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### **Yesterdays news**

Looking from above the soft clouds, gazing down through the lingering air  
its warm touch taking aim on its next prey.

The heat hitting her on her naked back, sending her shivers up her hair  
the girls inner going hot from the warming ray.

From inside the feeling could only be one, but doubt still holding her on  
this familiar sense of embracement she knew very well from where it was from.

It whispered in her ear, "turn around and see me, mon-ami"  
these words are not from me, but from someone who feels for thee.

Turning around facing this unknown entity, not knowing what to feel  
for her broken heart has long forgotten this embracing song.

Still cold, still forgotten, she knew this feeling had to be for real  
O', this to her ancient numbness that she has known for so long.

In a foreign land on a distant beach,  
absent from anyone and out of reach.

This sound of a serenade cry  
she hoped it would never die.

Staring down the abyss, waiting for something to stare back,  
afraid of what she might see.

The abyss as always having nothing to show but black,  
no love there would ever be.

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