

Forget To Remember (Sunday Mornings)

Autumn

Hello again, familiar morning routine
Time's ebbing away, but I feel no rush today
No urge, no hurry, just the rhythm of the rain
Sliding by, not here...
I'm not nearly, nearly there

So it's back to black again in the early morning hours
How I'd love to run away from the dogma that devours me

So what's different about this morning? The setting's the same
as everyday
Who can tell what rearranged the rain
To wash my fears away?
There is so much more to living, so much more of the divine to
gain
for this silent colony bathing in the morning rain

So it's back to black again in the early morning hours
How I'd love to run away from the dogma that devours me
So it's back to black again but I'm thinking of the escaping fr
om the dull
monotony and the Sundays that are breaking me... I break me

The stage is set for saints to fall and cleared for cowards to
surprise
It took me time to realise the life I lived and left behind
is better off a memory
Let's see what dreams I find