

Killing The Dream

"Past Of A Saint"

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"We were just kids"
...at least that's what we knew we'd say.
Old enough to know better
Smart enough to know that we didn't have to
Stupid enough to think it didn't matter
And vain enough to think
It never would

We were living stolen lives
But it was only time
Someone found us out-
Someone had to pay,
And you were dead either way
I keep living a stolen life.

I live
Because I let you die.

I thought I'd hear you
Call me in the darkness
I always thought I'd see you at my worst-
My most desperate.
But I never dreamed I'd see you
In the summer,
In the bluest skies I'd ever seen.
In perfect places with strange names
A moon so bright
I didn't need a flame.
In beautiful words I didn't understand

I still see you
Reaching out your hand
In the quietest times,
When I realize just how lucky
I have been.
When I let myself be happy, if only for a moment
(Pray for me)

And I know
Didn't deserve it.

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