

A Storybook Ending **"Don't Rob Me Of This Hate"**

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Everytime you lay your eyes on me
I might ask you to whisper softly what you meant when
you said
I'm not right and love is dead

November rains more than this month
Lasting through much longer than your touch

So ask yourself why look so desperate on any given
day
Walk beside me through windows painted glass
Don't expect me to go through this decay

Make a liar out of me and work your magic
I can't ask the same of you
For I'll discover your insides rot as will mine doing what
you do

Oh these days they get so hard, so hard to follow
through
Any one of those days, I'll see that knife go through

Everytim that I see you there I might ask you just to not
stare
What you meant when you said that I'm not right and
love is dead

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