This Love by Adrian Robles

One in the same
We are not the same
Through turmoil and time
In which we are not the same

Though thought the same
To be deceived to thee
My burning words set thy
Heart ablaze and intern
My eyes as they weep for thee;

And though thou know this not
Dost not change the fact
That I miss thee;

And though thou dost know
This to be true as well as me
Thou dost not know
Of this love
That I possess for thee
That is slowly turning
Into hate for thee

From the pain in which
It has risen to this pen unto
This paper to which it is being given
Fueled by the torment
And agony inside thy
Eyes of thou has last seen;
These memories will never
Let me forget
Though my broken heart is the stage
For this last scene

And though the origin
If this love for thee bewilders me
Dost not change the
Untimely arrival or disposition
Of my love for thee

But rather alters the moon
And the stars aligning
Them with my heart that
I gave to thee,
But thou shot with a shot sling
Through one ring that
Had to take back
Because I meant nothing;

And one in the same
We were not the same,
But should have been
By god we should have been
And by god we would have been
If we would have been
What they thought we were
And never wanted us to be;

And though the moon and the stars
Are finally aligned for the first time
And all the animals and critters
Of the night scream and Scurry
Inside there little hiding places

The angels cry for I cannot
Hide from the pain
That will not subside
Alongside my pride that I
Swallowed that very first night
That I stared into Your eyes
And thou confessed
So apprehensively
"I love thee"

Sorrow Land