

# Anna Maria Jopek, The Wind

The sky turns grey and fades to dark  
The leaf hangs in mid air  
An open window lets in the cold  
Time stands like a century (I feel you)

Theres nothing left but everything remains  
To remind me I miss you  
And everything I see and touch is tainted  
And it turns to dust

Who plays your voice to me  
Who strings it on the breeze  
If I could just believe  
But its nothing just the wind

If I put it in a hidden place  
An image in my mind  
The window may close some more each day  
And then time might keep on moving

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Who steals these falling tears  
Who heals the aching years  
I thought I heard you speak  
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