

Abeline

"Send Them To The North & Let God Sort Them Out"

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We watched the mountains, we saw them crumbling
down.

We felt the earth shake, and never heard a sound.

We called for help but, but there's no one around.

Now in the end, there's only questions...

What did you feel? What do we know?

How can we still? Go on without hope.

I will wander around this god forsaken hole.

In hopes to find, something to take me home.

I can't see, losing you.

But all there is,

Is fights, so lick your wounds.

And ask yourself why...

Why...

Why...

Maybe if I blinked hard enough.

Maybe if you don't find out.

Maybe if I said that I'm sorry.

What color is your mood ring now?

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