

Elegy

Carina Round

Something ripped me open
From my little death woken
The fading rhythm of a lifeline
Is music for a dead child I'm skirting the rim
Skirting the rim of reality
Skirting the rim
Love, don't pull me in Somehow everything is broken
Hours past and never replayed
I sing the sickness of a love that
Though it lives, can never be made There are cracks where
The white light burns through
Seems I see everything but the truth
Once more to that sacred place
The dream that sucks me under I'm skirting the rim
Skirting the rim of reality
Skirting the rim
Love, don't pull me in Somehow everything is broken
Hours past and never replayed
I sing the sickness of a love that
Though it lives, can never be made Somehow everything is clearer now
Hours pass with never a relief
I sing the sadness of a moment
Though it lived was never seen, seen, seen

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