

# I Cannot Compare These Thoughts to What's Lost

By Elliot Anthony

I cannot compare these thoughts to what's lost  
Each passing hour I dread, things not said  
My sleep is unrest this line I have crossed  
I can't fix the past or lies that I fed

I can't rest easy you're not here to please me  
I can feel them eat and consume my flesh  
My soul is for you and that I decree  
I only wish everything would just refresh

Our decomposing love is falling short  
Everything is dark, no light to be seen  
I once believed you would be in my court  
You were meant to become my royal queen

Today is lost, our love not in my reach  
Tomorrow unknown, our love I beseech