

Autumn, A Waiting Time

opening the doors
opening the rooms to us
a hope to transcend
this deadened consciousness
i call my home
so passion drains the pain away
biting through
as ice storms wait to pierce the flesh
and i wait too
passion drains the pain away
biting through
as ice storms wait to pierce the flesh
and i and i
a wild eyed child running faster than
the echo of her mother's loving voice
of her mother's loving voice
closing over us all
opening the doors
opening the rooms to us
a prayer now to feel again
the warmth of memories
i call my home
so spellbound into this domain
of dreamlike waters' heavy groan
it is nothing more than that
than that which we have always known
so spellbound into this domain
of dreamlike waters' heavy groan
it is nothing more than that
which we which we
that six months is not long enough
to forget that everything erased will be written again
everything erased will be written again
and for now we know,
and for now we know,
the waiting is until the end
the waiting is until the end
the waiting is until the end
the waiting all alone