

# Empty Words

## Death

Ashes and promises share a bond  
Through the winds of change  
Words are blown away  
When visions that should be  
Are tattooed in your mind  
The power to let go  
Is sometimes hard to find

The answer cannot be found  
In the writing of others  
Or the words of a trained mind  
In a precious world of memories  
We find ourselves confined

Claws so razor sharp  
Ripping at the spirit

Promises a potential to hurt  
Is anything real?  
When forever is to be until  
Deep inside, in the world of empty words...  
No escaping from those haunting  
empty words...

Do you ever feel it?  
A craving that is so strong  
To by thought rewind in order to find

Expectations that shined through the doubt  
That soon would turn into the price  
Of what a word will be worth  
When tomorrow comes  
To be and we are left  
Standing on our own -  
And seeing what is real...

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