

Hear the Cries

Tin Cetic, 5-3-2003

The bracelet is love,
And all of the heavens above,
The beads that hold tightly together are care,
Holding as much as the string can bare,
Gripping closer together is the fun,
Memories of what had been done,
Dust that keeps falls between the beads,
This cleaning to fulfill it's needs,
Is age,
Folding and turning is the rage,
And when these mistakes go too far,
When it goes so afar,
When the bracelet splits apart,
Beads fall to the ground as a broken heart,
That's when we hear the cries,
That's where love dies,
Putting love back together as it used to be back then,
Is putting the beads in the order it was again,
Almost seems like it won't ever be,
Like blind man hoping to see,
What was once a circle where there is no end,
And beginning that didn't descend,
Is what love is,
Where hope is,
And when the bracelet splits linear,
You burn in fear
You are aware that love that once began,
That's were you can see and scan,
It began from the start of the string,
To the end of the love that starts to sting,
That's where love dies,
That's when we hear the cries