

Adrift

All lost in those days
A growing branch to smithereens
Trying real hard to beat some grace out of all that withering
and dying
The thriving soul's beneath
It's yearning for the surface

Years of pain not undergone in any way will reveal the wounds
Fiercely tame, not about to make a scene...

I saw it drowning, gasping for air, disappear into the surging
of the sea
An agreement made with the one who wields the cane of ordeal

Seasons gone by have handed over the reins
Highlighted the worth of our earthly strife
Highlighted the worth of unearthly might

An early memory a feeble ground
The facts remain all the same
An early memory a feeble ground to build upon
Assumptions die hard while the past remains

Home-grown severe denial
Smothered way down inside
Home-grown severe denial
Shreds of regard defiled