

Sorrowseed

"The Happy Couple"

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She is his capitol.
He is her stake.
Theirs is a bond,
Nothing can break.
They are inseparable.
I'm envious.
But this can't be it,
What they call success.

It must be wonderful
To be so miserable.

These are the elements,
Inertia and fear.
That drove them together,
And they wound up here.
Nobody offered them
A better idea,
A decent excuse,
A ride out of here.

It must be wonderful
To be so miserable.

Arms always reaching for,
Something to hold.
When you lose a limb
You still feel I'm told.
For years ever after can be deceived
Into believing into believing what can't be believed.
It must be wonderful.

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