

In Medias Res

"Best Kept Secret"

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I took her coat I made her feel at home
a glass of wine can make one spill their words
she told me how she thought this life was war
went home at night and said goodbye to the world

you say she looks fine
but what do you really know?
the anger the sadness
it never really shows

an empty bottle of pills on the floor
look for the farewell letter in her drawer
she wrote of why it had to be this way
could I have done something to make her stay?

you say she looks fine
but what do you really know?
the anger the sadness
it never really shows

she lived life searching
for something to believe
I stood there believing
that someone could be me

your best kept secret is peace
give it up
give it away

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