I waited like usual. hoping to see you show. But for you, it wasn't feasible, If you came, I will never know.

Turning around to hug the air. It was something strange, I thought you were there.

Couldn't comprehend how it would be. Couldn't understand why it was happening to me.

It took a long time for us to get there. This unproper treatment cannot be fair. You shut the door on our love. Open the cage, fly away lonesome dove

Spread your wings and let the air lift you high. As of the life we knew...say goodbye. Don't worry about me I'll be fine. as I catch the teardrop from the corner of my eye.

> Don't be surprised when it passes, things were meant to change. Nothing's permanent in this life. Take what you get. Never complain.

Is there a difference between love and lust. or are they both the same? Does everyone act like us, or is this all your personal game?

Will tomorrow be the end of life? Or will it be a new dawn of peace? Of course, never in life will there ever be peace. But will there be anything tomorrow?

We are not looking in the mirror and asking ourselves a question. We are watching the news while someone else makes the selfish decisions.

As the thunder crashes in the sky. I wonder was it a waste of time to think positive. Or was it a way to pass the time and keep out the negative? But still, will there be anything tomorrow?

> While the men and country fall. The women and children die. Someone else moves into another's home. No matter who is at fault. A tear we all must cry.

We will never stop the arguments we must fight. But we cannot allow bloodshed to determine who is right. ...Or who is wrong. And after it is all done. Will there be anything tomorrow?

Tomorrow could hold the answers and it could be our fate. It could be our salvation or just another day. Whether we see it or let it pass us by. It will happen. In the blink of someone else's eye. MORRO

W