

Haunted Memories

All that's left of you are memories
Sad, funny, humbling, lucky and ecstatic-
It's all there, it's all because of you,
And my mind keeps turning, turning,
Once I start to think about our past.

Should I mourn for love that's lost?
Or rather jump, because the chains are broke?
I don't know I can't decide,
Love is a game, you either win, or lose it all.

As to the future: You are not in mine.
And sadly, I am certain I was never found in yours.
So tell me: Should I cry out of my hurt?
Or better run, and run, and leave what's dead behind?

The one thing that I fear,
Is the old saying coming true:
People that matter, we'll meet twice in our lives.
You mattered - more than you could know,
Yet you are dead, what's left are haunted memories.

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