

Sonet Of Sorrow

Jag Panzer

I see the remnants of our past
Were we there?
I see no light, no hope, we fall
Are we here?
We see our aspirations fail

I feel the winters growing cold
No sign, no light, our lives are growing old
I feel the winters growing cold
No sign, no light, no hope, growing cold

The dove of dreams is flying overhead
Her wings are spreading softly signs of dread
So cold inside the earthly bounds below
Singing out her somber tales of woe

Her sorrow covers me
The somber tales of old
The sorrow covers me
Tis somber tales of woe