

Conception, Some Wounds

clinch onto the swirling wind
have a glimpse of ancient sins
taste a ray of amber light as the weary sun goes down
there is yet another shore
luna's light won't leave you anymore
closing in closing in a whisper in the rain;
no-one knows your name
you've heard that voice before
some wounds may never heal (the ways of grace are narrow)
some secrets can't be sealed (and in your head the battle rages on)
someone said; you'd never learn
strange how people tend to yearn long for insecurity
you fought to prove them wrong you grew older,
pages turned some were right,
you never really learned fast decisions made your way
too proud to quit the game
but now they know your name be hailed for what you earned
some wounds may never heal (the light confines the shadows)
some secrets can't be sealed (but no-one cares about the tears you cry)
men died for your belief men
that never knew you wouldn't even try remember
responsibility for those who couldn't tell the enemy from defender