

Brief Encounter

Everon

Alone in his empty room
He read that book page by page
In search of truth
Of comfort or some hope
He read 'If you knock, my door will open'
But those he tried were all locked tight

Like flickering lights
Bits of memories crossed his mind
Countless shattered pieces
That refused to fall in place
He read 'I'll search for all the lost ones'
But how much more lost could he be

He shook his fist at heaven
Stood up for all the broken souls
I will not forget the words
He spoke to me that day
He said 'Man, if you believe, would you ask one question
In my name because to me God never speaks:
Does he still rest on Sundays, and look at his creation,
And think it was good?

He could barely breathe
Hardly grab just one clear thought
The walls were closing in on him
His time was running out
He read 'If you ask, you will be given'
And he thought of everything he had lost

He shook his fist at heaven
Stood up for all the broken souls
I will not forget the words
He spoke to me that day
He said 'Man, if you believe, would you ask one question
In my name because to me God never speaks:
Does he still rest on Sundays, and look at his creation,
And think it was good?
Does he think it was good?

It was a brief encounter
But after all these years it's still on my mind
Nobody mourned for him
There were no flowers on his grave
I hope at last you got your answer
And if so, would you let me know?