

Turn About

Wardrum

She grabbed the silence tight within the final glance
And walls were closing all around her voiceless temper
The hour was dealing with the future on a chance
And life was leaving my ambitions empty-handed

A tiny sentence states the truth just like a quote
To end this story in a prettifying disorder
My voice kept coming as if waters sink a boat
While she was standing like a passing by beholder

If things could turn about...

Her pace slowed down in doubt right on the final stair
And gave my gaze a chance to steal away the vision
Her skin was drowning in the blackness of the hair
Before she hide behind the neighboring division

That night with hands up high and barely one condition
Gave in to another god I had in my past living
To grant me back with just a beckon of remission
That pure old dream I had, the one I used to live in

If things could turn about...