

Renaissance, Face Of Yesterday

The lonely street eclipsed the sun
Until the sculptor had begun
To etch and mold a dream
Which soon became a passing game
A sad forgotten scene
A face of yesterday

The builder laid his base of sand
And stretched his willing gentle hand
To seek the help, to shape the life
He had depended on
Which fell like rain and snow
A face of yesterday

The man of music wrote a score
For several instruments or more
When they played together
Then they found disharmony
A cluttered symphony
A face of yesterday