

Anemoia

Foreign Hands

It's here that I felt something beyond words
That my life would be held suspended
And my heart left with questions
Kaleidoscope fractures
A burning field of forget-me-nots

I loved and lost discarded lives
Fleeting in glass-stained reflections
I'll close my eyes until time calls me to never dream again

Back and forth
Time and time lost again

In a search for solace
I broke apart yesterday
Memories decay
Into tomorrow
As I bleed the dream

Back and forth
Time and time lost again

It's here that I lived
Never ending anemoia
It's here that I died