supervise our swift demise, as we urge it to pass us by
Killing time was a grave mistake
Sleeping through the years...
Now I can't awake!

Fusion and confusion hand in hand, numb to what the heart demands
Seize what little time we have... What we have left

Or can't you see that gold is closer to lead than we care for?
And that marble is merely stone?
Precious moments pass too fast
Faint, new memories kill the last
On the run
Come undone?
I may never

Weren't those the days, my friends?
Live life without tomorrow
Now it seems that I'm the subject of a tragedy
All my goals achieved, but can't recall the roads I travelled
Count the memories on my hands
My empty, aging hands

Slow it down
Look around in this bitter deception

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Seize what little time we have... What we have left