

# Pedro Costa, The Arrival

Neglected mislead, Now all the frightening things flow through my head.  
Is it wise to forget, A lifetime of fear to have nothing left.  
I struggled and reached, but now the burning souls are forced to preach.  
If there were faith to be bought, we'd be drained of all the pride we were taught.

At one time, we once had shared "the glow";  
It fed us all that we needed to know.  
And all the love that was in its heart.  
Had ripened and soured then torn us apart.

Remembering the light, remembering the sorrow.  
He leaves from his past, walks in to tomorrow.  
Whatever the future yields he will face it with pride.  
But he'll never forget "the glow of the midnight sky";