

Autumn

"The Heart Demands"

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A stroll down memory lane revealed gaps as large as years.
Ambition had the same properties as a butcher's blade.
The solstice in their eyes betrayed a change of seasons in their minds.
Reversed the hourglass impatiently for more wasted time to pass.

Fusion and confusion, hand in hand,
Numb to what the heart demands.
Seize what little time we have...
What we have left.

Here comes (the) wintertime, with snow to cover our crimes
And supervise our swift demise, as we urge it to pass us by.
Killing time was a grave mistake.
Sleeping through the years...
Now I can't awake!

Fusion and confusion, hand in hand,
numb to what the heart demands.
Seize what little time we have...

What we have left.
Can't you see that gold is closer to lead than we care for?
And that marble is merely stone?

Precious moments pass to fast.
Faint, new memories kill the last.
On the run.
Come undone?
I may never.

Weren't those the days, my friends?
Lived life without tomorrow.
Now it seems that I'm the subject of a tragedy.
All my goals achieved, but can't recall the roads I travelled.
Count my memories on my hands,

My empty, aging hands.

Slow it down.

Look around in this bitter deception.

Fusion and confusion, hand in hand,

Numb to what the heart demands.

Seize what little time we have...

What we have left.

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