

# Modern English, Face of Wood

dreaming in a chair, contemplating  
the times gone by - exhilarating, entertaining  
reaching out with tenderness

scenes of laughter framed in reminiscence  
catch a smile for stormy days and sad occasions  
moving targets and camera shy

the moon is dark and shadowed  
the sun keeps ticking by  
silence and solitude  
no one left to cry  
no one left to cry

standing in front a mirror  
I draw and pinch my skin  
tired eyes portray reality  
a face of lines which melt in the world

I am oak  
I am oak  
I am oak  
I am oak