

Black Sandy Beaches

The Dear Hunter

Messages from broken bottles fall,
On black sandy beaches.
Ink in vain across the page now run,
From morning dew. Hands which chance upon it lead to eyes which strain to read
Hearts which pound from love long overdue...
Lips which press together,
stifle, rhythmic, heavy breathes. Oh, how she smiles from vicarious love from the one he writes about.
She must have been so glad for him to throw it out. Further steps lead to yet another broken bottle;
Again the words contained have bled the page.
Whose tears were these which ran the ink?
From who they'd poured to make this streak? Were they his by chance from telling her,
Or hers by chance from reading it?
They could have been collective;
They could have been from someone else
Why don't we see what's at the bottom?
Why don't we see what comes next? Oh, how she cries from vicarious pain from the one he writes about.
She must have been so sad for him to throw her out. Let's just say she is better,
Better off somehow.
Let's just say she has never been happier
Than she is now
We couldn't fake it so why even try? Let's just say she is better,
Better off somehow.
Let's just say she has never been happier
Than she is now.
x2 Let's just say she is better,
Better off somehow.
Let's just say she has never been happier,
Happier than she is now.

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