

The Passerby

Of Virtue

If this picture's worth a thousand words let "love" not be the first nor last.

My eyes were upside down the first time you turned your back.

I wish you never turned your back around after that.

Cover up that word, like you cover up your face when you have something to say.

Anything to cover up my efforts.

Anything to shut me out.

Bury those eyes into the bend of your arm.

Keep those ribs closed and your heart hidden away from me.

I've been wondering what swallowed me into the ocean hidden behind a pretty voice,

Whispering promises of warmth.

It's not the salt that makes my eyes water.

It's the thought that you never even bothered to give me a reason behind letting go of everything I tried to give.

I don't know what hurts more, hanging on by a thread or just letting go.

We'll never know.

It's a constant struggle trying to fill the void that loved one made.

And when they're gone it seems no one could ever take their place.

You can't just let them go or leave them behind.

We once knew love,

Until someone you think is gonna be the one to change your life...for the best,

Throws you out into the streets with an empty stomach, frozen hands and feet.

Still standing here.

Cut off the loss, clean the wounds, granted nothing will ever feel the same again.

It was all worth nothing.

"I'm a loner," he says.

"Born this way a loner I shall stay."

Cursed with heartstrings hanging from his hands and neck.

"Dance with me," she says.

"To the melodies of weeping widows and widowers.

'Cause tonight we die alone, just like them."

Like a beaten down, dog it's hard to show love.

So he shows his teeth instead and spits out blood to anyone that shows him love again.

But when no one's around he whimpers through the night and walks around with his tail between his legs.

And then you hear him speak,

"I would have given you the clothes off my back, choose a bullet over seeing your blood spill, perhaps.

But now I'm cold and there's a hole through my chest. A public

display of my affection."