

## September Mourning

### "How The Story Ends"

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He's mine, A memory of hers inviting.  
I'll be the lookout baby  
Caught in his arms as she fell to the ground.  
All we've lost and all we've found  
And all our days, Like petals of roses that fell on our  
graves.  
Cried herself to sleep, She won't regret not waking.  
He remains a dream, Her angels are weeping.  
Sleep again... The dreams the same, Her love the face  
of Him again.  
Both of them, paperdoll lovers Cut from the skies at  
night He waits for her  
Holding on, As she's holding on, I'm so tired, Baby Of  
holding on.  
She wants to see his face not memories of love  
Conceived in a dream.  
I know you fear your will might break, It wont even  
matter what I say anymore... Cause you're ok, But I'm  
not ok, I've tried for days to melt away your cold, you're  
gone, She wakes with the sun and cries... I've cried too  
much...

Goodbye.

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