

These days are filled...

These days...
These days are filled,
with such a strange stillness,
I can no longer feel,
the wind of the future
against my face.

These days...
These days are filled,
with such a strange silence,
I can no longer hear,
the pulse of life
within my heart.

These days...
These days are filled,
with such a strange darkness,
I can no longer see,
the light of hope
within my soul.

These days are so empty.
These days are so lost...
are lost.

Poem by composer, Rain Worthington (©1997)