

Persephone

John Mark McMillan

Persephone
Lord of the dead
Do we all go down for a season?
The creatures that we see
The images we collect
But you can't bring them into the spring sun I don't want to dance anymore
With dark nostalgia
I don't want to hold hands with the dreams
Of a dead man, and I
I don't want to dance anymore
With dark nostalgia
I don't want to hold hands with the dreams
Of the dead man, I
I dig into the folds of my mind
Scavenging the cracks sometimes for answers
But hope is not as I have come to find
Something that you understand
But I trust, and I don't want to dance anymore
With dark nostalgia
I don't want to hold hands with the dreams
Of a dead man, and I
I don't want to dance anymore
With dark nostalgia
I don't want to hold hands with the dreams
Of the dead man, I When I was young
I thought I would become
Someone different than who I find myself to be
But in my weakness, I've come to believe
That who I am is greater than the me
Of who I once dreamed
I don't want to dance anymore
With dark nostalgia
I don't want to hold hands with the dreams
Of a dead man, and I
I don't want to dance anymore
With dark nostalgia
I don't want to hold hands with the dreams
Of the dead man, I

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