

Elegy

Carina Round

Something ripped me open
From my little death woken
Fading rhythm of lifeline
Is music for a dead child
I'm skirting the rim, skirting the rim
Of reality
Skirting the rim
Love don't pull me in

Somehow everything is broken
Hours past and never replayed
I see the sickness of a love that
Though it breathes, can never be made

There are cracks where the white light burns through
It seems I see everything but the truth
Once more to that sacred place
The dream that sucks me under
I'm skirting the rim, skirting the rim
Of reality
Skirting the rim
Love don't pull me in

Somehow everything is broken
Hours past and never replayed
I see the sickness of love that
Though it breathes, can never be made

Somehow everything is clearer now
Hours pass with never a relief
I see the sadness of a moment
Though it lived was never seen