

# Out of sight

Never to be seen,  
a look so enlightening  
could never be mean,  
but still feels so frightening.

Unleash me from you,  
or hold me close, tight,  
for, whatever I do,  
you'll be out of sight.

Untouchably reachable,  
a story so dreamy  
could even be preachable.  
Why won't you ever free me?  
Like fingers I crossed,  
we're endlessly bound.  
Just want to get lost,  
and never be found.

We're far in perception, but kept close in mind.  
you're behind a glass, but I'm feeling blind.  
I just want to reach you, the touch of your skin,  
so here's why I'm writing, to soothe this chagrin.

Just meaningless words  
arranged to appeal,  
like chants sung by birds  
to express what I feel.  
You won't understand,  
whatever I write,  
for, from where I stand,  
you're still out of sight.

You're just a mirror I broke too late,  
an image I wanted to see,  
an image you managed to create,  
while you pretended to be  
a coincidence brought by fate.  
But if it is light that I observe  
when I see your fake reflection,  
shouts and screams will not serve  
to escape from your toxic, toxic affection.

If you're the dark that carries the night,  
if you're the mark that gave me the fight,  
if you're the maze that's crushing my might,  
if you're the haze that's blurring my sight,  
end me up, or lay it all down.  
I can't just keep floating around.  
Now come back again, or leave as you might,  
I'm always going to keep you out of sight.