

# Shane Hebert, At Sixes And Sevens

In times of strife  
you seem to lose it all, and more somehow  
No waning life can retrieve it  
Can't make the world a better place to thrive  
nor can I keep on persisting

You're on the wane in funereal winds  
with a thousand winters within  
You're life unveil its weary eyes  
Sun sets in somber skies

Your waning desires brought to fire  
where your withering life has been mourned  
For a thousand years, where the pain blend with ire  
and the night enflames us both

"Walk down the narrow path  
Years of decay  
Feel life's soul-inflicting hurt once again"

You're dying now  
You make it feel somewhat divine  
Your lenient eyes are somewhat healing  
You make it feel the less a strife now

A precious life cease persisting

You're on the wane and eden's hewn  
falter still under a funereal moon  
Your tears they sweep upon life's shore  
until the day you weep no more

Sunset's on the wane  
In life we suffer the same  
When sundown comes around  
stalking strangers on hollowed ground  
Endarkened souls entwined  
together at the end of life  
Embrace the new divine  
or suffer another lifetime

I can feel the flames  
the fire lick me in vain  
My life can't be regained  
not now, nor then, nor ever again  
We cross our feeble hearts  
the day our souls depart  
Life move in strangest ways  
We died somewhat, somehow in every day