

Small Brown Bike "Unsung Zero"

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Everything was so dead still.
The air just froze and broke.
Those few words that you said to you.
They had no place to go, but to our minds,
to our hearts and the torture wasn't marked.
Now I've found that you hated our lives.
I just think it through sometimes and get nowhere, but
lost.
I can't help but miss those things that we found through
our talks.
Now we don't laugh and we don't sing and I can't
understand a thing.
And the thirds and the fifths are all gone.
(And it's so hard to see you now) Don't be my unsung
zero.
(And it's so wrong to hate you now) Don't be my unsung
zero.
(I can only scream half as loud) Don't be my unsung
zero.
I don't want to chase the past.
It feels like finding ghosts.
You seem to have your mind set up.
It's creeping from our home.
We don't talk and we don't call in this manufactured
war
where I can't even aim with my eyes.
Now that we've closed that door.
Hugged and stepped away.
Thank you from my heart.
With one last thing to say.
I miss our life.

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