

Waking Judea "Of Creation"

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Your smile makes me hit rewind. When it starts to snow on my surveillance, and i do back several years. Almost to the start. Wearing raincoats in the sun, being the soldiers that we once were. Seated on the stairs. Listening to the fights. We are armed. Now we stand side by side with only the bodies of the past; lying cold behind us. As the wind passes by, swings screech and waves break. This chain-linked fence holds me from you and that city. This sky laughs at how we suffer, but it hasn't seen the moments we've shared. PLease will the engines of creation to commence my h eart. Time is not on our side, blood is all that we have left.

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