A Golden Grey

Taproot

She walks with a sadness like she's never known
exiting from the back in black from head to toe
a swallow of stale station air
leaving behind the taste of despair
almost running into someone she used to know
as fragile as a flower
she wonders if she can go on
it's been a long morning
another cold back Sunday
it's like shes been awake for hours
another dying Sunday
she hopes to hide these things behind a darkened veil
she dies inside thinking of every time she failed
it seems like only yesterday
a memory of golden grey
foreshadowing a pale tomorrow
if she could hold on one more hour
maybe she can go on
it's been a long morning
another cold back Sunday
it's like shes been awake for hours
another dying Sunday
she knows she tried
stuck in the middle
she blames herself, a little
she knows she tried
suck in the middle
she hates this sound
it's been a long morning
another cold back Sunday
it's like shes been awake for hours
another dying Sunday

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