

# Miriam Stockley, Empty Space

This empty space  
Innocent words that were softly spoken  
Now I am lost in a world of broken dreams

A lonely place  
Promises made and a love forsaken  
No turning back on the road you've taken now

Days of yearning  
Seasons turning  
A night in December  
I'll always remember

Without a trace  
Feeling the past slipping through my fingers  
Here in my heart where the memory lingers on

Days of yearning  
Seasons turning  
A night in December  
I'll always remember  
The empty space