

Just This Eulogy

Blatant Finger

Not all friends come with smiles.

Not all nightmares come with fangs and tethered claws.

I hate to state the obvious but-

My every penchant is pathos superfluous.

There's no pot of gold.

Just embers growing cold.

Your haunting memory and whispers in my ear.

No warmth and no caress.

No rustling of your dress.

Just passing glances of your face in my mirror.

I want to believe there's something for me.

Who'll scrub this crimson from the floor?

Who'll pry these nails from this splintered, dusty door?

Who'll kiss these bruises soft & kind?

I dig and dig. Bones are all I find.

There's no silver cloud.

Just this plaster shroud.

Just this eulogy and a never ending pain.

A shovel and a spade.

These withered dreams we made.

Regrets so cold and coursing through my veins.

I want to believe there's something for me.

I need to believe there's someone for me.

Lyrics Submitted by Jimbo Stiers

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