

Robert Kramer, The Wounds That Heal

It's all about the other night
And the words that we both said
And the nevers and the always
Still dances in my head
As the silence grows between us
In this cold and empty bed
A sting replaced a tender touch
With a handprint colored red
And the clockface on this lonely wall
Chimes the hours till I feel
And lift my brush
To paint The Wounds That Heal

As I gaze out the windows
Of this lonely prison cell
With a soul that knows no heaven
And a heart that lives in hell
I'll keep these colors in my mind
Until that fateful day
When the rains have finally finished
And washed these colors all away
And the wind is crying in the night
Never knowing what I feel
As I lift my brush
To paint The Wounds That Heal
As I lift my brush
To paint The Wounds That Heal

Painting with light, on this canvas of night
As the colors run out of my life
Like these tears that I cry
Wont this ink ever dry?
As my brushes just cut like a knife.....