

Lasting Impression

Silent Descent

This inherited from father's eyes,
Analysing closer and unmask a disguise.
An act of mistrust; reaction aggression.
These actions so small can give a lasting impression.
Fragile and weak; disgusting despise.
Wasn't ripples but it was waves in their lives.
The child smiles, 'cause that's all he knows,
But he's missed his chance and now he'll never let go.

A half ounce of loathing,
50 units of these memories.
With the thoughts which trickle from my mind,
I wash away the pain.

Filling the void that liquid sin,
But sorrows float with an evil grin.
Laughing at me like everything else.
Tear me apart just help yourself.
Sex always rented, a room in his head,
Escaping everything shut away instead
Of dealing with reason, and thinking tomorrow,
'Cause he lived for today with a future that's hollow.
Lasting impression, days scorn in his face,
A mild obsession turned to full on chase,
Of pieces of life that he feels like he's missed.
But now burning what's left, the more he persists.

Walking onto a stage that's empty,
Standing in tomorrow's shoes.
Oblivious before the occasion,
Thoughts to spare and times to lose.
Was it said that it could have been?
Trading the days just to know.
But it has to be too late,
When yesterday was years ago.