

# The Saddest Day

## Converge

And we won't be breathing in that same sun again. None of this will ever surface again. How we get older, how we forget about each other. And the angel falls to the sky. Raised and coiled she blessed this day she did. And it rings our ears. She rarely flies anymore, burden broke her wings. And I know this ghost, I have seen it before. Young it is the dying too fast, too soon, I'll be okay. The air thins in the quick and our lips move but we hear no sound. Every time you justify, another good in you dies. Faith and fear sears me, and love and you pull all the right strings. "How we get older, how we forget about each other," she said. Entwined within the sadder of days.

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