

The Young Silencers "The Tragedy"

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She was everything,
her scent was his air.
For the first time
his life was complete.

That day he came home early from work
with a flower in his hand,
a little silly thing to show
she was always in his mind,
was always in his heart.

The door's already opened.

The tragedies of life,
get back free will,
breaking time to find yourself,
exhort the chill.
The tragedies of life,
the worst of fears,
splinters crashing to the ground
like cristal tears.

Some strange noises filled the air,
male clothing on the floor

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