

Paper Is Blank

Winter's Verge

With pencil in hand a blank paper stands
In front.
Awhile world awaits me, whatever that
Comes to mind

I ran to the lake, she sat there but hid
Her face
I reached out to touch her but she
Vanished without a trace.

I wish I could see your face in the dream
The more that I try my colors will dry.
Your face disappears like it has through
The years
And all that I have is a paper that's blank

I re-live my dreams, but nothing appears
It seems
Why can't I remember? Why does this
Torment me?
From nightfall to dawn, sleepless for
You i call
Reveal your face to me, 'Tis you that I
Wish to draw

I wish I could see your face in the dream
The more that I try my colors will dry.
Your face disappears like it has through
The years
And all that I have is a paper that's blank

You demon, you witch, reveal your face
To me
I cannot stand this thing I will die!
Madness or hate or love you see
Through me
Only a glimpse I beg tonight

I wish I could see your face in the dream
The more that I try my colors will dry.
Your face disappears like it has through
The years
And all that I have is a paper that's blank

The paper is
Why can't I touch you?
Shattered dreams
This madness is driving me insane!
My canvas is blank