The City Is Drowning

Folly

Desperate plans impact hearts.
Do not stop seeking what you love or you might end up loving what you find.
Tie me up and blind me with your...
What is time now other than my longing?
Drag on my dear; you have to hurt to pull on.
I could have held you from that night on.
I see that desparation in your eyes.
What's it like to be so far from here?
Can you feel the sun?
Can you feel the warmth absorb your solace expressions?
It's very cold up here, a symbolic emsemble.
I can feel the air, like an orchestra, tune behind the curtain.
How is it possible to understand the distance when we both see the same bright stars?
At night we'll scream about forefeiting, misplacing everything.
We cry divisions, we love decisions, imperative exiles.
Wrapped up in happiness, distorted in reality.
Tie me up and blind me with your love.

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