

Darkest Blues: Relief That Nothing Can Be Done

Woods of Ypres

Shallow within the earth, buried deep beneath the snow
You would remain forever young while the rest of us grow old
We would act upon our guilt, a northern burial was your wish
We would obey and fulfill, for your importance is strengthened
by your early death

It's the truth in true despair, deepest roots, darkest blues
The belief that all is lost, and that nothing can be done

Forever frozen, never to decompose, your body would be preserved

While we all live, and struggle on, and inherit, the life that
you deserved

Your youthful looks remembered, your dignity retained

While there would be no relief for us, and we'd look worse every
day

It's the truth in true despair, deepest roots, darkest blues
The belief that all is lost, and that nothing can be done

In our minds and in our hearts, in frames, your image will hang
On the walls of grieving homes and other places you would never
go again

Imagine the things they would say about you, as if they really
knew

How your death was premature, but your life was overdue.

You have already spent your better years taking your time for granted

It will be yours in the end, but at what price

To have wasted, your entire life

Wishing it all away...Death is a Tease!

To venture into the thought of despair and pull yourself back together again,

Knowing you had once stood on the edge and almost dove in.

Everything had driven me there, another lesson, best learned young:

When you want it, you can't have it, when you don't want it, it's done.

For all our guilt, for all our lies, for all we care, we'd gather together to say goodbye

As if the dead can't see the living, they would volunteer to twist the truth

For the comfort of each other and say "He was a good friend of mine."

Make the choice, to stay alive! Existence is your only hope to

fight!

Not for the love of life or the fear of death, but to save the
lies from the breath...

...of the ones around you, who would speak and cry,
And the ones around you who would fake and lie,
Who would say that they knew you and that you would be missed,
As a storm of admiration buries you again.