

Between The Trees, A Time For Yohe

As she sits in the corner
face to the floor
she dispels smoke from from her lips
and slowly floats away with it
letting go of so much pain
her tears are thick enough to stain
the pavement that slowly becomes
her best friend when she needs to run away
This is your time to weep
This is your time to morn
Not yet time to build up
Just a time to tear down
old walls
Does it help to say I'm sorry
If so than I'm sorry that your so unhappy
This life those lies are starting get you down
Darling don't let them drag you around
Saying "it's my fault" doesn't help repeated
Time love and Jesus seems to beat it
She'll find out this is harder than
Taking medicine
We're still waiting for the fire
Seeing smoke and waiting for the fire