

The days have gone
And still an awkward silence
The word don't come anymore
The end don't rhyme anymore
Does my heart speak loud enough
I don't know
Hoping to staying alive
Whilst I want to end it cause I'm tired.
But I'm tired? I don't think so. Maybe
just lazy
But one certainty is death.
So I'll wait
The motivation is lost, long lost
Lost beyond my thinking and this
awkward silence stays.
part of me reaches