Alone

Art of Dying

Its got me on my head again.
Close can be so misleading.
Its hard enough to get to know yourself.
Into words I cough my feelings.
I dont know the half of it but, this I finally figured out:
I used to think that being alone meant being by myself.
Now I know, to truly be alone means being without you.Ignorance eats for free.
Theres more questions than theres reason.
Time smiles, forever laughing by.
End is prey for the beginning.
Lost track, forgot whos losing.
A mouth opens up inside.I used to think that being alone meant being by myself.
Now I know, to truly be alone means being without you.Its got me on my head again.
Close can be so misleading.
Its hard enough to get to know yourself.

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