

Tara Teed

Please keep dragging my head into the clouds  
Where your heart beating drowns out all sounds.  
Pull me through a desolate world  
Where the moon and sun continuously turn  
Cradle my heart pieces in your hands  
And show me that it's okay to stand.  
Prove there is enough light here to share  
And that darkness is not always there  
Speak still whispers that wipe away lies  
And swallow the tears that I fear to cry  
Steady the hands that tremble with fear  
And let me know that friendship is here

Elysium

I see the moon dance in your eyes,  
Revealing false paradise.  
The stars open for the rain to fall,  
That is when we lose it all.  
The wind whispers in my ear,  
“There is no perfection here”.

But oh how drunk I was off love,  
I didn't see how much I've sunk.  
The tide comes and so I dance,  
And watch it wash away my chance.  
No one can tame a blackened heart,  
I lost my way right from the start.  
That demonic smile lights a flame,  
But the burn will always be the same.

Heaven vrs. Hell

With each minute passing,  
I stare at the blank lines.  
The need to empty my heart  
Is what gives my pen the drive.

I shoot words like heroin,  
When the itch comes, I write.  
Finger banging the keyboard,  
With each letter that I type.

Letting go with each climax,  
I fall into a new high;  
No binds or constraints,  
I quickly begin to fly.

Emotions, raw and uncut,  
Pupils focus on the real  
Meshing with innocence  
And deviant ideals.

My Drug

I'll never be that someone,  
That you had inside your head.  
At night it's not me next to you,  
But a ghost inside your bed.  
I can be a lot of things,  
But none of which you need.  
You fell in love with someone...  
But that someone wasn't me.

You Fell in Love

I made a new heart  
From sand paper and nails.  
I'm a walking project,  
Too heavy for your scales.

My flaws no longer hidden,  
I thoroughly let them show,  
I'm so hot and ready,  
Be careful I might blow.

You keep staring at the stars,  
Long enough for you to freeze.  
I don't have the antidote  
To cure addictive dreams.

But this world is harsh,  
It's winter, so it's cold.  
And the story of the future,  
Will forever be untold.

Summer rain is grey,  
Under the midnight sun.  
Those eyes of yours tell a story,  
That bleeds from the horizon.

So I'll start covering the canvas,  
This picture has a twist.  
It's time for an adventure,  
But only if you insist.

Blank Canvas