Drone

This Ascension

seems that things
getting kind of rough
guess I did not realize
in time
why, I ask why
he doesn't trust me
he doesn't trust
anybody
strange kind of love
middle of the day
sun's beating rays
they hurt around my eyes
and meantime
how do I explain
the marks and the despair
I'm living life a lie
why
I ask myself why
he doesn't trust me
he doesn't trust anyone, no
strange kind of love
but I don't let him go
as he clearly shows
that without me, without me
he'd die
so I stay, I take the pain
I rot away . . .

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