

Deep it must have been
The thorn that spread a veil of constancy
Times in stalemate, times of certitude
Again and again this wound
It's these moments
When the comfort of the bygone
And the light of long gone days
Enchant me with their hollow songs
And grasp for me with their stone-cold hands.

A new morning
Another past coming along
Struggling on way too close, way too far
Today I do remember
The bitter tears of fall we shed on a day like this

And both we know that you knew
Pain would grow through you
But we pretended soils would flourish
From the time we turn our backs.

Saw your eyes in amber leaves
Heard your weeping in repose
Drank your tears with the water
Followed your footmarks in the moss.
It's these moments
When the comfort of the bygone
And the light of long gone days
Enchant me with their hollow songs
Befool me with a sham appeal

And both we know that you knew
Pain would grow through you
But we pretended soils would flourish
From the time we turn our backs.