

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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My heartbeat, my breathing
My emptiness filling
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I feel, my time is now nearing
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And of that I have done and told