

Poetry_Campara_Collateral Damage

Here he lies in his final deathbed
Left me here to sit and pray
He still lives on inside my head

My face sits flushed with red
I'm granted no more words to say
Here he lies in his final deathbed

For him I sat and pled it was I instead
The prominent smell of the ashtray
He still lives on inside my head

Before I knew it he was braindead
Molded my life as if I was clay
Here he lies in his final deathbed

There could've been a life ahead
Hair rich in deep gray
He still lives on inside my head

There goes another birthday
Long gone as each year has fled
Here he lies in his final deathbed
He still lives on inside my head