

Closed Windows to Our Minds

By: Lucas DeGraaf III

Most times, she missed my eye,

Purple rain, misty skies

Dancing underneath the lights

Not so far, you and I

Disillusioned, petrified

By the waves, where she lies

Maybe I'll catch her, in the rye

Fields of pride, the feels we hide

All the things they justified

Running river, moving lies

Hear my hurt, see me cry,

But never ever cross that line,

The sun comes out, the river dries,

Then you and I see where we hide.