

Broadcast, Man Is Not A Bird

The sky is faint
There tears remain in me
The rain has stopped falling

The fading light
Walls barely white in me
The night has stopped calling

I will not lament with the sky
No longer feel night on the inside

Here in this room
No more a tomb
Thoughts of you conclude without ending

Caution will keep
Worries still speak
Fewer the leaves are descending

The lonely distance and time
The only tears willing outside

I will not lament with the sky
No longer feel night on the inside