

Every time you walk by, I lose a little more of you
Every time I hear your voice, it feels as though

Sometimes what you want is not a memory,
But rather the ghost of a memory
A wisp that can bend at will
A wishing well of what-could-have-beens
A witch that comes in to kill

Who you really were, in favour of
Who I wanted you to be
In my memories the truth
Is always what I want to see

Water ebbs and flows with the tide
No one ever cares who resides
Within the soil of the place we call home
Until we make it our very own

You tried to hold on to me
A shackle of who I used to be
I try to flee from your iron touch
Just to face a silver judge

The glares, they never stop, they stare
Past you, intrude without a care
With you, all your thoughts are paired
As though you cannot dare to flee
From the flaws that bring forth all their glee

If the days could fall apart

I'm sure they would have, from the start
Our memories cart the days of old
Even when their graves turn cold