

The Loss Of Innocence

Pantheist

When suddenly at nights dark thoughts intrude your peaceful sleep
And your dreams wander in places long-forgotten
When visions of loss and regret engrave their ugly features on
your skin
And you feel your purity slipping from your hands

When gradually you see the years you've lived turn into statues
-The hopes and dreams you had, now cast in stone
And when the years that come appear to be stillborn
-When you reach out to touch them they have already gone

Please don't let sorrow and grief make you bitter
With honesty and diligence search in your heart and find
The secret gift of your old innocence

And if by chance once, in a black winter night
As a casual trespasser on your way back home
Suddenly you spot a tragic figure writhed
Don't let me quench blinded by my guilt
But like a Good Samaritan
Lend me a hand
Salva me