

Anything Box, Final

Anything Box
The Diary: Page One
Final
(claude s.)

...and so another evening
Comes to a desperate close.
No one to say goodnight to at
This hour...
I had a distant foresight of
What could have been real.
If only nothing faded, nothing
To be feared...

If i had a memory, if i had a
Thought to share, something to
Hold onto, something bright as
Stars...

There would be no final
Moments, this long wait for the
Dawn. another sun is rising
Where my soul seems to fall.

These are the final days...
These are the final days...
These are the final days...
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