

Thursday

Turning Point

shadows fall over this small town tonight
snuffing out the remains of the evening light
my mind is clouded - with the events of the day
why is life torturing me this way?
i keep running it back - running it back through my mind
but what do i get - what do i expect to find
my eyes drop to the floor - and every step i take forward
seems so unsure
so scream out...
crying to a world that does not care
i'm reaching through the black - and finding nothing there
i never felt so all alone - and so cramped all at once
trying to forget about a world
that turned up it's nose and passed me by
sleep washes over this tired soul
can't help but let this night
swallow me whole
awake to find - the sun staring down
i squint my eyes to avoid the truth of no resolution found.