

Of Keeping The Fire Down

Mortal Love

Now in hand,
a choice ahead.
Buried in sand.
Once blessed, now dead.

Wake from my dream
so it may seem still I regret
And I make sure is?

All is gone
(To the hate hunting me)
Still lost, somehow.

To understand I must?
I dig with both hands
through a promise I kept

Deeper I love, more I awake
And all that I took
was not mine to take

All is gone
(To the hate hunting me)
Still lost, somehow.
(to the tears blinding me)