

Yvonne "Unbounded"

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Why do the words of silence always end up in a cold
and unclean bed?
These pointless conversations and the same thoughts
in my head
Repeat, repeat the process and the pattern plays again
Regrets they seem to merge with fears in dreams of
lust in vain
Nothing is faithful
Moments of construction hurting, heading me to loss
And in my deepest aching picture no more I see us
Sorrow acts my doubtful servant, I border lines so thin
Unbounded are my sacred areas, sentenced to die
within
Nothing is faithful

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