

The Wind and the Broken Girl

Autumnblaze

Your days are sleepy
Worn out and pale
Few clouds will disappear out of the blue
You touch the window pane
The rain feels dry
Your fingers kiss my brow out of the blue
A shade of streetlight
Is watching you
You give me a smile out of the blue
Your eyes tell me your tale of woe
So sad and deep that I can't go
Or do you want me to leave you again?
The grey chords of end
Are sounding nigh
And if they stroke you out of the blue...
I know it's late now
You don't let me in
A chilling butterfly - out of the blue

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