

Autumn, Cascade (For A Day)

You pave the way through thick, stale air
shower a maiden rain
and in this cascade of memories
you wonder
what is the day?

Like this feels, nothing ever will
Life reveals, kicks in and heals me for a day
So I guess I paved my way
never questioning means nor meaning
and in this cascade
aching for significance
what is the day?

When doubt creeps to the surface, with
sunlight brushed away
then, in these lonely moments, tell me,
What is a day?

Like this feels. nothing ever will
Life reveals, kicks me and heals me for a day
Like this feels (without a word or whisper)
nothing ever will
Life reveals (without a what or why)
He walks in and heals me for a day