

# Persephone

John Mark McMillan

Persephone  
Lord of the dead  
Do we all go down for a season?  
The creatures that we seek  
The images we collect  
But you can't bring them into the spring sun

I don't want to dance anymore  
With dark nostalgia  
I don't want to hold hands with the dreams  
Of a dead man, and I  
I don't want to dance anymore  
With dark nostalgia  
I don't want to hold hands with the dreams  
Of the dead man, I

I dig into the folds of my mind  
Scavenging the cracks sometimes for answers  
But hope is not as I have come to find  
Something that you understand  
But I trust, and I

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When I was young  
I thought I would become  
Someone different than who I find myself to be  
But in my weakness, I've come to believe  
That who I am is greater than me...  
Of who I once dreamed

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