

Take My Caraway:

Be calm, silently,
Be still, walk with me.
What is it you see?
When you run with the breeze?
What joy, then, is there
As you laugh without a care?
Could silence compare
To death without despair?
Stay with me, serene,
For I'm devoted, you see.
There's purity in your breath
And grace in your death.
Why then, do you stay
And take all my caraway?

My loyalty's listless
And I can't be guiltless.
For I never had any --
A promise, I'm empty,
I have no spare empathy,
I have no true end to seek.
It was the flowers
To whom I gave my hours --
I twisted them in my head,
Had them fill your place instead.
For I never cared anyway,
There's no need to take my care away,
For my love for you is caraway;
I just hid my liar's heart away.

It's always been superficial, those lavenders,
Because they were always mine alone, and never truly hers.