

Last Refuge

All

is there nothing sacred in this world to believe in? only god knows how ive tried to find out what is real. is my heart the last refuge of love? every time that i close my eyes i wonder at the people and the fixations theyre under. is there no one who can see the good in me? even i get caught inside and its hard to fight the passing of time (etched upon my face). i dont want to die just to get away. i dont want to cry just to get my way. everytime that i close my eyes i dream of what life would be like if you were not shallow. is my heart the last refuge of love?