

Kari Bremnes, Day

Day is the veil that you can't pull aside like a curtain
Sewn from a black cloth - a cloth that no-one can see.
No-one can take it away and you know this for certain.
No-one can help you, you might as well let the cloth be.
You no longer are able to see, you no longer have foresight.
And you can't part the curtain, there's no way to know what's in store.
You're stranded in time, a ghost that is lost in the twilight.
And the curtain is woven from the memories of time gone before.

Day is blank paper, but paper you never can write on,
Unlike the letters I hold that you sent to me.
But the words that you've written are buried speaking to no-one,
And words that have lost all their soul should never be.
You knew from the first touch this way was a pathway to danger.
You didn't take time to close all the doors and the gate.
Feelings can bring you so near and then leave you a stranger,
And things are not what they appear but find you too late.

Day is the thief that you don't have the courage to track down,
Who forces himself into all of the rooms of your home.
He comes to your garden, your secrets - he's quiet! Makes no sound.
He steals all the answers and leaves all the questions alone.
And you know there'll be days, just like the ones that you once knew.
And you know that love is really a question of thirst.
And you know that one day there will be a new power within you.
But you dread all the days in between that will seek you out first.