

Chris Cummings

"What If"

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I can't find the rhyme in all my reason
I've lost sense of time and all seasons
I feel I've been beaten down
By the words of men who have no grounds
I can't sleep beneath the trees of wisdom
When your ax has cut the roots that feed them
Forked tongues in bitter mouths
Can drive a man to bleed from inside out
What if you did?
What if you lied?
What if I avenge?
What if eye for an eye?
What if your words could be judged like a crime?
What if
What if
What if
What if
What if
What if I
What if
What if
What if
What if
What if
What if I

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