

Bleed

Collective Soul

I think her gun's
unloaded now.
I guess tomorrow
will be after all?
Who made me judge
and jury here?
It seems I'm bearing
witness to her fall.

I don't know why
she cries to me.
(she keeps her pain
as company)
'Cause it's only time
before we all must
bleed.

Mirrors of her
memory
Reflect nothing with
each word she says.
Her views have got
me spinning 'round.
I think she's burning
alters in her head.