Untidaled

The Devil Wears Prada

Back for the fourth time around and still meaning every word.
Never more honest, always too tired.
Drowning in the pages I've planned: Provoke, destroy. Provoke, destroy.
I could be the lost cause, for I am dead poetry.
In this reflection, we are perfect disorder.Bring back balance, bring restoration. I saw the waves again, I felt the impact.
I saw the waves again, I watched the current sway us.
Bring back balance, bring restoration. Go....Lost in the clouds and my heart is sleeping. Within the tide, although my eyes are dying.Back for the fourth time around and still meaning every word. (every word)
Never more blatant, always too thoughtful. If I could change things, I'd change myself.Time to be joyful in no consistency. Faith can be our only regularity.
Time to be joyful in no monotony. There are no final goodbyes, this is our certainty.Bring back balance, bring restoration. I saw the waves again, I felt the impact.
I saw the waves again, I watched the current sway us.
Bring back balance, bring restoration.And just like that my life ceased to be.If I could change things, I'd change myself: Sunk to the bottom of a deaf, lifeless world.

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