Lying alone wrapped in a cucoon Staring out from a brand new life Helpless and needing, constant feeding I'm out of the dark...

Years come and go and time flies past Suddenly days take a challenging turn Chemical changes, at war with the world At war with myself

Here I Am...questions, all are made to ask
Here I Am...hoping, this precious gift will last
Here I Am...questions, all are made to ask
Here I Am...hoping, this precious gift will...

Carry me on as the cycle repeats
As the life force comes from within
Fully dependent, the care that I give
Is the only reality

Many more summers and winters have gone But not many seasons ahead
Is it too late to make my peace
With a world I left behind

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