

Charlie "Dark"

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Her world's crumbling, my help she needs. It seems my
arms are as my words weak. I'm the fallen hero, who
was as blind as optimistic that she's fine. There is my
mother, in the dark room. Lay in my lap for a little while.
This is a season, only a mood. It will be over soon. Her
tears are pouring, a summer time flood, in which I'm
drowning. The season has come. One we expected but
dreaded all the same. Now I can't help myself I blame.
There is my mother, in the dark room. Lay in my lap for
a little while. This is a season, only a mood. It will be
over soon. I steal some air, pull myself together.
There's so many things that I want to tell her. I grab her
shoulders wanting to shake. I beg you my word you can
take. There is my mother, in the dark room. Lay in my
lap for a little while. This is a season, only a mood. It
will be over soon. And I'll turn your light on and I'll turn
your light on. I rock forward, backward again. Beautiful
sleeper, rest through the pain. Early tomorrow you'll
wake with the sun. I'll hold you till the hurt is done.

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