

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