

## Forlorn

## Keepsake

Come walk a mile in my shoes  
Before you write me off  
Your actions prove you cunning  
My actions overlooked  
No longer will I misjudge  
On the account of my lust  
My virtues of your kind  
Slowly fading away  
I often wonder what's become?  
Of what I've grown to know as love  
I reminisce of days gone by  
Your innocence gone  
Now you spread your wings and fly (away)  
Why can't I find that deep inside  
What you once were It troubles me  
But now I see, why you must leave  
Time again  
Damaged fate