

Mongoloids

"Faithful Disguise"

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Holding on as tight as I can as you slip right through
my
Hands. In search of solid ground but there's none to be
Found. A book so hard to read your pages stricken with
Disease. I face it everyday... everyday. I know it's
Hard sometimes to convey who you truly are a ghost
lost
In so many hearts. Faithful was only a disguise pulling
The wall right over my eyes so lost in the feeling of

Wanting something more I forget what it is I came here
For. Hiding behind whatever I can so afraid to stand.
Distance seems to do me good when all I want is to be
Closer to you. The words have lost all meaning a sort of
Torture I'm used to feeling. Drag my broken body hold
me
So very closely

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