

Elegies

Make Them Suffer

I would have showed you the world as it was in my
dreams. I would have dropped everything.
And for those nights when we wept for the moon, I would
have died for the spring.
I found myself at the roots of the elms, singing songs
to the birds and wishing this day would never end.

But it did.
These dreams came cascading down in a stream of fond
memories and lost hope, and at the end of it all.

At the end of it all is only a teardrop to remember you
by.
A keepsake from the birds, an elegy for what we could
have shared.

These words will last forever;
I'll dream our memories away just to make you feel
something for me again.
These words will last forever;
I'll dream our memories away just to make you hurt.
Just to make you feel my pain.

There is a warmth from the earth, and the touch of my
fingertips are like droplets, making ripples on the
surface.

I cherish the moment my heart sank to the floor of the
ocean.
We could have been so much more,
We could have laughed, and cried, and dreamed our
nights away.
So much more, So much more.

I'll keep singing songs to the birds until you return,
and for every time I
lost myself there is a warmth from the earth, and the
touch of my fingertips are like droplets, making
ripples on the surface.

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