

The scent of you is always on my mind,  
searching for the strength to carry on.  
Buried deep within my soul,  
your memory will punish me.  
I no longer see a future with your smile.  
When shadows fall dark upon your stone,  
and dying leaves have covered all the words,  
I hold the answers to the questions that I dare not speak.  
In this darkest hour I'm alone.  
A careless walk through fields of virtue,  
and calling out to every shattered dream.  
Circling the innermost thoughts,  
for this is the day I have truly died.  
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