

The Echoing Green, If I Could...

Senses start to falter
My vision is altered
There's a blind wind running
Through the trees
My memories
They deceive so cunningly

With no reply
With no reprieve
I try to chase what I believe
Into my mind
Where I lie - that everything's fine

But if I could...
turn around
And if I could...
hear the sound
And if I could...
feel the ground
falling beneath me

I don't want to tell you goodbye
But I don't want to tell you a lie
This thing...
This aching
Tears my heart and
Cuts me down to size
I don't remember
A time when things like this
Weren't so amiss
This abyss
I can't believe I'm so naive to this.