

Ed "Closure"

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A letter of intent to explained what happened, and how
I'm spent.
And now it must end.
In communication failure there are no survivors,
leaving
All unsure
What will revive us

Truth, misunderstanding, leaves me demanding, what
went
Wrong
You don't know the things that could be
Just what happened between you and me

Disconnect the things that moderate.

Why must we swallow the things that we hate.
We try to get along, but mutually we see that this could
Never be.
You're still right in front of me.

As you turn to face the sun, they rise like the moon.
Ventilation has begun far to soon.
You try at highest grace, to ring a loud plea.
They've turned to save face, homeless with eternity.

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