

An Early Ending "Breathe"

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Breath deep
The scent of memories
Hidden in the smoke
And the subtle hint of cellophane
In the photographs you took
I sit alone with inspiration thrown across
Pages and versus of guillotine books
That line the case in the room

The place on the floor

Where we cautiously combust
An attempt to show our lust
To the life that we lost

If I do this nothing will ever be the same
If you don't you will regret it with every breath you take
Please god, is there any other way?

Breath deep
The scent of your deceit
Hidden in the smoke you will question the act
And what I have done
The chapters will burn at four,fifty one
As I bury the past
With each strike of the match

If I do this nothing will ever be the same again
If you don't you will regret it with every breath you take
Please god, is there any other way?
That's just an illusion god is not here today

If I do this nothing will ever be the same again
If you don't you will regret it with every breath you take
Please god, is there any other way?
Please god, is there any other way!
That's just an illusion god is not here today

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