

“Shattered”

By: Laura Fortini

With all that's come and gone,
we're not seeing eye to eye
And it plays out in every scene:
whether or not it's worth the fight?
So foreign and for the worse
the image erased, taken out of the frame from what it was
and what I held so close...
You're farther from me now

So I'll wait for a sign
To heed the voices in my mind
That say:
“Back down, don't make this what it isn't.”
But all I can think of this is:
You took me out of water,
but baby now you're going under....

I can't tell which way the wind has blown this time
But I'll draw the curtains back for now
cause I know I want to see the light
And although the glass is shattered,
I know that I can still see through
Although it's shattered,
I know I'm looking straight at you

If all in faith to attempt explanation of what could be worse
the concerns lie misused—
That it's not what it seems
The writing erased, and a blank page replaced
When you took off your name from what it was
and what I held so close

I can't quiet the sound:

("You're farther from me now.")

"It's out of my reach now."

So I'll wait for a sign
To heed the voices in my mind
That say:
"Back down, don't make this what it isn't."
The words repeat in silence:
You took me out of water,
but baby now you're going under...

I can't tell which way the tables turned this time
But I'll draw the curtains back for now
cause I know I want to see the light
And although the glass is shattered,
I know that I can still see through
Although it's shattered,
I know I'm looking straight at you

It's a mindless way to be: that I'd take back what I mean
for better words
To heal what's broken
But it's all gone now
Before you'd hit the ground
I tried so hard to be understood
So...

I need another way to say this,
another way to phrase this
So that I don't rewrite the last page
Being already said and done
And so, just take this from me
The truest words I can say would be:
(I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry)
(I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry)
You took me out of water,
but baby now you're going under...

I can't tell which way the wind has blown this time
But I'll draw the curtains back for now
cause I know I want to see the light
And although the glass is shattered,
I know that I can still see through
Although it's shattered,
I know I'm looking straight at you

Although it's shattered,
I know I'm looking straight at you