

## 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.