

Ashengrace "Throb"

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these echoes play across her footsteps in the
undertow, fading through your winter
and all the places that we used to know
colder still these feelings drown beneath your feet in
velvet sounds
you bring me here, and bring me home and hold me
close, and hold me down

it's a change, it's a turn it's the wrong way in a city
paved with time
it's a heart, it's a burn, it's a reason and all the blame
was mine
it's a night, it's a time for breaking it's a throb in a soul
unfurled
it's a loss, it's a bridge of silence from here to the end
of the world

and all we were burns slowly in dying fires and falling
trees
and we become just one more reaching hand slipped
deep into the sea
these fading eyes can't catch the light so far in front of
me
that shines from all you tried to hold and throbs forth to
bury me

it's a sin, it's a lie, holy water that never removes the
stains
it's a drug, it's a fix, it's a mainline of the purest form
of pain
it's a word it's a page of promises that are always
broken (but always remain)
it's a drown at the hands of poseidon, it will never be, it
will never be the same...

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