

Caliban, A Small Boy And A Grey Heaven

I turn inside of myself - look back into my past -
into nothing - the best time in life - barely present
I wish I could go back - tell that nice little boy
to be stronger - to be brave - but I can't
he had his chance
I burn - scream - I despair on these thoughts of
the past - I realize that I had barely lived
but just existed - it's too late now
and my thoughts feed on this grief - the grief
creates tears that burn my skin
unable to ease the pain - I float in hopelessness
for the time is gone and the boy is a man now
the end - a beginning for everything flows and
we live to change - live to learn
the future's still open and to be lived like
the past has been wasted - with hope in my
heart I look forward