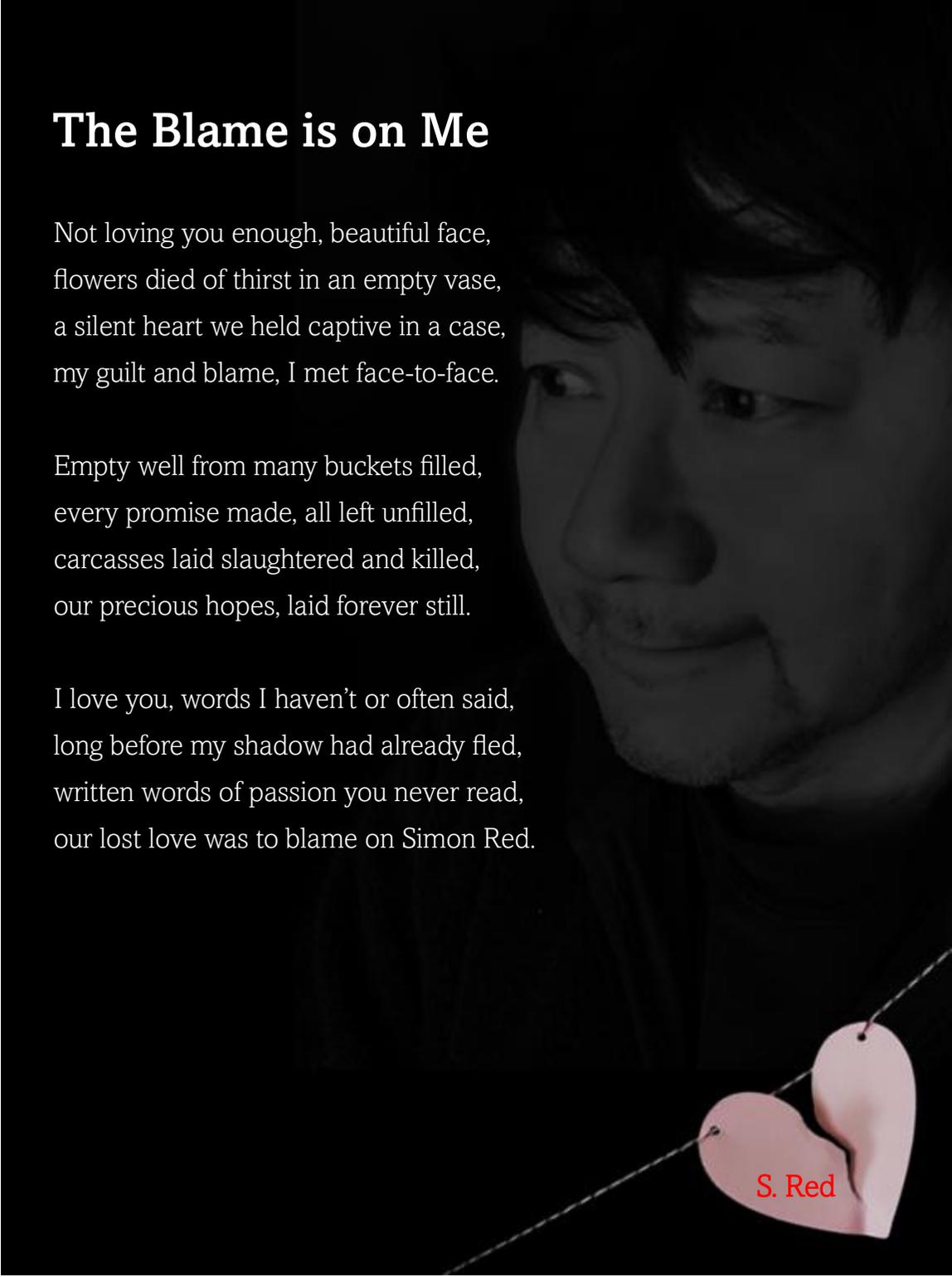


The Blame is on Me

Not loving you enough, beautiful face,
flowers died of thirst in an empty vase,
a silent heart we held captive in a case,
my guilt and blame, I met face-to-face.

Empty well from many buckets filled,
every promise made, all left unfilled,
carcasses laid slaughtered and killed,
our precious hopes, laid forever still.

I love you, words I haven't or often said,
long before my shadow had already fled,
written words of passion you never read,
our lost love was to blame on Simon Red.



S. Red