

Caught With a Smoking Gun

Mortimer Nova

leaves may fall but branches always
stay intact
when routine becomes excitement
you disappear
imagine a place where you can mend your broken dreams
one more day or once a weekmom i'm sorry i have gone and
let you down
dad i'm sorry i have broke my
bond with you
using discretion only to scratch the surface
one more day or once a weekashes to ashes we fall down
worth living underground
i can't ignore the signs
i can't forgive this time

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