

Shadow Gallery, Questions At Hand

Asked if I had ever known your name
I replied it sometimes slips away
Answers now like sand shall fill my hands
slipping through my fingers to the floor
and blown away

Somewhere out beyond our reach
lie the answers to the questions at hand

Time survives and all that's left is dust
We respond to music of the earth
Our hands touch and to its tune we dance
Is our kiss just sand thrown to the wind
Where does it go!

Somewhere out beyond our reach
lie the answers to the questions at hand

I, I could never find solace in another eye
and then you came into my life
Oh I, I've come out from the cold alone I walk a broken road
Through wind I heard you calling
Now my eyes can cut a path into your light