

I have done it again
I could not avoid the soft comforting touch of your presence any longer.

Increasingly isolated. I slowly find relief in silence
I sense the spirited child in me gradually letting go
Its golden smile grows weary with every disappointment
I miss the old days and I know you feel the same way
How can something this special become so distant?

The exhaustion of boredom has taken its toll
Wash these walls and and throw away the ashtray
Feel it coming
I've slept away too many days
Take me back to a place
Where everything makes sense again.

I never meant for things to turn out this way.

No matter what the outcome is,
The good times will always remain
As intact as a static little perfectly drawn portrait
Holding on to them seems like the only thing pure enough to drive me at times.

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I sense the spirited child in me gradually letting go
Its golden smile grows weary with every disappointment
I miss the old days and I know you feel the same way
How can something so special fade as time goes by?