

# Threads of My Life

Winter's Verge

Wrinkles fill my hands,  
As each year that has passed  
Has been carved  
Through the winters and all the of the cold  
I have watched my reflection grow old  
Dust, has painted the walls  
And my loneliness shadows the doors  
All of my life I have waited  
Waited for something to wash  
On my shores

And now I can hear the sound of silence,  
My heartbeat, my breathing  
My emptiness filling  
(My soul)  
I feel, my time is now nearing  
And weaves through the threads of my life  
And of that I have done and told

Rivers of memories flow,  
To the oceans of thoughts in the  
Back of my mind  
Has the story for all been foretold?  
Was my destiny written?  
And then to me was then sold?  
I'll carry the scars to my grave  
From the last time I looked in her face  
She lay on her bed full of tears  
As she knew that her time had then neared

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