

Mission

The Murmurs

Silent Whispers
Loud awakening
Lost myself in pointless missions
Hope to live
Hope to learn
Hope to love
Hope to be forgiven
Leftover dreams forgotten
Misplaced thoughts, and empty spaces
Waiting
Waiting to be filled and found
Spilt milk tears for other fears
Beat myself up through the years
For my distant knowledge and neglect
For the ones I love
We left behind
No crumbs to find our way home
Love me now one, two, one spirit
I cannot hide in silence
Take me, or leave me naked my cloth is surface anyway
Leftover dreams forgotten
Misplaced thoughts, and empty spaces
Waiting
Waiting to be filled and found
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