

Bliss to be just a memory;
Words imprisoned behind gentle lips.
Thinking not of what is to be,
But of what was, and what is.

Lost, cognizance of the truth,
Procured, a distortion thereof.
A lover, turned cynical sleuth,
Fueling a fire that is to burn love.

Distrustful of fidelity,
A heart begins to rot,
And bound by incredulity,
A mind is ravaged by thought.