

Fingers. Voice. Heart. Shake. Shake. Shake

Suis La Lune

Why? Oh why do I make you cry
The way you haven't cried since then
When your heart was trembling?
You just say that I don't see anything.
I guess it would hurt like knives
To say that you are just too shy
To tell me that you don't want me around,
At least for awhile.
Only if you could see
It was not them but me
Who broke the last two pieces of your heart.
A heart so fragile. A heart so caring,
So caring that you forgot to care for yourself instead.