

Critical Thought

Killing The Dream

Your heart is breaking, your head keeps pounding out...Spelling out what you know best, that everything is just a mess. Some things are netter left unsaid. And they'll run, but there's nothing you can do. The cuts and blood and fading and love and empty words are real and it's nothing, but it's something to be said. There's nothing to be said. The more we talk of yesterday and all the things they used to say, the less we really hear ourselves. We are not the past because we are here today and it's worth so much than just two words...There's so much more to say let's let it go. They gave it up or is there nothing else to say?

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