Between Minutes And Miles

Hot Cross

I've learned these years in pulses and rhythms etched into stone by leaving my heart in too many shells before really setting into my own. Take it away. And now I'm going through motions but not moving on, and I'm expecting irony to linger long after humor has gone, And what's left to feel when time tells tall tales of what may have could have never was, Solutions, Solutions always few and far between. Yet just ahead, left for dead, turned aside and abandoned to reality instead. And so we're aimless caught behind and left without, its worse than morbid and less than funny the way it's turned out.

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