

Saetia, Closed Hands

she died long before that day I know this tortured, grieving heart of mother no longer knew her own
and as the sun set on another, you fell through dying dreams
but could not catch them and I could not catch you.
hiding below my shadow yet dancing above my fears
I grip sorrow's edge as you crumble to fall at my soul's tears
I have not forgotten you
but sometimes I can't help feeling numb through and through
closed hands on open arms hold nothing