

Silje Nergaard, Let Me Be Troubled

What is the use of words
If they dont make her seen or heard?
She watches dust to dust unstirred
Though left behind
She is too weak to grieve or blame us,
We who leave.

There is no hour of bliss
When ignorance can lead to this.
Dont let the hand of time be kind
And smooth her gently from my mind.

Let me be troubled.
Let me be troubled.

Where on the road did I lose my way
Not knowing where it will wind?
How can I find that road?
I need to explain where I went amiss
And tell her I will save her from all of this...
From all of this.

These are the words of a fool
And heads not hearts must rule
I hear you say that minds can be so slow to see what hearts just know.

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