

Havoc in the Forum

This Town Needs Guns

Trust in time evaporates
to cloud the mind into bursting,
with a rain that spits off the lips,
a barrage of hurtful insults.
That eventually accumulate
into floods of tears and heartache.

That erode the coasts
and storm the sails
of relationships

Age bitters in the mouth.
Words trap in the teeth
and like food decay.
With the sour taste of time
tripping off the tip
of the tongue.

Sleepless nights
tied awake
in beds of knots

She's known some of the best.
She knows there's no need
to hold her breath.
Sunk by the passing of time.
The closest of friends
all washed away.
You've seen the coming of age.
The crashing sound waves.
You're all but done.
Shipped wrecked on a
tide of tongue.

Age bitters in the mouth.
Words trap in the teeth
and like food decay.
With the sour taste of time
tripping off the tip
of the tongue.

Lyrics submitted by Nimesh.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>