

Paint an 8

The Black Crowes

Dying petals of a love unsung
A love spiraling downwards
Into the abyss for all eternity
As darkness shivers as the cold bleak light
Kiss my shoulders, time stands still
In a moment of silence and depravity,
The freezing kiss of yours doesn't seem to...
A pyre of lost dreams bereft of love
In their own neverending insanity,
With only the cold dusk
To accompany their numb lament
...move me anymore,
Still I miss the strength of past times
We used to cross the landscapes of white
Even falling further down
In a quiet world, no matter what you say
No matter what you do, the cold bleak light
From your tongue always ends in frustration
The black holes of your mind can't speak for you
Looking into yourself, you will find no one