

Santa Barbara

Angelo De Augustine

All my life has been a surprise
Faces cast in gold on the fire
Phantoms colloquial and new
Feelings aside
Floating through you

All my life leads me to die
Now Sherlock and Watson decide
On a true mystery of the mind
One Arthur Doyle would cease to write

Oh my love I'm lost again
Though I try when will I win?
You say life's not a race
But if you're not around

All this time has been wasted to find
The darkness triumphed over light
Is the creator on my side?
Or has he left us all behind?

All this life has been a disguise
Except for the hand in mine
Belonging to my one true love
In Santa Barbara on Hanukkah