

I marvel at the wonder of it in our souless age  
Fast flow the tears upon the page  
Don't be alarmed I am her friend  
Will I be excused if I presume  
It's more than disappointment that we share  
You share the same sorry life, the families fight,  
that unhappy blade you both invite  
This romantic ideal has a lonely appeal  
I once loved someone the way that you do  
But I had to let her go  
I live with my regret  
Don't despair my would-be Juliet