

Sylvan, Belated Gift

I cannot get it - colors driving me so mad
Pictures spinning speechless in my head
Incomprehensibly meaningless
Questions in my mind

Without a notice, a sign, a scene - is it all?
Nothing to say that I waited for
Senseless, untold - wasn't there much more?
Questions in my mind

I'll give you wings to cry, to search for me and fly
Just where I went thru, that's my gift for you

And now I capture crippled figures with my eyes
Leaving all our good times far behind
Kissing all those precious hopes goodbye
Questions in my mind

I run away...