

Irony

Frozen Plasma

Hey these may be the final words
We may ever get to say
So let's not worry about small regrets
It's too late for that anyway

Hey you eternal optimist
Have you still not had enough?
No place left to hang your trust
Shattered illusions fade to dust

If you could show me a true sign
That shining light that leads me down
A path I'd been in search of former life
I never saw but should have known

Hey you melancholy clown
Tell me how the story ends
Will it become another tragic tale
or nothing left here to retent

An ironic twist of fate
A scary view so far away
Yet I search the gray tomorrow
And wonder where you've gone
Some doors are better left unopened
Some things are better left unseen
Once you set it all in motion
Things will never be the same

Never be the same