

# **(Untitled).**

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*"Like a haunted routine, I visit your tomb. And I wait patiently for dead flowers to bloom."*

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**Chapter 1 - Untitled**

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# 1 - Untitled

## (Untitled)

Like a haunted routine, I visit your tomb.  
And I wait patiently for dead flowers to bloom.  
I read your suicide note that still sounds obscure.  
And I repeat your epitaph that makes me unsure.  
I waltz around the stained slab of your cold concrete.  
And I dream of the day that we'll finally meet.  
For the lies you would tell would prove entertaining.  
And I could scream out these laughs that I've been restraining.  
Would you blame me for your path you took so grim?  
Or would it be your ignorance you sang like a hymn?  
How dare you pretend that I couldn't comprehend,  
When it was *my* heart that *you* couldn't bring mend?  
I still can't accept that your death was so degrading,  
Or that you left me here desolated and fading.  
Written on this stone you claim your heart was broken.  
And that I am to blame for words unspoken.  
But the man I once knew was patient and understanding.  
He wouldn't curse at me or act so demanding.  
So I know whatever lies beneath this bitter ground,

Did not hold the same kind of love that we once found.

My love wouldn't give me a heart only to snatch it back,

And then claim that I was the one to start this attack.

I hold no regrets and I hold no penitence.

I will not waste my time on a mere pretense.

I tell myself this as if it is all too true.

I speak with a confidence that cannot be subdued.

But once I leave this forsaken bone orchard,

I cannot help but feel as if being tortured.

So every night at a quarter to ten,

I visit you in hopes that I can apologize again.