

Cries of the Past

Underoath

It happened all so fast, heavy with sleep, my eyes closed...
The next thing I remember was crawling out from the car,
And seeing you lying there
Holding your head, kissing you for the last time
The taste of blood on my lips...
Your clothes torn apart, perfumed with gas
It seems like it was yesterday when the rain poured down
I can still hear your screams as if it was happening all over again

Saturday, December 4th:
That night would become a grave,
That would crush my heart
Joy and laughter exchanged for grief, and silence.
Searching for so long to find you,
And the moment I did, you were ripped from me...
Laying here on this empty shelf never to be read again
In these pages lies every memory of you
The wind blew your heart over my eyes,
And I slept for days praying not to awake,
But these dreams can only last so long.
Facing the day looking through these tears
I'll always look back and remember that night...
(... ? ...)

Looking over that casket, seeing your face..
Times of past rushing by..
Touching your cold hand, wishing it would touch me back
You look so pretty lying there, just like the first day we met

It feels so real; like old times, but it's nothing, it's nothing...

I can taste the stale air on my tongue.
And death lights up the sky.
Hope finds itself it and it ends, stopping at my thoughts
Pictures of you help bring back the tears

Walking in the present, but living in the past
How much longer will I embrace sorrow?

From the moment that you entered my life
My whole outlook on love would change

You brought out a happiness I didn't even know I had,
And now you've gone, leaving without a goodbye...

THAT GLASS HEART THAT RESTED IN MY CHEST HAS FALLEN AND SHATTERED

Here on, Lord, is the remains of a broken heart
For I have faith you can give me joy and life again

Death has fallen, but love covers me
Heaven is now home to my angel of love