

Colloiope Reedit.

# Colloiope Reedit.

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Reedit. A little longer than my previous entry for it.

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# Colloiope

i am the king with the tarnished crown  
my gold is silver and gilded  
and i promised you music but i let you down  
noise is all that is building  
and the castle collapsed in my twisted head  
i am broken and beat  
torn by the light of the heavens above  
and pulled by the hells beneath

you are the saint who's been chasing down ghosts  
they reside at the end of a bottle  
shot after shot till you drown in your head  
where you tried to bury your sorrow  
but like zombies they rise up and take control  
whenever you're at your weakest  
they grab your attention and strangle all thought  
till the only thing you can see is

the end of a road or the end of a rope  
either one would sound fine  
but these habits you've embraced are just  
a means to an end for your time  
for i am the one who watches everything fall  
i'm the ground at the base of a tree  
the weather is changing and the snow is coming  
i can feel you crashing around me

like paratrooper's teardrops your issues all fell  
and landed on top of my spine  
and yes i played God per your request  
you're problems then became mine

Collope Reedit.

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