

## The Fool's Endless Song

This day fills me with dread endless  
But I will be kind  
To the world  
To those around me  
To you  
So I will put on my face  
Not a smile, not a frown  
A blank slate  
For that is all I can  
One soul hurting is better than two  
To love is to suffer  
And suffer I will, for you  
Why had I to be cursed by the ability to  
express?  
I'd rather a fool with 3 letters to his name;  
Deaf and mute.  
continue to sing nonetheless  
Would the abyss be kinder?  
Would she return syllables to my Orchestra?  
Would the void take pity on me?  
On a fool so helpless, singing songs of love  
to a deaf, endless  
I'd rather be a fool knowing not what's wrong  
At least then my pleas of help, of  
understanding would be answered  
How pitiful it is to know the truth, so see it

laid bare

And yet...

You cannot give a coin to a deceased man

The flower that you water now has withered

Have mercy on the desert and water it not  
now, late man

This day was once to me important

Did once bring joy

Bring excitement in its anticipation

Hopes and dreams and wishes with no  
cessation

Now it is a mocking reminder of what once  
was

Of what could never be

You are a day too late

Or a second or a moment or a lifetime, it  
matters not

For you are deaf and I am a fool

Who sings to you endless, matter not ridicule

I have done my part

Have bid thee farewell

For it is an ode to me

Of me so young, so naive and so blinded by  
love and its marvel

She deserves not this ending to be

Let her live endlessly, in delusion so blissfully

Why was I blessed with words and the ability  
to express

If my intended was to be a deaf with

understanding so magnanimous, it's poison

to my wellness

It matters not now

For you are the sun

And I am Icarus

Destined...

Helpless

So I put on a blank face

And be kind to you

Because one soul suffering is better than two

Because to love is to suffer

And I love you