Forlorn

Keepsake

Come walk a mile in my shoes
Before you write me off
Your actions prove you cunning
My actions overlooked
No longer will I misjudge
On the account of my lust
My virtues of your kind
Slowly fading away
I often wonder what's become?
Of what I've grown to know as love
I reminisce of days gone by
Your innocence gone
Now you spread your wings and fly (away)
Why can't I find that deep inside
What you once were It troubles me
But now I see, why you must leave
Time again
Damaged fate

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