

# Walking Aimlessly

Anna Ternheim

In the black out of light  
I found a rhyme on hope  
In the corner of doubt  
Someone left a word hanging on to me still  
A comfort I say  
The making of a slow day

I draw a pair of new eyes in my mind  
Reaching out who knows what I could find

Walking aimlessly  
Walking aimlessly  
Walking aimlessly

In blue hours of dawn  
Before the day rushes on  
And confusion grabs hold  
Have the thoughts come and let go

I draw a pair of new eyes in my mind  
Reaching out who knows what I could find

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