

The Possibilities

Micah P. Hinson

The possibilities are endless now,
the forecast not so good
for me now.
When you turned away
we tore apart.
Finding no better way
nor time this far, for us now.
Complete with all your misunderstandings
can barely rise to stay,
to see you now.
The consequences are endless now.
The stream of thoughts that don't make it out
for you now.
When you turned away,
you didn't tore apart.
Finding no better way
nor time this far, for us now.
Complete with all your misunderstandings
can barely rise to stay,
to kill you now.
To kill you now.