

Maybe in another lifetime

Maybe in another lifetime they'd sleep together. He'd hold her tight, give her his heart, show her love and caresses. He only wanted affection, she wasn't there to hurt him but her heart had gone icy cold. *How do you stop that from happening?*

He'd be here with her, they'd share moments and thoughts, laughs and songs. Maybe in another lifetime he'd call her his baby, she'd be his girl, she'd be his doll. Maybe in another lifetime, when it were not a volcano that met a tornado, when it was a humble girl who liked her man, a little princess who got used to being lied to. He'd tie her to his bed, she'd never escape.

But *never* is a broad word, just like *always* or *forever*. She thought she could, she thought they would, but the stone on the ring was heavier than her imagination and the owl that kept hooting kept her awake for nights. She just couldn't do it anymore, and she blamed one herself for it all; for being so soft, for letting him go, for just not knowing at all.

What can you do, right? What's done, is done. One can't go back to the past or revive a flame that wasn't there to last. Words can't put how much she loved him, how much she cared, how much she wished he were her man and she could be tamed into something she never was.

So desperate she followed that butterfly that spoke to her so loudly, now repenting and wondering where it would take her. She couldn't sleep, couldn't eat, couldn't breathe. She just cried and hated, listened and waited.

She didn't want to let go, she didn't think it would go, when would it pass, how would it last, why did they have to go back to a starting point in which they didn't know each other, as if nothing had been, they hadn't lived?

Amnesia. She was trying to make her brain forget, but her mind played tricks on her, against her, as if it were with him, thinking of all they did, all he said, how much he cared, she still felt his love and didn't want to move on. She sat on the trains hearing his voice, tears then fell. She was going crazy, didn't want to accept it, didn't want to take it.

Drive me to infinity, insanity, evasion, oblivion. Make me feel it was all a dream. I will never be able to touch you again, hear your voice, let you talk.

Maybe in another lifetime. She loves him, he'd love her.

