

Soft Spoken Words

Trixie Whitley

He shadows the steps
of my darkest times
As I seek escape
from a crumbling spine
Try to find shelter
found in the wildest nights
I run for miles
we lose our grace

When your soft spoken words
sound like machines in my ears

Danced like a lone dog
at the masquerade
And you embraced
these fractured heart lines
But oh the times,
the times that I grow numb
Blind to the masterpiece
of our love

When your soft spoken words
sound like machines in my ears