

Youth

The Crookes

With split lips, oh a smile can be hard.
Dirt, blood, grit, a catalogue of youthful scars.
The made it clear from the very start that pain lies beyond the
cries of damned young hearts.
Does it show in my sunken eyes that these concrete skies move t
oo slow?

Tarmaced seas; a breeze from lonely nights.
Blood drips down my knees... I'm sick of worthless fights.
Does it show in my sullied smile that it's not my style?
Time slows... let me go.

But I just let things slide, in the glow of pale lights... as o
ur laughter splits the night.
In time, I'll grow to find that all we'll ever have are blissfu
l moments quickly passed.
It's obscene they're so few and far between.

I'll take my solitude and I'll take calm.
All my hopes were chewed and spat out (with charm).
Faith entwined all my deepest fears... and my strange ideas you
th might be kind.

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l moments quickly passed.
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