

The Stone

Charon

I'm ready to go.
I'm ready to fall into her black.
Oh, how can it stain.
Why is her eyes so full of rain.

Oh, why can't I bleed like you do.
Why can't I breath like I did.
Nothing inside of my heart.
Nothing to crave like you have.

I'm throwing the stone.
I'm ready to bend inside her nest.
My roam is a cry,
A cry that is dark inside its frame.
It's like her lips were made to scream.
Oh, why I just can't see her fear.