

What Remains

Wolverine

Lonely in a void where people are dying to live
Weary of the stories that unfold before my eyes

A clenched fist can feel so strong
A lion's heart unable to break
Though a fire burns inside
These fates are not for this lion to decide upon

Tied to a leash poisoned by untruth
Entangled in the web of a distant order

The iron hand has the lightest touch
Caresses the shells of the hollow and cold
See wind carry dust of withering lives
I see towers collapse to the ground

I lose you, just the way that you lost me
I tie myself up as much as you refuse to set me free
It seems inevitable, it always was and always will be
We were always destined to belong to everyone else

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