

Medieval "A Furred Grave"

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Place to bury bone
Time to crawl in hole
I lay and wait,
But by then it's too late.
Better off undisturbed.
I lie...
Shall I interfere,
or just leave things be,
or shall I dig a Furred Grave?
My achievements bring happiness,
your absence brings loneliness
It's hard not to hate what brings us apart.
I lie... I give and give,
but return unsatisfied,

Is the grass greener on the other side?
Without a choice
But to carry on, my never ending quest
For the best of both worlds.
Am I sick?
Should I fit in your little click?
Should I trade what makes me tick?
For a slap in the Face?
Am I sick?
Should I fit in your little click?
Should I trade what makes me tick?
For a slap in the Face?

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