

The Echoing Green

"Suffer"

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With a moon half-empty
and a sky that's gone to waste
and the twilight offers cold embrace

the amber of autumn fades
and the greys of summer's mistakes
and the dreams we try to replicate...
they fall away

isn't this world something wonderful
that we were made to suffer both its honesty and
cruelty?
today

with a heart half-empty
and a light I've yet to see
and the sadness takes a hold of me

and fire-white burns like
agony
entropy

we all fall apart
to the cadence of our bleeding hearts
they fall away

isn't this world something wonderful
that we were made to suffer both its majesty and
cruelty?
they fall away...

and is grace not something beautiful
that we were made to suffer the lucid touch of
clemency?

and our tears become a sanctuary---
we are made to suffer with tenderness and empathy

we are made to suffer...

