

## **Epicurean**

# **"The Author And The Architect"**

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With this pen,  
I use invoke to describe how it felt  
In wanting to have you again and again.  
I'll hold my breath as our world comes undone  
And catch the bullet if you hold the gun.  
Now, life waiting for words to define  
How to repair the seams of my soul.  
Because of you, the architect still sleeps.  
A consequence of design, that life will not pass by.  
What has been said  
Of a yearning that stands as high as mountains  
Became of glimpse of a time to lose myself.  
And I'll hold my breath as our world comes undone  
And catch the bullet if you hold the gun.  
Now if only that passion within myself could command  
the conflict between us both.  
The beautiful denial forced me to stay;  
I can not let go.  
Even when my body's broken,  
Long before my soul fades away.  
If I gave all control,  
The destructive love we hide will be defined in the  
shadow of mourning to come  
Where I stand free before life  
For the first time I'll bask in it's glow with all of my soul

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