

The Gypsy

Of Virtue

By arm and leg the best of us gets dragged away, at an early age.

Some more fortunate than others.

Like a rag doll, you keep me close to your heart.

But only when you need to feel safe.

Liken a god who seems to be here, until a tragedy strikes then he disappears.

It was so hard to witness.

Like a sharp pain in my stomach, consuming everything but hate on the inside.

Is it not true that a heart sinks, when you let it fall?

You let this one fall and there's no one left to blame.

A thief without a face

(you wonder why we've grown so far apart).

Miles away, you stay strangled up in your ways just begging for change.

300 miles north of the state you strayed away, just to find yourself

Miles away right where you lay.

While your blood is running out of my veins and onto the streets, just flooding all the drains.

And as I dwell on the past I look down and see the red on my hands once again.

Stay miles away, miles away, right where you lay.

You've disappeared once again.

The truth is it's hard to look in your eyes when I see you,

You've made it harder by the day, since July, 1990.

The gypsy's one her way to find her fairytale ending.

My god, there's no such thing.

How much is enough?

Tell me what is enough?

Is this what it's like to lose a maker?

Is this what it's like?