

# Anekdoten, Book Of Hours

watching the world through the eyes of a child  
leaving the past behind me  
curiously peeping behind each door  
already longing for tomorrow  
there's no need to fear as long as you're here

it's not always easy, not always plain  
you cannot evade your sorrow  
those are the terms in this old game  
give and forgive for tomorrow  
there's no need to fear - I will be here

all of the reasons were lost in the wave  
I scabble around for reassurance  
dragging my grapnel athwart the sea  
scanning my book of hours