

The Lyndsay Diaries

"A Self Portrait"

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Today the sun burned away at my face and i just let it burn.

Another angel turned her back on me.
She folded her wings and hung her head.
God you gave me this heart but I was wondering if I could trade it in.
I wail and I weep for I can not sleep for I stare at the ghosts of my own design.

Driving past the quiet steeples in the night.
I harbor these tears in my eyes.
She thinks she is hearing sounds in the night and I am fighting just to sleep.
And I wail and I weep.

The bells will ring in the steeple in the morning.
And I'm just now trying to find myself.
Singing the words to create acceptance were never my good intentions.
And now I've only a house full of regrets.

Shatter the glass of my eye.
And I will come to see this blinding darkness.
And I've lost sight of all that is real.
For I sit here alone. I write a novel of my own.
And there are no happy endings in this tradgedy.

The bells will ring in the steeple in the morning.
And I'm just now trying to find myself.
Singing the words to create acceptance were never my good intentions.
And now I've only a house full of regrets.

Sometimes I am almost content in my sorrow.
My ship is sailing to the seas.
So wave and blow your kisses.
Cause I'm not sure I'll be home anytime soon.

I've set out to fail the world.
I've set out to fail myself.
I will dream the dreamers lie that everything is okay.
When everything isn't okay.

He says my burden is also his but I don't want to put
this on him.

Stare up at steeples lost in the night. I find myself so
lost on the inside.

And now I've only a house full of regrets.

And as the wind blows it takes with it all the memories.

And as the breeze blows I turn my eyes to the skies and
hope for hope

That this will soon come to pass.

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