

Courage, Robert

Meg & Dia

He saw a lonely girl.
She saw a lonely world.
It was a canvas,
slyly careless.
A florestan lieder.

And his was a dying breed.
Courage came only from
his symphonies.
A decorative smile
to fade out.
His concerto in A

Come on.
A second chance at love.
The moments dead.
Make you feel like it's never staying.

Made love to a baby grand.
A tempest refined inside his hands.
He had one girl, and one song.
Bone fide wine and roulade.

But he had to give it up.
His heart was raw.
But his fingers numb.
His first words were his last words.
An aesthete since first sun.

Come on.
A second chance at love.
The moments slept.
Make you feel like it's never staying.

It burned.
The first attempt or two.
But I remembered you.
I need that moment back.

Please don't, don't don't.
A tremor for death.
Ivories that sliced sedatives in half.
Releif in the Rhine.
Washed away regrets.
And let him char before he
carressed the ground.

Dear artist you will rise again.
A last arabesque in faint fashion.

Come on.
A second change at love.
The moments dead.
Make you feel like it's never ending.

It burned.
The first attempt or two.

But I remembered you.
I need that moment back.
Please don't forget.

He woke.
A final view of blue.
Dear cordias. Wet rouge.
Relieve romance to graves.
Please, please don't forget