

No Need To Cry For

There was a silent promise, saying something about the moments.
There was a flustered grief, revealing something for the fascination.

Who knows the promise transforms, as if it had nothing to do with.
Who knows the agitate grief passes, like it had nothing to feel about.

The made up promise will turn a good lesson to think about.
The imitated grief in the past turns a sweet memory in the future.

There is no need to fight for, no need to turn back, you just feel it.
There is no need to cry for, no need to regret, you just addict it.