

I Still Dream (Part I)

Falling Cycle

If I decide to swallow your words to the back of my throat
will you watch me choke hold it in so my lungs collapse
my dreams will blanket my heart I'll find our ocean
I'll find our sleeping sunrise
I still cry
I still dream
The wayward stars will guide my hands
my fingers outstretched to our lonely constellation
Only a warm breeze and collapsing sands to catch my falling figure
No eloquence can be found in these parting words I pray
your ears shall find
You're beautiful
and I am alone

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