

Years Of Silence (And The Private Joke)

Woods of Ypres

We stood in the sand we stared at the stars
What good is any of it now?
These were the moments in our lives
That invoked years of silence
And after all that we had done
We had become...(the private joke).

We knew the risks and we were willing to take them
We would go through with it, and let it forever change us
We were so desperate to feel the pounding in our chests
We were those who'd let their hearts, beat themselves to death

We couldn't go back to the way it was before
We would go our separate ways and never tell anyone
But what good are memories with no one to stand beside you?
What good are memories if those you made them with despise you?