

Tell the sky (I'm a liar.).
Because (I messed up and)
You're there and (it's all my fault).
It's beautiful (that you are)
Limitless like a life (lost,)
Clad in lavender (as always.),
Painting the dawn with a (melancholy)
Whisp of lamplight that, (haunts me)
With searching eyes, (and I deserve it.).
Lingering since the dusk, (I have not)
Made amends with the darkness, (found absolution, in it)
For my sins (remain tears and my hopes)
Melt away as golden lights (burn to ashes with you. So the nights).
Prevail and wash me (with their bottomless oceans of emptiness)
So that the autumn might hold me and (might make me remember that)
From August through November,
It seems my heart might bleed forever.

Or alternatively:

From August through November,
It seems your heart might beat forever.

And I?

I just miss you,

Slowly

Faithfully

Tragically.

Or alternatively:

So that the autumn might hold me and (might make me remember that I —)

From August through November, (I just miss you)

It seems my heart might bleed forever. (Slowly)

Faithfully

Tragically.