

Out Of The Picture

Dogwood

Let it go. Scrape it off.
'Cause it's too late to remedy,
The situation has passed your hands,
Slipped right by,
And they're much better off without you,
The cloud that covered their sunshine.
That I could help.
That I could be the hammer that would drive the nail into the wall
all of my downfall.
Hang your life and those pictures of how you were. Security replaced
my portrait anyway.
Remember, when I told you so. I'm learning to let go.
I'm learning not to open up. Learning not to share... not that
you care.
My thoughts are all I have. I'm learning not to follow my perennial
mistake.
So now go. Live your life.
Turning back, turning to salt. You realize this was my fault and
I lie here, vision now clear.
Shattered ego, broken pride, fractured conscience, monocide.
Forget about the ones that you stepped upon along the way. I hope
it will be raining on that day.