Sand Dollar

Stavesacre

The sun, the air, the faithful crashing of waves
Carefree comforted knowing eyes watched over me
Even now I taste the salt on my lips being dried by the sun
An ocean limitless, taking me back to better days seems so far awaySomehow, somewhere I've lost a part of me
Got caught up in this twisted place and lost simplicity
The things I've seen have tainted everything
I think I gave up livingWhen life is stained can it be cleaned?
Want to know if I can
Set aright a life that's gone so wrong
In a way, start againIf not what is left?
I can do it on my own, I could long ago
I'm sure that I have tried
The sun, the air, the faithful crashing of waves

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