

To a Flame

To Elysium

We're a sigh on the wind
Like moths to a flame
Feverish to leap into it's trap
Which turns our flesh to ash
Our lust to dust

No longer words run wild
No longer we can see
No longer we need meaning
No longer we will feel

It all ends here
We cascade to the shores
We never have reached
But were so damn close

A dry mouth bids for one last kiss
A new love born will die so young

Day by day far away
As you yearn the tide will turn