

How The Story Ends

Mourning September

He's mine, A memory of hers inviting.
I'll be the lookout baby
Caught in his arms as she fell to the ground.
All we've lost and all we've found
And all our days, Like petals of roses that fell on our graves.
Cried herself to sleep, She won't regret not waking.
He remains a dream, Her angels are weeping.
Sleep again... The dreams the same, Her love the face of Him again.
Both of them, paperdoll lovers Cut from the skies at night He waits for her
Holding on, As she's holding on, I'm so tired, Baby Of holding on.
She wants to see his face not memories of love Conceived in a dream.
I know you fear your will might break, It won't even matter what
I say anymore... Cause you're ok, But I'm not ok, I've tried for
days to melt away your cold, you're gone, She wakes with the
sun and cries... I've cried too much...

Goodbye.