Cut To Black

Lemaitre

Zooming into silence
the sound of a car approaching.
She whispers,
"You're lost and found, watcha looking for? I hope."
So take me down, we'll see bout that.
Keep on looking back for the right
exterior sunday motel parking lot.Interior grunge you'll tell them sweet.
Yes pass by, looking older now, forty-ish.
Gemma through two silhouettes, two shots have broke, write taxes.
Filed at court, incarcerated,
a year goes by so slow,
two years, is having fun.
Times fly but pact your soul after a while.
Five years, its the end of the line.Exterior, we that read about them now,
spent a lifetime living in a castle made of sand.
Although we've never seen the civil line and clouds goes to lend, the sun stops shining.They stare me away while I was shot.
Finally out,
no ones waiting for him at the gate.
Two years,
all the new has passed or moved away.
Five years, its getting darker every day.
Ironic is not that loud inside.
Exterior, we that read about them now, spent a lifetime living in a castle made of sand.
Although we've never seen the civil line and clouds goes to lend, the sun stops shining.
Day slowly turns to night,
birds are bed in, colors fade,
Cut to Black.

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