

# Disposition



## Disposition

This was never meant to be a worthwhile investment  
A wasted opportunity that led to distress  
My time was spent, my efforts spilt, all emotion drained.  
Colours are lost and the sky seems a darker shade of dreary  
Like a stranger in Moscow, the language barrier is evident  
I don't get you nor do you me  
The deed is done and the death of it all is the best of it  
What once was, has become a lesson in choices  
You can't fool me a second time  
Nor can I be dragged into that which pays no dividends  
Thanks for moments that have now decayed  
All returns to the soil. Nothing lasts.

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