

## Haste

# "Two Final Words"

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Paint this picture, color it with casualties of hope and  
sorrow, frame it with apathy,  
I find it hanging on a wall that you disguise as faith and  
trusting,  
Intent is realized morning moves my head,  
My hands reach to feel your face,  
My hands fall empty, these memories can't fill their  
grasps.  
I begin to focus on what i always thought i knew,  
Vomit my feelings and spit them back at you,  
Indifference fails me from the smile behind your eyes,  
In effect a failure, it seems just my size.  
Fill me inside, how i need this, feel the inside,  
I can't take this i open my arms just to miss you,  
Only you can fill this hole.  
So full...sick of life, i feel so old i can't change this now,  
Please show me how.

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