Midas

E. Alvin

I was gold,
you were platinum, darling.
You were cold,
couldn't keep the army.
I would hold,
onto years, I'm trying
to be colder.
I based my love,
on happiness
and that on love,
had no clue it shapes
what you become.
And I thought that,
thought that you had won,
won me over

Midas

I had roamed,
thinking I was broken.
I had grown
thinking I was useless.
Yet you'd shown
you were nothing
But rag and bone.
I'm gleaming gold.

Midas

I didn't know I had it in me,
face a demon and claim my space.
To rid this path and build again,
and make something of my name.

Midas

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