

Minor Project "Christmas"

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Christmas

â€œSo many answers.
So little time to recall all your thoughts with your
unconcerned brain.
With no tears give me a broken goodbye.
And if that hurts you dear,that hurts me twice.
And if that makes you blue,that paints me black.

But the thought of him,It can make you feel pure.
And the touch of him , I don't really know.

But now It's Christmas and I'm on the phone,the typical
calling I use to wait for.
And now it gets harder and harder to say "It's not our
fate".
But life in this time of year seem so exhausting,
depressively boring, incredibly wrong.
I wish I could share my thoughts that's so annoying.

I wish I was the one, only one,lonely one,beloved one In
your life.

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